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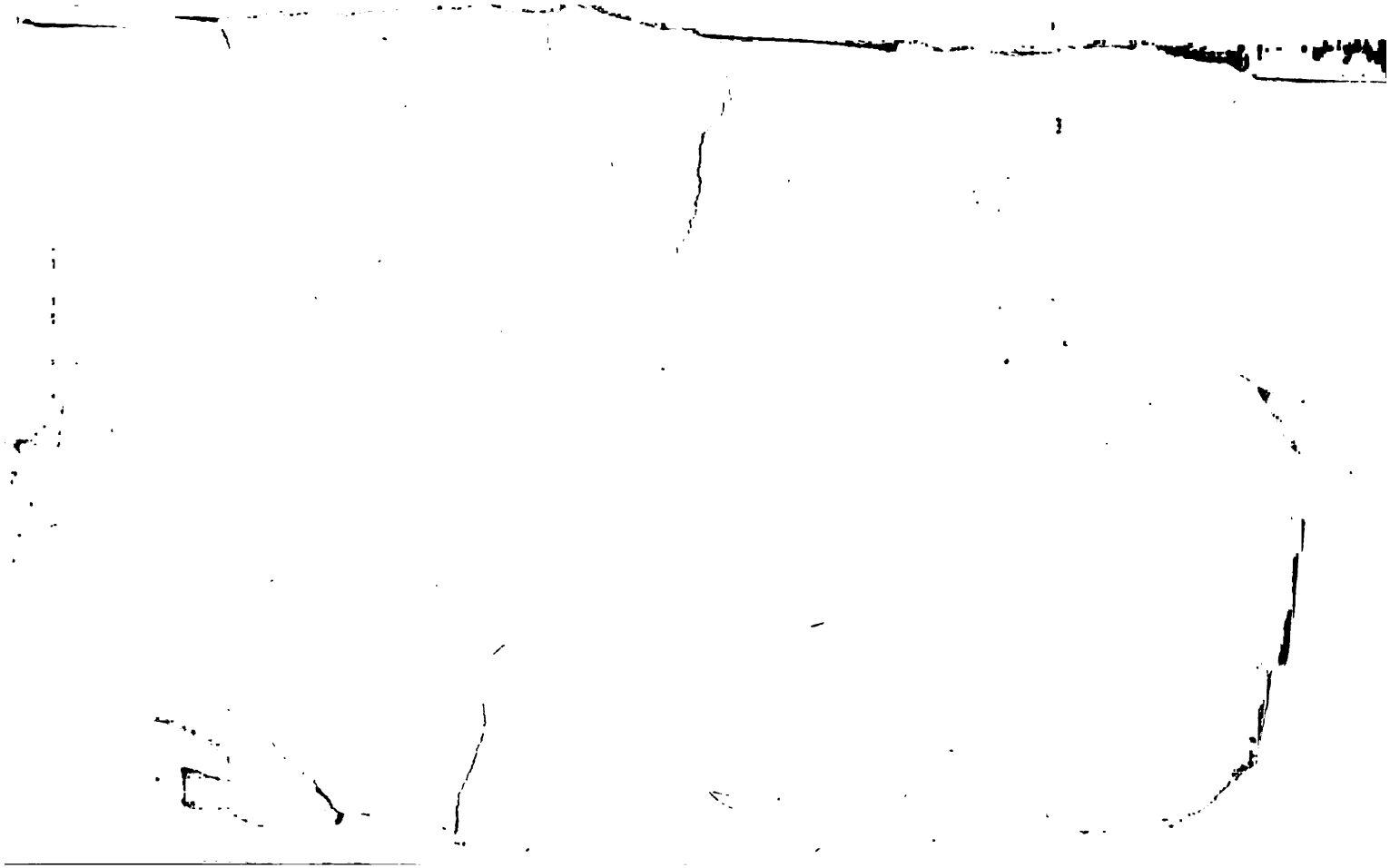

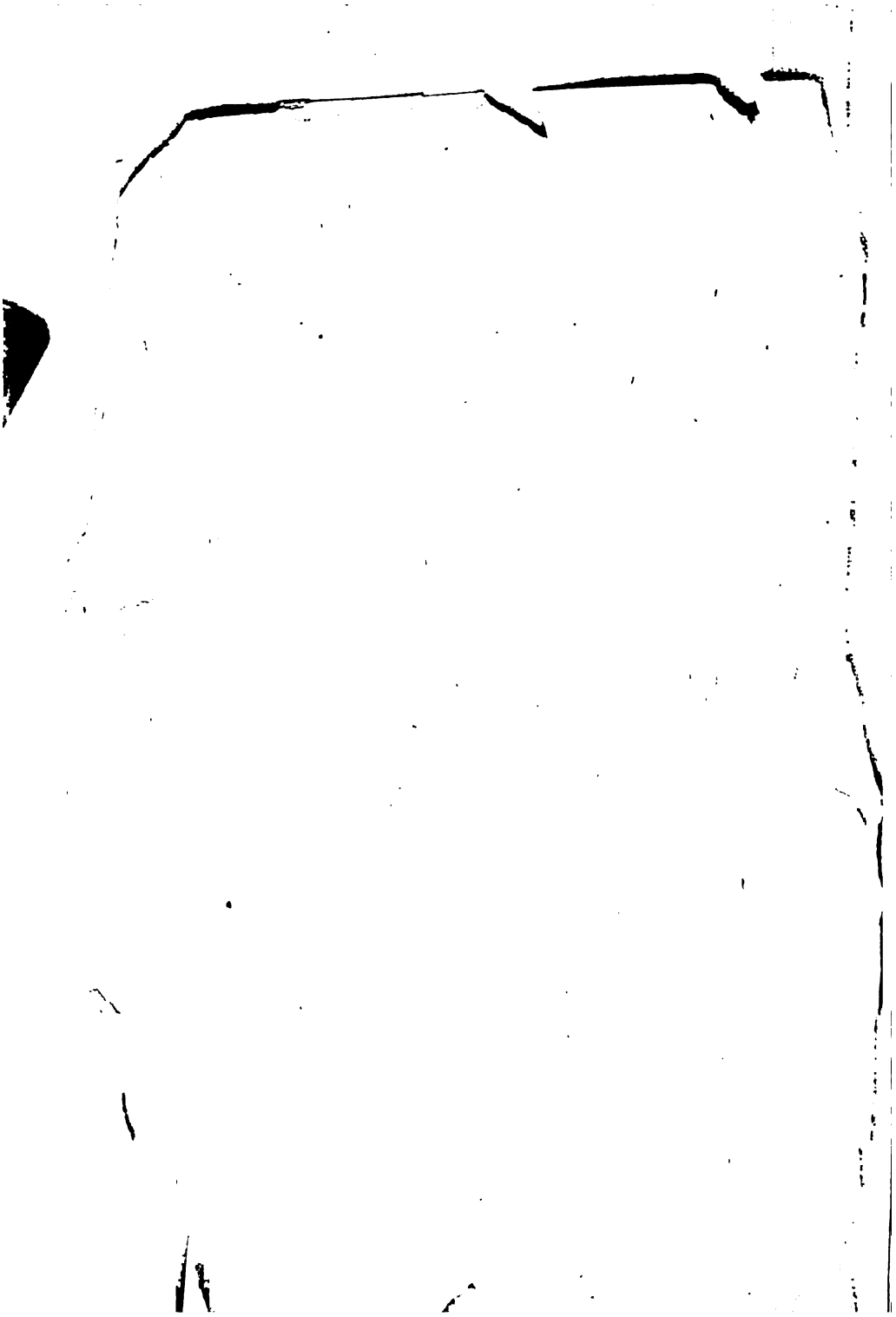

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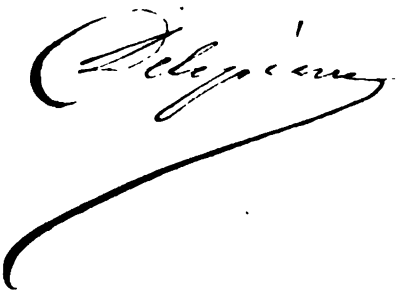


MISCELLANIES

OF THE

Philobiblon Society.

VOL. IV.

Quis vero de Librorum amore principaliter dixerit, placuit nobis, more veterum Latinorum, ipsum Græcæ vocabulo Philobiblon amabiliter nuncupare.

Richard de Bury.

LONDON:

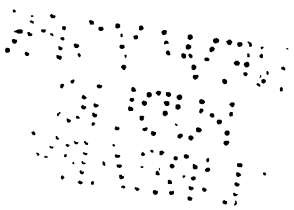
PRINTED BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM.

1857-8.

C.M.H

The Impreſſion of the Contents of this Volume is limited to 100 *copies on laid paper.*

In conſequence of the inconvenience which may ariſe from the unequal bulk and miſcellaneous character of the Volumes iſſued, and to be iſſued, by the Philobiblon Society, poſſeſſors of them are requeſted to conſider the preſent arrangement of the Contents as proviſional, until ſuch time as the Editors ſhall ſee fit to group them into new Volumes, claſſified according to ſubjects, and furniſhed with new and uniform title-pages and tables.



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The Philobiblon Society.

1857-8.

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JAMES THOMSON AND DAVID MALLET.

COMMUNICATED BY

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

JAMES THOMSON AND DAVID MALLET.

THE following Letters (eight in number), from the author of "The Seaſons" and "The Caſtle of Indo-"lence" to the author of the ballad of "William and Margaret," and the literary Executor of the great Lord Bolingbroke, are now publiſhed for the firſt time. They are of moment, and have never been ſeen by any biographer of either poet. The only printed reference that I can find to them, after thirty years of ſearch, is to be found in "The Li-"terary Character" of the elder D'Iſraeli. Mr. D'Iſraeli referred to

them as *then* (1822) in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street. Thirty years have paſſed ſince my friend the late Mr. Murray, "Stra-"han, Tonſon, Lintot, of our times," made an ineffectual ſearch for them. Mr. Murray's ſon and ſucceſſor, and a member of our "Philobiblon," after his father's death made a ſecond and equally ineffectual ſearch. Our fellow-member's father had an impreſſion that he had given them to Mr. D'Iſraeli. In reply to my inquiries, Mr. D'Iſraeli informed me, in a long and intereſting letter, that Mr. Murray was miſtaken. When, where, and how did they turn up? At Mr. Murray's table in Albemarle Street, in the year 1856, and at a "Philobiblon" breakfaſt. Mr. Murray, in catering for the Society, brought to light on that occaſion many curioſities; among others, ſeveral unpubliſhed letters of importance addreſſed

by Pope to David Mallet. By Mr. Murray's kind permiſſion, the letters of Thomſon to Mallet appear in our *fourth* volume. The letters of Pope will appropriately appear in the late Mr. Croker's forthcoming edition of "Pope."

I have added a few explanatory notes—all, indeed, that I have deemed neceſſary to addreſs to "gentlemen and ſcholars."

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

Kenſington,
7 April, 1858.

No. I.

July 10, 1725.

DEAR MALLET

I HAD the pleaſure of yours that ſame day I writ to you. If you knew the ſatisfaction the ſight of your hand gives me, you would not ſpare me frequent letters. I ſhall not inſiſt juſt now till I hear from you again. You may take what liberties you pleaſe with my poem,* and I will thank you for it. Your own celebrated performance† is a ſhining inſtance of your being able to enter into the very ſpirit of a piece where nature reigns. The ſix lines you

* "Winter," his firſt publication, and then unpubliſhed.

† This refers (and importantly) to "A Winter's Day," by Mallet. Dr. Diniſdale (that careful and ſucceſsful inquirer into Mallet's Life) will rejoice in ſeeing theſe letters.

favour me with raiſe my expectation vaſtly of the whole. The character expreſſed in them is lovely, natural, and finely touched. *Sweetneſs is hers, &c.* is both eaſy and pathetic.

"The native wit, the look, the liv-" ing," &c. the (the) there inſtead of (a) is a happy turn:—" the unſtudied ſmile" is inimitable.* Mr. Savage ſaid he was expecting it in his "Miſcellany." I ſhall be impatient to ſee your plot. To fill up this letter I ſhall give you a few looſe lines I compoſed in my laſt evening walk, they may be once worth the reading but no more.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL ever pleaſing Solitude!
Companion of the wiſe and good!
But from whoſe awful piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.

* Thomſon refers to Mallet's poem "To Mira, from the Country," firſt publiſhed in Savage's Miſcellany, 8vo. 1726.

O, how I love with You to walk!
And liſten to your ſilent talk
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the moſt obdurate hearts.
A thouſand ſhapes You wear with eaſe,
And ſtill in every ſhape You pleaſe.
Now wrapt in ſome myſterious dream,
A ſage Philoſopher You ſeem;
Now a Religious port You bear,
And now a Hermit you appear;
Now o'er the meads and groves You fly,
And now you ſweep the vaulted ſky,
And Nature dances in your eye.
Then ſtraight again You court the ſhade
And pining hang the penſive head;
A ſhepherd now You haunt the plain,
And warble forth Your oaten ſtrain.
Now a gay Huntreſs, by the dawn
You trip it o'er the dewy lawn.
A Lover now; with all the grace
Of that ſweet paſſion in Your face,
A thouſand ſhapes You wear with eaſe,
And ſtill in every ſhape You pleaſe.
Your's is the fragrant morning bluſh,
And your's the ſilent evening huſh,
Your's the refulgent noonday gleam,
And your's, ah then! the gelid ſtream.
Deſcending angels bleſs Your train,
The virtues of the Sage and Swain.
Soft Innocence in white array'd,
And Contemplation rears his head;

Religion with her awful brow,
And all the Muſes wait on You.
O, let me pierce Your ſecret cell,
And in Your deep receſſes dwell,
For ever from the world retir'd,
For ever with your raptures fir'd;
Nor by a Mortal ſeen ſave he
A Mallet or a Murdoch *be*.*

Your's heartily,

J. T.

No. II.

London, June 13, 1726.

DEAR MALLET,

YOUR laſt letter gave me a pleaſure which none but a friend could receive, from the beſt of that name. Heaven is very bounteous to me in

* This reading was altered in the printed text—both names were omitted. Murdoch was the little fat oily man of God of "The Caſtle "of Indolence," and in 1762 the editor of that edition of Thomſon's works (2 vols. 4to.) which *gave* the poet a monument in Weſtminſter Abbey.

your friendſhip. In that regard I am rich beyond the power of Fortune.

And think you it then an eaſy matter to loſe the approbation I had ſet my heart upon? Is the generous thirſt for fame romantic; or rather don't you, at preſent, feel it moſt glorioufly prevalent in your own boſom, while thus you are forming ſuch immortal ſchemes? Have you ſet a price on my fame? Twenty guineas,* twenty curſes on them! if they ſerve me that trick. I expected that our names ſhould have lived together, there, when money and all its lovers ſhall periſh. All the firſt page might ſtill ſtand entire, and the others filled out a thouſand ways. If you will have ſatire; a remedy the age much wants, and which

* The uſual dedication-fee—the very ſum Sir Spencer Compton (Lord Wilmington) gave Thomſon for the dedication of "Winter." Mallet wrote the dedication to Sir Spencer.

may be executed with a good deſign, a public ſpirit, and ſucceſs, I need not mention to you the avarice, littleneſs, luxury, and ſtupidity of our men of fortune; the general barbarous contempt of Poetry—that nobleſt gift of Heaven! our venal bards as you have laſhed them already, our lewd, low, ſpiteful writers; hornets of Parnaſſus, Operas, Maſquerades, Fopperies, and a thouſand things. You might make a glorious apoſtrophe to the drooping Genius of Britain—have Shakeſpeare and Milton in your eye, and invite to the purſuit of genuine poetry. I have written to Mr. Hill* after ſuch a manner, as he cannot refuſe me; ſo that I am almoſt certain of receiving another copy of verſes from him every day. 'Tis in the preſs. Millan†

* Aaron Hill—"next H—ll eſſay'd."

† John Millan (d. 1784), the publiſher of Thomſon's firſt poem, his "Winter."

has bought paper too — ſeveral people have their expectations raiſed— diſappoint us not. Dyer* has very luckily, this ſame day, very handſomely excuſed himſelf. Notwithſtanding of all your objections; I believe you could with a little trouble make Clio's verſes† very pretty— lovely.

* John Dyer—*Grongar-Hill* Dyer.

† Was Clio Myra, the lady Johnſon refers to, not very encomiaſtically, in his Life of Thomſon?

Since this was written I have had my conjecture confirmed by the following paſſage in a contemporary notice of Savage's Miſcellany:— "Clio muſt be allowed to be a moſt complete poeteſs, if ſhe really wrote thoſe poems that bear her name; but it has of late been ſo abuſed and ſcandalized, that I am informed ſhe has lately changed it for that of Myra; and that a dapper Scotch gentleman, the author of the two laſt poems in the Miſcellany (and an admirer, as appears by the firſt copy) was the firſt that new-chriſtened her."—*The Britiſh Journal, Saturday, September* 24, 1726. The author of the two laſt poems was David Mallet.

I have no time juſt now, to do juſtice to the two ſchemes of your Poems, that you favoured me with. All that I ſhall ſay at this time is, that they are uſeful, noble, vaſt, amazing! Go on with an awakened mind. Faint not, neither weary. How wild you ſing, while, I here, warble like a city linnet in a cage. If my beginning of "Summer" pleaſe you, I am ſure it is good. I have writ more which I'll ſend you in due time. Let me not by any means, want ſome of your "Excurſion."* The idea of that poem ſtrikes me vehemently. The next time I write to you it ſhall be at large. Neglect not my verſes—my fame—'tis but one morning-walk, eaſily beſtowed.

With my devoted heart,

Your friend,

JAM: THOMSON.

* A poem by Mallet ſo called.

P. S. Direct for me only at the Academy in &c.* This for ſecurity's ſake I ſend you directly.

My ſervice to Mrs. Stirling.†

No. III.

London, Auguſt the 11th, 1726.

DEAR MALLET,

BELIEVE me I have not hoped in vain. This laſt ſheet of your "Ex-"curſion" thoroughly charms me. I cannot ſay whether there is more thought or fancy; ſimplicity or ſublimity in it. There is a particular gentle, ſimple, unadorned majeſty in your writings. They ſteal on one like the great revolutions of the Heavens, without noiſe. What I think may be corrected, I will not

* In Little Tower Street, London; where he was a tutor in what was even then (ſee old Lord Auchinleck) called an Academy.

† Who was Mrs. Stirling?—Clio?

mention till you have once rough-writ the whole. I cannot entertain myſelf more than by reflecting on ſome of the many beauties.

And now th' illuſive flame oft ſeen at eve
Glides o'er the lawn———

This is an amuſing circumſtance, and finely expreſſed.

Onward ſhe comes with ſilent ſteps and ſlow,
In her BROWN mantle wrapt———

This equals any image our Milton gave us of the evening.

That fly with *unreturning* wing away.

To any one who thinks, this is very moving.

Or to the cypreſs grove at twilight ſhun'd
By paſſing ſwains———

Here more is meant than meets the ear. All that about the breeze is a beautiful inſtance of ſtrong natural ſimplicity. I ſhiver at it. You paint Ruin with a maſterly hand.

Ghaſtful he ſits and views *with* ſtedfaſt glare
The falling Buſt; the Column gray *with* Moſs.

This is ſuch an attitude as I can never enough admire, and even be aſtoniſhed at.

Save what the wind ſighs, and the *Wailing Owl*
Screams ſolitary———

Charmingly dreary!

Where the *ſad* ſpirit walks with *ſhadowy* feet
His wonted round, or lingers o'er his grave.

What diſmal ſimplicity reigns through theſe two lines! They are equal to any ever Shakeſpeare wrote on the ſubject. Your Paraphraſe from Job moves all the heart—your Reflections on pride and licentiouſneſs, are full of the moſt ſpirit-thought. Your character of Thirſis is finely ſelected and engaging. What you ſay of his humanity and charity, is particularly affecting; and to tranſcribe any of it and not the whole,

would not be juſtice. Let me, however, mention that comprehenſive compound epithet *All-ſhun'd*, as a beauty I have had too good reaſon to reliſh. Thank Heaven there was one exception.

The Mountain Shower, is ſimple wild nature!

He like the Vulgar fell——

Can anything be more moving, than that a great man ſhould fall like the vulgar! This is a thought which charms one the more, the more one thinks on it. I know where you had it, a meritorious theft! I have ſtill much more to ſay; and it is with reluctance I quit the ſubject. If you write well I would almoſt venture to ſay that I have a good taſte; at leaſt, I am greatly pleaſed.

Prythee make no apology for your friendly ſincerity, know you not that it is not in your power to diſoblige

me? Why did you not object againſt my method, with regard to "Sum-"mer," when I firſt gave you an account of it. I told you then expreſſly that I reſolved to contract the ſeaſon into a day. The uniform appearances of nature in ſummer eaſily allow of it. But not to diſpute which of the ſchemes is moſt preferable, I am ſo far advanced, having writ three parts of four, that I cannot without the moſt painful labour alter mine. Let me tell you beſides that we entirely agree from the noonday retreat to the evening. I have already written of ſhade and gloom, and woodland ſpirits &c. exactly as you hint, more than a week ago. Verdure and flowers belong to the Spring; and fruits to the Autumn; and therefore not to be anticipated. I deſign towards the end of my poem to take one ſhort glance of corn fields, ripe for the ſickle, as the limit of my

performance. I thank you heartily for your hint about perſonizing of Inſpiration, it ſtrikes me. Next poſt I will ſend you a ſheet or two more.

You have, I flatter myſelf, writ a good deal more of your "Excurſion," you will not fail to entertain me with it. You have a noble field before you, go on as you have begun, and diſtant praiſe, from worth unborn, ſhall be thine. Mr. Aikman* did me the honour of a viſit yeſternight, he ſpeaks with great warmth and expectation of your poem, and remembers you kindly. We were in the Tavern and drunk your health. His reflections on my writings are very good; but he does not in them, regard the turn of my genius enough, ſhould I alter my way I would write

* William Aikman, a Scotch painter.—The portrait of Thomſon at Hagley is by Aikman; both Thomſon and Mallet have commemorated in verſe the virtues and talents of Aikman.

poorly, I muſt chooſe what appears to me the moſt ſignificant epithet, or I cannot with any heart proceed.

Your's entirely,

JAMES THOMSON.

No. IV.

[No date]

THE reaſon I did not write to you laſt poſt was becauſe I had not the encloſed ready to ſend you.

They contain a Panegyric on Britain, which may perhaps contribute to make my Poem popular. The Engliſh people are not a little vain of themſelves and their country. Britannia too includes our native country Scotland. After this I make an excurſion to Africa; which I interſperſe and conclude with ſome reflections. What remains of my Poem is a deſcription of thunder and the

Evening, Thunder I have writ, and am juſt now agreeably engaged with the Evening. The beginning of the ſheets I have ſent you at this time, connects with the cataract; but methinks I am very talkative about myſelf.

At laſt I have got a few lines from you, laviſh poet! as if it were on purpoſe to increaſe my longing, and render me more uneaſy; indeed they are very good—but then it vexes the more—they are few. A plague on this poetical parſimony; but however let me con them over.

I think I have told you it before, let me tell you it again, there is an inimitable mixture of animated ſimplicity and chaſtiſed ſublimity in what you write. It ſtrikes one forcibly at firſt, and yet ſtill unfolds brighter, penetrates to the heart, and yet ſtill mixes deeper. As you write in your former agreeable letter, you every day

converſe with the ſages and the heroes of antiquity. You think like them too, your boſom ſwells with the ſame divine ambition, and would if in the ſame circumſtances diſplay the ſame heroic virtues, that lie all glowing at your heart. This I venture to affirm on the trueſt knowledge, and let me add ſympathy of nature. Truſt me, my friend, I could run with you the race of glory, if Heaven would permit; true I am inferior, but through your aſſiſtance might hold out.

> Fancy will reſt no longer, but away
> Poſts over regions, like the darted Beam.

This is a fine, extenſive, lively, juſt ſimile.

> Poſts over regions, like the darted Beam.

Now a good imagination is pleaſed with this image of itſelf.

> ———whither foot of man
> Journeying ne'er turn'd.

Where learned you this ancient ſimplicity of expreſſion!

The rough rock riſes bleak and chills the ſight!

This is a very full, natural, diſmal picture; it riſes even abrupt in the poem, and that too with ſome ſurpriſe, I am not only chilled but ſhiver at the ſight.

And damp winds bluſter whirling on their wings,
A plain of ſand———

Good! better than a pompous deſcription.—" Woe to the traveller, " &c." that reflection moves much. I cannot forbear telling you here that —for he ſhall ſurely die—the ſimplicity of it at firſt reading in ſome ſort diſguſted me, now I am fond of it, ſuch is the prevalence of truth! Let me aſk you if ſome Criticaſter may not allege an inconſiſtency betwixt " whither foot of man,

&c," and your thus introducing a traveller.

Here night by night———

I am not a little pleaſed with theſe few ſimple words. The infernal hags come very well in; but I think you may throw a little more horror round them. I have not indeed the whole deſcription.

Illumin'd by the glow-worm's mimic day.

There is a littleneſs in this I think, that does not ſuit the occaſion, I would change it for the moon in diſtreſs, repreſented with as much ghaſtlineſs as poſſible, to ſome ſuch purpoſe as this:—

Illumin'd faintly by the fading moon.

Shrieking witches in the deſert—at the dead of night—terrible!

———or to invert the year—
And bring wild Winter into ſummer's place,
Or ſpread brown Night and tempeſt o'er the morn.

This is Poetry—this is arouſing fancy —enthuſiaſm—rapturous terror.— Can't you get another epithet for Night? Evening in her brown mantle wrapt. I am not afraid of your finding out as good a one.

Sung by th' aſcending demon of the hour.

You leave me as Cervantes does his readers. What is the poetical philoſophy of every hour having an aſcending demon, it ſeems to be amuſing? I hope you give us the ſong. I can, mark me, bear it no longer, but muſt have next poſt the whole of your "Excurſion" over this earth, I ſay it again, muſt have it—ſo fail not.

How came you to be ſo unreaſonable as to expect regularity from S——?* as well might you hope for poetry from a ſatchel of rhymes, writhed lines and hard words. What

* Richard Savage, the poet.

in the name of Inconſiſtency has he to do with being punctual, would you bring the wild aſs from the range of the deſert, he who cries Bray! Bray! and laughs at the letter writing throng? why, he has given me as many promiſes of a letter this ſummer as he has writ lines, nay repeated lines; and yet it is well known, it never entered into his head but when he promiſed to perform—if then. I ſhall have that letter from him when he is made the Laureate; I am out there too for that may happen. Have you heard that our preſent blockhead Laureate, or Laureate Blockhead,* has had a fling at Walpole too? He had better bribe them to ſilence. Poſterity will call him, if Poſterity hear anything of the matter, the Mævius-Bavius Mæcenas, the diſcelebrated knight.

What you write about is very di-

* Laurence Euſden, died 27 Sept. 1730.

verting. She can make you ſigh for all that, when you think upon her. Perhaps I may tell you in my next, whether or not we deſign to conſummate our unfiniſhed loves, and tranſmit you a letter I received yeſterday. I writ to Dennis* a letter on Journals, but have not received an anſwer; he bid Millan laſt day give his ſervice to me, and thank me for my letter. That Britiſh Journal of Saturday laſt is more contemptible than language can expreſs, I ſuſpect that Planet-blaſted fool Mitchel.† I tell

* The Critic.

† "This poet of warm affections felt ſo irritably the perverſe criticiſms of his learned friends, that they were to ſhare alike nothing leſs than a damnation to a poetical hell. One of theſe 'blaſts' broke out in a vindictive epigram on Mitchell, whom he deſcribes with a 'blaſted eye;' but this critic having one literally, the poet, to avoid a perſonal reflection, could only conſent to make the blemiſh more active:

Why all not faults, injurious Mitchell! Why
Appears one beauty to thy blaſting eye?"

D'Iſraeli's Literary Characters, i. 122.

you I have ſent Pope's letters to the Duke's houſe,* at that time too I writ about them.

Your's moſt affectionately,

JAMES THOMSON.

Mr. Hill is not returned yet.

No. V.

London, 2 Auguſt, 1726.

DEAR MALLET,

AFTER a tedious ſilence I had yours. Far from defending theſe two lines in my tranſlation, I damn them to the loweſt depth of the poetical Tophet, prepared of old for Mitchell, Morrice, Rook, Cooke, Beckingham, and a long &c.† Wherever I have

* To the Duke of Montroſe's. Mallet was tutor in the Duke's family.

† Gentlemen of the Dunciad; Mitchell (unhappily) excepted.

evidence, or think I have evidence, which is the ſame thing, I'll be as obſtinate as all the mules in Perſia.

I have racked my brain about the common bleſſing of the ſun you ſay is forgot, as much as ever S——* did his, in that elaborate deſcription of the tooth ache Dr. Young diſconcerted, without being able to hit on it. Your hint of the ſapphire, emerald, ruby, ſtrike my imagination with a pleaſing taſte, and ſhall not be neglected; but I am reſolved not to correct till I have firſt rough-writ the whole.

In the encloſed ſheets of "Summer," I raiſe the ſun to nine or ten o'clock; touch lightly on his withering of flowers; give a group of rural images; make an excurſion into the inſect kingdom; and conclude with ſome ſuitable reflections. I have written a good deal more;

* Savage?

you will be notoriouſly guilty of poetical injuſtice, if you make me not a proper return.

My idea of your Poem is a deſcription of the grand works of Nature raiſed and animated by moral and ſublime reflections; therefore before you quit this earth you ought to leave no great ſcene unviſited. Eruptions, earthquakes, the ſea wrought into a horrible tempeſt, the abyſs amidſt whoſe amazing proſpects, how pleaſing muſt that be of a deep valley covered with all the tender profuſion of the Spring. Here if you could inſert a ſketch of the deluge, what more affecting and noble? Sublimity muſt be the characteriſtic of your piece.

Millan is to buy Woodward's Hiſtory this day for himſelf, and will tranſmit to you immediately.

I have not ſeen theſe reflections on the Dr.'s* Inſtallment, but hear they

* Young.

are as wretched as their ſubject. The Dr.'s very buckram has run ſhort on this occaſion; his affected ſublimity even fails him, and down he comes with no ſmall velocity.

A ſtar to us, a comet to the foe.

So ſings the Knight with the woeful countenance ſpeaking of the King.*

Shall drive the bloody Jeſuits from Thorn,
A thorn to them, to us a roſe he'll prove,
A thorn to them, to us a roſe of love.

You triumph over us tranſlators for excelling your original, which is as if a tailor ſhould reckon himſelf an hero for killing a ——. How dare you immerſe yourſelf in his utter darkneſs? Death! to ſing after a cuckoo; and abet the murderer of the claſſics—lies cold in earth—ſhut out from life and light.

Wit, friendſhip, mirth, compos'd his gentle mind.

* Blackmore?

The muſes bluſh that theſe and ſeveral others, ſhould be called in imitation of the Latin jargon; which rather than imitated ſhould be eſchewed, as Job did evil. In earneſt, it was a weakneſs in you to ſtoop to his importunity. It is not that I am diſpleaſed at the Engliſh verſes; but that you ſhould (deteſtable!) be ſaid to imitate the Latin.

You complain of your dullneſs, I only of your haſte.

Your ever faithful,

affectionate friend,

JAMES THOMSON.

P. S. I told you already that it was Mr. Grey's own fault, that he had not the book, he promiſed to come for it, and did not. Dyer's addreſs is Aberglaſney, by Landilo Bag: South Wales.

Thrice groaning, groan'd, and calling thrice he call'd,

is juſt and pleaſant. I'll ſend you woeful Elegy next poſt, the packet being already too big.

No. VI.

Eaſtbury,* Sept. 20, 1729.

DEAR MALLET,

BY this time I ſuppoſe you are returned from London to the downs of Hampſhire,† and "Eurydice." Was you not interrupted, your forenoons broken, and your ſpirits unworthily diſſipated by the buſineſs of the day, how pleaſantly would it go on? with what unabated fire? Nothing to do, but to ſeize the rapturous hour, when Nature prompts and bids the fine

* Bubb Dodington's ſeat in Dorſetſhire.

† The Duke of Montroſe had a ſeat at Twyford, in Hampſhire.

ferment of the ſpirits riſe. How delightful! to catch the paſſions trembling from the heart, that deep-felt delicate harmony, that enchantment which the leaſt touch of every ruder care diſſolves. I too am far from that divine freedom, that independent life which the Muſes love; but it ſhall not be long thus, and ſoon will I hang up my harp upon the willows. I have heard of an agreement among ſome our modern Goths (who by the bye are even unworthy of that name), by which they bind themſelves not to encourage any ſubſcription* whatever under a certain penalty. Methinks all tolerable authors in this age, all who can give honour and entertainment to it, ſhould in oppoſition to this, and the general diſcouragement they labour under,

* For his "Seaſons" in quarto. To this want of encouragement he refers in his printed propoſals.

enter into an aſſociation not to write at all; or if they do write, for their own pleaſure and that of their particular friends, yet never to publiſh. At the ſame time care muſt be taken that none of your manuſcript-publiſhers get what you write into their hands, but let all be kept as ſacred myſteries from profane eyes. Then ſhould we as the Scripture ſays, have joys which the wicked could not intermeddle with; and if their vanity, not taſte, prompted any of them to ſee what was written, they might, for a ſwinging ſum. There would be no danger of their carrying much away with them. It is high time that the poets, who have been all along bubbles to the world, given them the greateſt pleaſure, and received little in exchange, began to think of ſome craft; their art is the ſource of ſo much pleaſure, ſo commanding, that it is very capable of

it, if thus myſteriouſly managed. But you deſtroy my whole ſcheme, by ſaying, that if they have not good writing, bad will do as well, and better. A Hurlothrumbo* or anything. Evil is their good. Damn their corruption, their low taſte, and all their ſtupid expence.

To turn my eyes a ſofter way, I am really touched with a fair neighbour of yours—you know who.—Abſence ſighs it to me: What is my heart made of? A ſoft ſyſtem of love-nerves, too ſenſible for my quiet, capable of being very happy or very unhappy; I am afraid the laſt will prevail. Lay your hand upon a kindred heart, and deſpiſe me not. I know not what it is, but ſhe dwells upon my thought, in a mingled ſentiment which is the ſweeteſt, the

* A piece of popular nonſenſe (now forgotten) by as he was afterwards called Hurlothrumbo Johnſon.

moſt intimately pleaſing the ſoul can receive, and which I would wiſh never to want towards ſome dear object or other.

To have always ſome ſecret darling idea, to which one can ſtill have recourſe amidſt the noiſe and nonſenſe of the world, and which never fails to touch us in the moſt exquiſite manner, is an Art of Happineſs that Fortune cannot deprive us of. This may be called romantic, but whatever the cauſe is, the effect is really felt. Pray when you write tell me when you ſaw her, and with the pure eye of a friend; and when you ſee her again whiſper that I am her moſt humble ſervant. But my paper comes to an end: I wiſh for a walk with you upon the ſerene downs, to talk of a thouſand things. There is nobody's company gives me greater pleaſure, I will aſſuredly ſee you before I leave the country. I have been

in dead ſolitude here for ſome days by paſt. Mr. D[odington] went to London to wait upon the King; now he's returned. Poor Stubbs* kept me alive. He toils here in two pariſhes for 40*l.* a year; had I paper I would rail for a page more at it.

My ſervices to your people, particularly Mrs. Stirling and Mrs. Graham.

Yours moſt affectionately,

J. T.

Mr. Stubbs ſends his ſervice to you. Pray give mine to the gentle, ſlender man of God† when you ſee him.

No. VII.

Kew Lane, Auguſt 9, 1745.

DEAR MALLET,

HAD I known the expenſive terms

* The Rev. George Stubbs,—a ſmall poet.
† Murdoch.

upon which "Hackluyt" was kept, I would not have neglected to ſend it to Millar's immediately after you ſpoke to me. But the truth is I like this Book of Voyages ſo well that I propoſed and ſtill propoſe to purchaſe it of the owner, if he does not demand too high a price; in which caſe I muſt beg leave to have the twelve ſhillings included. But I think he may be brought to be ſatisfied with leſs; for that is quite an unreaſonable price for keeping a book ſeven or eight months. If you approve of this I will aſk the favour of Millar to ſpeak to him.

You will do me great injuſtice if you judge of my friendſhip by the external forms of it, or by my regular obſervance of thoſe regards, which I own it is a fault to omit. But I hope in time to amend in this inſtance, among the many other things we all have and ever will have to correct.

It is one of the moſt endearing qualities of friendſhip for friends to have a mutual indulgence for one another's faults, yet not to harden themſelves in them for that reaſon. I ſhall be ſincerely glad to ſuſtain and cultivate our old friendſhip, and I think I dare engage for my heart, that it will not in this be deficient in fully anſwering to yours. On Monday laſt I met two ſervants of yours along with little charming Dolly,* who told me of the encreaſe of your family. If you was ſo happy at the time you wrote to me it was un[kind of you?] to deny me the pleaſure [MS. torn] it. I beg my complim[ents to Mrs.] Mallet and wiſh her [MS. torn]

Believe me to be,

affectionately yours,

J[AMES THOMSON.]

* Dorothea Mallet; Mallet's daughter by his firſt wife.

No. VIII.

Kew Lane, March 31ſt, 1747.

DEAR MALLET,

I RECEIVED yours and am extremely glad to hear that we ſhall have one good poetical entertainment this year. Your offer is very kind and friendly; but I ſhall reliſh the pleaſure which I know I muſt have in reading your poem infinitely better here than in a damned London tavern.

The evenings are now too ſhort for reading there [in a tavern] a poem of any length; and I am beſides much of the humour of Sancho. I love to munch a good morſel of that kind by myſelf in a corner. There cannot be a more delightful corner than Love Lane* is at preſent where-

* A Lane ſo called at Richmond. Was the poem "Amyntor and Theodora, or the Hermit?"

in to munch a poetical morſel; and ſhould you ſend me your ſong for a night or two, the nightingales will ſtrike up at the ſame time. But if the advanced ſeaſon of the year make that inconvenient, with regard to the printing, I will ſuſpend my curioſity till it is publiſhed, putting the reading of it to the account of the pleaſures of this ſpring. When the good genius of the ſeaſon delivers you from the demon of the town I will deſire you as a friend to read "Coriolanus."* Tho' pretty much indifferent whether ever he appear upon the ſtage or no, yet I am far from being ſo with regard to his having your approbation, for I am ever with moſt ſincere eſteem and affection,

Your's &c,

JAMES THOMSON.

* Thomſon's laſt play.

P. S. Pleaſe to make my compliments to Mrs. Mallet. I hope to ſee you ſoon in the country. If ſhe deſerts the country intereſt I ſhall be in deſpair.

THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF PRINTING.

A Lecture delivered at Twickenham, April 8th, and repeated by desire at Richmond, April 21st, 1857.

By Henry G. Bohn.

The Origin and Progress of Printing.

NATURE does not advance by leaps," ſays an old proverb; neither does her offſpring, Art. All the great boons vouchſafed to man by a munificent Providence are of gradual development; and though ſome may appear to have come upon us ſuddenly, reflection and inquiry will always ſhow that they have had their previous ſtages.

Indeed, nothing in this great world which concerns the well-being of man takes place by accident, but is brought forward by Divine will, preciſely at the moment moſt ſuitable to our condition. So it was with aſtronomy, the mariner's compaſs, the

ſteam-engine, gas, the electric telegraph, and many other of thoſe bleſſings which have progreſſed with civilization. The elements were there, and known, but the time had not arrived for their fructification.

And ſo it is with printing. Although its invention is placed in the middle of the 15th century, and almoſt the very year fixed, this can only be regarded as a matured ſtage of it. To illuſtrate this, I propoſe to begin with a curſory view of its primitive elements, of which the very firſt were no doubt imitative marks and numerals.

The uſe of numerals has been denominated "the foundation of all the "arts of life;" and we know with certainty that ſeveral nations, and among them the Mexicans, had numerals before they were acquainted with letters. The firſt method of reckoning was with the fingers, but ſmall ſtones

were alſo uſed—hence the words calculate and calculation, which are derived from *calculus*, the Latin for a pebble-ſtone.

The Chineſe counted for many years with notched ſticks; and even in England, in comparatively modern times, accounts were kept by tallies, in which notches were cut alike in two parallel pieces of wood. Shakſpeare alludes to "the ſcore and the "tally" in his Henry VI; and this mode of keeping accounts is ſtill adopted by ſome of the bakers and dyers in Warwickſhire and Cheſhire. And tallies are occaſionally produced in the ſmall debt courts, where they are admitted as authentic proofs of debt. Hence the origin and name of our Tally Court of the Exchequer. The Peruvians, at the time they were conquered by Pizarro, counted with knotted ſtrings.

After numerals, came picture-

writing, hieroglyphics, and ſymbolic characters, ſuch as were uſed by the Egyptians, the Chineſe, and the Mexicans; which, however unconnected they may be with each other, are of the ſame general character. Indeed, the Chineſe have never advanced beyond ſymbolic characters, of which it is ſaid they have more than one hundred thouſand combinations or varieties.

As an illuſtration of primitive picture-writing, I place before you a curious Mexican painting, which records ſome principal events in the reign of Acamapich.* The light-blue marginal line preſents a calendar of the regnal years, counted entirely by ciphers up to 13, and then repeated with ſlight changes, indicating ſecond, third, and fourth ſeries, up

* See plates 2 and 3 of the Mendoza Codex in Kingſborough's Mexican Antiquities, vol. 1.

to 52; other changes enabled them to continue their count. In the firſt year of this curious regiſter, the king is crowned, and preparing for war, as is ſhown by his attitude and warlike emblems. In the eighth, he is again at war, and conquers four neighbouring chiefs, as is indicated by their decapitated heads, and what are meant to repreſent deſtroyed cities. The next plate figures the reign of Chimalpupuca, where the heads of five Mexican chiefs, killed in battle, betoken, I believe, ſo many conqueſts, and cities annexed.*

Rude as theſe conditions of humanity may ſeem, they are matched in our own enlightened country, even at a very recent date, if we may credit a well-known ſtory:—A ruſtic ſhopkeeper in a remote diſtrict, being unable to read or write, contrived to

* Plate 4 of the Mendoza Codex in Kingſborough's Mexican Antiquities.

keep his accounts by picture-writing, and charged his cuſtomer, the miller, with a cheeſe inſtead of a grindſtone, from having omitted to mark a hole in the centre.

After picture and ſymbolic writing would follow phonetic characters, or marks for ſounds; that is, the alphabet. Even the alphabet, which in civilized countries has now exiſted for more than three thouſand years, was perfected by degrees; for it has been clearly aſcertained that the earlieſt known did not compriſe more than one-half, or, at moſt, two-thirds of the letters which eventually formed its complement. Thus, the Pelaſgian alphabet, which is derived from the Phœnician, and is the parent of the Greek and Roman, conſiſted originally of only twelve or thirteen letters.

The invention of the alphabet, which, in a ſmall number of elemen-

tary characters, is capable of 620 ſextillions of combinations, and of exhibiting to the ſight the countleſs conceptions of the mind which have no corporeal forms, is ſo wonderful, that great men of all ages have ſhrunk from accounting for it, otherwiſe, than as a boon of Divine origin. Although apparently developed by human ingenuity, the finger of a higher guidance is ſeen in it; and this feeling is ſtrengthened by the ſingular circumſtance that ſo many alphabets bear a ſtrong ſimilarity to each other, however widely ſeparated the countries in which they aroſe.

In Egypt the invention of the alphabet is by ſome aſcribed to Syphoas, nearly 2000 years before the Chriſtian era, but more commonly to Athotes, Thoth, or Toth, a deity always figured with the head of the Ibis, and very familiar in Egyptian antiquities. Cadmus is accredited

with having introduced it from Egypt into Greece about five centuries later.

From the alphabet the gradation is natural to compounds of letters and written language; and though ſpeech is one of the greateſt gifts to man, it is writing which diſtinguiſhes him from the uncivilized ſavage.

The practice of writing is of ſuch remote antiquity that neither ſacred nor profane authors can ſatisfactorily trace its origin. The philoſopher may exclaim with the poet—

"Whence did the wond'rous myſtic art ariſe,
Of painting ſpeech, and ſpeaking to the eyes?
That we, by tracing magic lines, are taught
How both to colour and embody thought?"

The earlieſt writing would probably have been with chalk, charcoal, ſlate, or perhaps ſand, as children from time immemorial have been taught to read and write in India. The Romans uſed white walls for writing inſcriptions on, in red chalk,

anſwering the purpoſe of our poſting-bills, of which ſeveral inſtances were found on the walls of Pompeii. Plutarch informs us that tradeſmen wrote in ſome ſuch manner over their doors, and that auction-bills ran thus: "Julius Proculus will this day have "an auction of his ſuperfluous goods, "to pay his debts."

Next ſeems to have followed writing or engraving on ſtone, wood, ivory, and metals, of which we have many early evidences. The Decalogue, or Ten Commandments, given by God to Moſes on Mount Sinai, was originally, we are told in the Bible, written upon two tables of ſtone; the pillars of Seth were of brick and ſtone; the laws of the Greeks were graven on tables of braſs, which were called *cyrbes*. Herodotus mentions a letter, written with a ſtyle on ſtone ſlabs, which Themiſtocles, the Athenian general, ſent to the Romans about

500 years B.C.; and we have another evidence of the ſame period ſtill exiſting—the ſo-called Borgian inſcription, which is a paſſport graven in bronze, entitling the holder to hoſpitable reception wherever he demanded it. Upwards of 3000 of ſuch engraved tablets, including the famous Roman laws of the twelve tables, were conſumed in the great fire which deſtroyed the capitol in the time of Veſpaſian.

I could cite a great many other evidences of early writing on ſtone or braſs, but will merely recommend you to ſee the Roſetta inſcription, which is conſpicuouſly placed in the Britiſh Muſeum. It is this very intereſting ſtone, which, being partly Greek and partly Egyptian, has enabled us to decipher ſo many Egyptian monuments.

Pliny informs us that table-books of wood (generally made of box or citron wood) were in uſe before the

time of Homer, that is, nearly 3000 years ago; and in the Bible we read of table-books in the time of Solomon. Theſe table-books were called, by the Romans *pugillares*, which may be tranſlated hand-books; the wood was cut into thin ſlices, finely planed and poliſhed, and written upon with an iron inſtrument called a *ſtylus*. At a later period, tables, or ſlices of wood, were uſually covered with a thin layer of hard wax, ſo that any matter written upon them might be effaced at pleaſure, and the tables uſed again. Such practice continued as late as 1395. In an account-roll of Wincheſter college of that year, we find that a table covered with green wax was kept in the chapel for noting down with a ſtyle the daily or weekly duties aſſigned to the officers of the choir. Ivory alſo was uſed in the ſame way.

Wooden table-books, as we learn

from Chaucer, were uſed in England as late as the fifteenth century.

When epiſtles were written upon tables of wood they were uſually tied together with cord, the ſeal being put upon the knot.* Some of the table-books muſt have been large and heavy, for in Plautus a ſchoolboy, ſeven years old, is repreſented as breaking his maſter's head with his table-book.

Writing ſeems alſo to have been common, at a very early period, on palm and olive leaves, and eſpecially on the bark of trees; a material uſed, even in the preſent time, in ſome parts of Aſia. The bark is generally cut into thin flat pieces, from nine to fifteen inches long, and two to four inches wide, and written on with a ſharp inſtrument.†

* There are ſeveral examples in the Britiſh Muſeum.

† Examples, which are not uncommon, are in the Britiſh Muſeum.

Indeed, the tree, whether in planks, bark, or leaves, ſeems, in ancient times, to have afforded the principal materials for writing on. Hence the word *codex*, originally ſignifying the trunk or ſtem of a tree, now means a manuſcript volume. *Tabula*, which properly means a plank, or board, now alſo ſignifies the plate of a book, and was ſo uſed by Addiſon, who calls his plates tables. *Folium*, a leaf, has given us the word folio. And the word *liber*, originally meaning the inner bark of a tree, was afterwards uſed by the Romans to ſignify a book; whence we derive our words, library, librarian, &c. One more ſuch etymology, the moſt intereſting of all, is the Greek name for the bark of a tree, *Biblos*, whence is derived the name of our ſacred volume.

Before I leave this ſtage of the ſubject, I will mention the way in which the Roman youth were taught writ-

ing. Quintilian tells us that they were made to write through perforated tablets, ſo as to draw the *ſtylus* through a kind of furrow; and we learn from Procopius, that a ſimilar contrivance was uſed by the Emperor Juſtinian for ſigning his name. Such a tablet would now be called a ſtencil-plate, and is what to the preſent day is found the moſt rapid and convenient mode of marking goods, only that a bruſh is uſed inſtead of an iron pen or ſtyle.

Writing, and materials, have ſo much to do with the invention of printing, that I feel obliged to tarry a little longer at this preliminary ſtage.

The moſt important of all the ancient materials for writing upon were papyrus, parchment, and vellum; and on theſe ſubſtances nearly all our moſt valuable manuſcripts were written.

Papyrus, or paper-ruſh, is a large fibrous plant which abounds in the

marſhes of Egypt, eſpecially near the borders of the Nile. It was manufactured into a thick ſort of paper at a very early period, Pliny ſays three centuries before the reign of Alexander the Great; and Caſſiodorus, who lived in the ſixth century, ſtates that it then covered all the deſks of the world. Indeed, it had become ſo eſſential to the Greeks and Romans, that the occaſional ſcarcity of it is recorded to have produced riots. Every man of rank and education kept *librarii*, or book-writers, in his houſe; and many *ſervi*, or ſlaves, were trained to this ſervice, ſo that they were a numerous claſs.

Papyrus is a very durable ſubſtance, made of the innermoſt pellicles of the ſtalk, glued together tranſverſely, with the glutinous water of the Nile.*

* The example ſhown was 10 feet long; a funeral roll in the demotic character, which is ſemi-hieroglyphic.

It was for many centuries the great ſtaple of Egypt, and was exported in large quantities to almoſt every part of Europe and Aſia; but never, it would appear, to England or Germany. After the ſeventh century its uſe was gradually ſuperſeded by the introduction of parchment; and before the end of the twelfth century it had gone generally out of uſe. From papyrus the name of paper, which, with ſlight variations, is common to many languages, is no doubt derived.

Parchment and vellum, which are made from the ſkin of animals, the former from ſheep or goat, the latter from calf, both prepared with lime, were in uſe at a very early period, long before their accredited introduction. It has been by ſome ſuppoſed that Eumenes, king of Pergamus, who lived about 190 years before the Chriſtian era, was the inventor of

parchment; but it was known much earlier, as may be ſeen by ſeveral references to it in the Bible. (Iſaiah viii. 1; Jeremiah xxxvi. 2; Ezekiel xi. 9.) It is, however, very probable that it may have been brought to perfection at Pergamus, as it was one of the principal articles of commerce of that kingdom.

Parchment, in early times, was not only expenſive, but often very difficult to procure; whence aroſe the practice of eraſing old writing from it, and engroſſing it a ſecond time. Such manuſcripts are called *palimpſeſts.* Modern art has found the means of diſcharging the more recent ink, and thus reſtoring the original writing; by which means we have recovered many valuable pieces, particularly Cicero's loſt book, *De Republicâ*, and ſome fragments of his Orations.

It may not be out of place here to

ſay that the moſt ancient manuſcripts, both on papyrus and parchment, were kept in rolls, called in Latin *volumina*, whence our Engliſh word volume.

Various other materials were uſed in different parts of the world, before the general introduction of paper, ſeveral of which have already been incidentally alluded to.. I will mention a few others. Chineſe paper, made from the bark of the bamboo, the mulberry, or the khu-ku tree, and ſo extremely thin that it can only be uſed on one ſide; this is ſuppoſed to have been invented 50 years before the Chriſtian era, or earlier.* Chineſe rice-paper, ſuch as is now currently ſold by the fancy ſtationers of London, is made from the ſtem of the bread-fruit tree, cut into ſlices and preſſed. The ſkins of all kinds of animals, and among them the Afri-

* Examples are in the Britiſh Muſeum and the Library of the India Houſe.

can ſkin, of a brown colour, upon which the Hebrew Pentateuch, and ſervice-books uſed in the Jewiſh ſynagogues, were formerly written. Silk-paper, prepared for the moſt part in Spain and its colonies, but never brought to much perfection. Aſbeſtos, a fibrous mineral made into paper, tolerably light and pliant, which, being incombuſtible, was denominated eternal paper. The ſpecimen before you, however, is more like very coarſe cloth. Indeed, Herodotus tells us that cloth was made of aſbeſtos by the Egyptians; and Pliny mentions napkins made of it in A. D. 74. We know by tradition that the inteſtines of a ſerpent ſerved for Homer's Iliad and Odyſſey; and that the Koran was written in part on ſhoulder-bones of mutton, kept in a domeſtic cheſt by one of Mahomet's wives.

We now come to the great period of writing papers, made from cotton

and linen rags, as uſed at the preſent day, and which from the firſt were ſo perfect that they have ſince undergone no material improvement. Cotton-paper was an Eaſtern invention, probably introduced in the ninth century, although not generally uſed in Europe till about the twelfth and thirteenth. Greek manuſcripts are found upon it of the earlier period, and Italian manuſcripts of the later. It ſeems to have prevailed at particular periods, in particular countries, according to the facilities for procuring it, as it now does almoſt excluſively in America. Linen-paper, the moſt valuable and important of all the baſes available for writing or printing, is likewiſe ſuppoſed to have been introduced into Europe from the Eaſt, early in the thirteenth century, although not in general uſe till the fourteenth.

Before the end of the fourteenth

century paper-mills had been eſtabliſhed in many parts of Europe, firſt in Spain, and then ſucceſſively in Italy, Germany, Holland, and France. They ſeem to have come late into England, for Caxton printed all his books on paper imported from the Low Countries; and it was not till Wynken de Worde ſucceeded him, in 1495, that paper was manufactured in England.

The Chineſe are ſuppoſed to have uſed it for centuries before, and appear to have the beſt title to be conſidered the inventors of both cotton and linen paper.

Now we are the largeſt paper manufacturers in the world, and have perhaps 500 mills at work. At the Cryſtal Palace of 1851 was exhibited a machine which made ſheets of paper two miles long, and could have made them of any length, receiving the pulp at one end and diſ-

charging the paper completely preſſed and dried at the other. Nor would there have been any difficulty in adding a printing machine to this, and ſo giving you in a few minutes a printed book out of a bundle of rags.

At the late Dublin exhibition an Iriſhman exhibited a ſheet of paper five miles long, and ſaid he could make one to go round the world.

Paper may be made of many other materials, ſuch as hay, ſtraw, nettles, flax, graſſes, parſnips, turnips, colewort leaves, wooden ſhavings, indeed of anything fibrous; but as the invention of printing is not concerned in them, I ſee no occaſion to conſider their merits.

Before I paſs from paper, it may not be irrelevant to ſay a word or two on the names by which we diſtinguiſh the ſorts and ſizes. The term poſt-paper is derived from the ancient water-mark, which was a

poſt-horn, and not from its ſuitableneſs to tranſport by poſt, as many ſuppoſe. The original water-mark of a fool's-cap gave the name to that paper, which it ſtill retains, although the fool's-cap was afterwards changed to a cap of liberty, and has ſince undergone other changes. The ſmaller ſize, called pot-paper, took its name from having at firſt been marked with a flagon or pot. Demy paper, upon which our octavo books are uſually printed, is ſo called from being originally a demi or half-ſized paper; the term is now, however, equally applied to hard or writing papers. Hand-cap, which is a coarſe paper uſed for packing, bore the water-mark of an open hand.

I will now ſay a few words about pens and ink, for without them we could neither have had printing nor books.

Pens are of great antiquity, and are frequently alluded to in the Bible.

Pens of iron, which may mean ſtyles, are mentioned by Job and Jeremiah. Reed pens are known to have been in common uſe by the ancients, and ſome were diſcovered at Pompeii. Pens of gold and ſilver are alluded to by the claſſical writers, and there is evidence of the uſe of quills in the ſeventh century. Of whatever material the pen was made, it was called a *calamus*, whence our familiar ſaying *currente calamo*, with a flowing pen. The uſe of ſtyles, or iron pens, muſt have been very prevalent in ancient days, as Suetonius tells us that the Emperor Caligula incited the people to maſſacre a Roman ſenator with their ſtyles; and previous to that, Cæſar had wounded Caſſius with his ſtyle.

The next, and not the leaſt, important ingredient in writing and printing is ink. Staining and colouring matters were well known to the ancients at a very early period, wit-

neſs the luſtrous pigments on Etruſcan vaſes more than 2000 years ago; and inks are often mentioned in the Bible. Gold, ſilver, red, blue, and green inks, were thoroughly underſtood in the Middle Ages, and perhaps earlier; and the black writing ink of the ſeventh down to the tenth century, as ſeen in our manuſcripts, was in ſuch perfection, that it has retained its luſtre better than ſome of later ages. Printing-ink, by the time it began to be currently uſed for book-printing in the fifteenth century, had attained a perfection which has never been ſurpaſſed, and indeed ſcarcely equalled.

Paper and ink being at their higheſt point, we will now conſider the advances which had in the meantime been made in engraving and type or letter-cutting. It will be ſeen that the material elements of printing were by degrees converging to a culminating point.

The evidence of engraving, both in relief and intaglio, are of very ancient date. I have already mentioned ſome in my notice of writing. I have here the official ſignet of Amaſis, king of Egypt, 2400 years old, finely engraved in bronze. It is the oldeſt and beſt Egyptian ſeal known. I need hardly remind you of the exquiſite workmanſhip on coins, cameos, and ſeals, many centuries before the Chriſtian era, to illuſtrate the high ſtate of cultivation at which the arts muſt then have arrived. The art of caſting and chaſing in bronze was extenſively practiſed in the twelfth century, and I have ſeen a ſpecimen with letters ſo cut in relief that they might be ſeparated to form moveable type. The goldſmiths were certainly among the greateſt artiſts of the early ages, and were competent to execute forms or moulds of any kind to perfection.

In the Britiſh Muſeum is a braſs

ſignet ſtamp, more than 2000 years old, on which two lines of letters are very neatly engraved in relief, in the reverſed order neceſſary for printing; and as the interſtices are cut away very deeply and roughly, there is little doubt but that this ſtamp was uſed with ink on papyrus, parchment, or linen, for paper was not then known. Indeed, the experiment of taking impreſſions from it in printing-ink has been tried, and found to anſwer perfectly. A large ſurface ſo engraved would at once have given to the world an equivalent to what is now regarded as the moſt advanced ſtate of the art of printing, that is, a ſtereotype plate. Virgil mentions brands for marking cattle with their owner's name; probably this kind of braſs ſtamp, but larger.

I could cite many more examples of ancient engraving which would yield impreſſions on paper, either by

preſſure or friction, but inſtead of mentioning many, I will ſhow you one. I hold in my hand an ancient metallic mirror ſuch as the ladies were in the habit of uſing, and ſometimes the gentlemen, as it ſhould ſeem by the pictures on ancient Etruſcan vaſes. It is at leaſt 2000 years old. The convex ſide was once highly poliſhed, and almoſt equal to our preſent looking-glaſſes in its reflecting power. The concave ſide is engraved; and on the proper application of a copper-plate printing-preſs, would yield impreſſions as readily as a modern plate. The metal, however, is ſomewhat tender and liable to break under great preſſure; it is ſafer, therefore, to take impreſſions by friction or in plaſter of Paris. It was by accident, with ſome ſuch engraved ſurface, that Finiguerra, a skilful goldſmith and worker in *niello*, gave an impulſe to, or as ſome ſay invented, the

art of copper-plate printing, at Florence, about 1450. *Niello*, I ſhould obſerve, is an engraving on ſilver or other metal, in which the lines are filled up with a black compoſition, from which impreſſions were firſt accidentally taken in ſulphur, and ſubſequently on paper, as goldſmith's patterns.

But our buſineſs is with printing rather than engraving; I will, therefore, go back to the ſubject, and cite a very early and intereſting example of ſtamping engraved letters on clay—I mean the Babylonian bricks—ſuppoſed to be 4000 years old, moſtly ſun-baked, but ſome apparently kiln-burnt almoſt to vitrification. Of theſe there are now many examples in England, added to our ſtores by the indefatigable reſearches of Layard, Rawlinſon, and others. Theſe bricks, which are about a foot ſquare and three inches thick, are on one ſide

covered with hieroglyphics, evidently impreſſed with a ſtamp, juſt as letters are now ſtamped on official papers.

Another evidence of the ſame kind, and of about the ſame age, is the famous Babylonian cylinder, found in the ruins of Perſepolis, and now preſerved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. It is about ſeven inches high, barrel-ſhaped, and covered with inſcriptions in the cuniform character, diſpoſed in vertical lines, and affording a poſitive example of an indented ſurface, produced by mechanical impreſſion. Such cylinders are ſuppoſed to have been memorials of matters of national or family importance, and were in early ages, as we know by tradition, very numerous. The examples before you of ſtamped bricks and engraved ſtones are juſt brought from Chaldæa, and are ſuppoſed to be about 2300 years old. I have alſo the pleaſure of ex-

hibiting, by the kindneſs of a friend, ſome photographs of Aſſyrian and Chaldæan inſcriptions, of perhaps greater age, recently taken on the ſpot. Stamped or printed blocks of lead, bearing the names of Roman authorities, are to be found in the Britiſh Muſeum.

Printing on leather was practiſed by the Egyptians, as we diſcover from their mummies, which have bandages of leather round their heads, with the name of the deceaſed printed on them. And in Pompeii a loaf was found on which the name of the baker and its quality were printed.

Among ancient teſtimonies, one of the moſt intereſting is that afforded by Cicero in his *De Naturâ Deorum*. He orders types to be made of metal, and calls them *formæ literarum*—the very words uſed by our firſt printers; and in another place he gives a hint of ſeparate cut letters, when he ſpeaks

of the impoſſibility of the moſt ingenious man throwing the twenty-four letters of the alphabet together by chance, and thus producing the famous Annals of Ennius. He makes that obſervation in oppoſition to the atheiſtical argument of the creation of the world by chance.

We have beſides, in what is generally claſſed as a manuſcript, a reaſonable although diſputed evidence of an elementary ſtage of printing; I mean the *Codex Argenteus*, or Silver Book of Upſala, which contains a portion of the Goſpels in meeſogothic, ſuppoſed to be of the fourth or fifth century, the work of Ulfilas. In this Codex the firſt lines of each Goſpel and of the Lord's Prayer are in large gold letters, apparently printed by a ſtamp, in the manner of a bookbinder, as there are indentations on the back of the vellum. The ſmall letters are written in ſilver. The

whole is on a light purple or violet-coloured vellum.

Having ſaid enough, I think, of the ancients' knowledge of type-forms and printing materials, I paſs on to the recognized eſtabliſhment of the art in the fifteenth century; for whatever knowledge the ancients may have had of printing, it would appear to have yielded no immediate fruits to poſterity.

But before I proceed to modern times, I am bound to note that the Chineſe, who ſeem to have been many centuries in advance of Europe in moſt of the induſtrial arts, are ſuppoſed to have practiſed block-printing, juſt as they do now, more than a thouſand years ago. Nor does the complicated nature of their written language, which conſiſts of more than 100,000 word-ſigns, admit of any readier mode. But they print, or rather rub off, impreſſions with ſuch

ſpeed—700 ſheets per hour—that, until the introduction of ſteam, they far outſtripped Europeans.

Gibbon, it will be remembered, regrets that the Emperor Juſtinian, who lived in the ſixth century, did not introduce the art of printing from the Chineſe inſtead of their ſilk manufacture.

Block-printing uſhered in the great epoch; and the firſt dawn of it in Europe ſeems to have been ſingle prints of ſaints and ſcriptural ſubjects, with a line or two of deſcription engraved on the ſame wooden plate. Theſe are for the moſt part loſt; but there is one in the poſſeſſion of Lord Spencer, large and exceedingly fine, of St. Chriſtopher, with two lines of inſcription, dated 1423, believed to have been printed with the ordinary printing preſs. It was found in the library of a monaſtery near Augſburg, and is therefore preſumed to be of German

execution. Till lately this was the earlieſt dated evidence of block-printing known; but there has juſt been diſcovered at Malines, and now depoſited at Bruſſels, a woodcut of ſimilar character, but aſſumed to be Dutch or Flemiſh, dated MCCCCXVIII; and though there ſeems no reaſon to doubt the genuineneſs of the cut, it is currently aſſerted that the date bears evidence of having been tampered with.

There is a vague tradition, depending entirely on the aſſertion of a writer named Papillon, not a very reliable authority, which would give the invention of woodcut printing to Venice, and at a very early period. He aſſerts that he once ſaw a ſet of eight prints, depicting the deeds of Alexander the Great, each deſcribed in verſe, which were engraved in relief, and printed by a brother and ſiſter named Cunio, at Ravenna, in 1285.

But though the aſſertion is accredited by Mr. Ottley, it is generally diſbelieved.

There is reaſon to ſuppoſe that playing cards, from wooden blocks, were produced at Venice long before the block books, even as early as 1250; but there is no poſitive evidence that they were printed; and ſome inſiſt that they were produced either by friction or ſtencil plates. It ſeems, however, by no means unlikely that cards, which were in moſt extenſive uſe in the Middle Ages, ſhould (for the ſake of cheapneſs) have been printed quite as early, if not earlier, than even figures of ſaints; and the ſame artiſts are preſumed to have produced both.

From ſingle prints, with letter-preſs inſcriptions, the next ſtage, that of a ſeries of prints accompanied by letter-preſs, was obvious.

Such are our firſt recognized block

books, among which are the *Apocalypſe* and the *Biblia Pauperum*, or Poor Man's Bible, ſuppoſed to have been printed at Haarlem by Laurence Koſter, between 1420 and 1430; I ſay ſuppoſed, becauſe we have no poſitive evidence either of the perſon, place, or date; and Eraſmus, who was born at Rotterdam in 1467, and always ready to advance the honour of his country, is ſilent on the ſubject. We rely chiefly upon the teſtimony of Ulric Zell, an eminent printer of Cologne, who is quoted in the Cologne Chronicle of 1499, and Hadrian Junius, a Dutch hiſtoriographer of repute, who wrote in the next century. Both agree in aſcribing the invention of book printing from wooden blocks, as well as the firſt germ of moveable wood and metallic type printing, to Haarlem;*

* The Donatuſes—that is, the various editions of an elementary ſchool-book of Latin

and Junius adds the name of Laurence Koſter. His ſurname of Koſter is derived from his office, which was that of cuſtodian, ſexton, or warden, of the cathedral church of Haarlem. The ſtory told of the accident by

ſyntax, conſiſting of a few pages printed in a large, coarſe letter—are by ſome ſuppoſed to have preceded all other printing with moveable type, and to have been executed in Holland. This is upon the authority of Ulric Zell, who, in the Cologne Chronicle, ſays, "Although the art of printing was invented at Mayence, in the manner it is now commonly uſed, the firſt idea originated in Holland, from the Donatuſes, which were printed there even before that time," etc.; and Ulric Zell, living ſo near the time, and himſelf one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed of our early printers, is, it muſt be admitted, an authority of great weight. Nothing, however, has yet been diſcovered of theſe very early Donatuſes, ſuppoſed to be printed with moveable type, excepting a few undated fragments, which may or may not have been executed in Holland, or before the Mazarine Bible. The earlieſt ſpecimen of the kind known is an undated fragment, conſiſting of only two pages, preſerved in the Royal Library at the Hague.

which the diſcovery was made is as follows:*—

Koſter, as he was one day walking in a wood adjoining the city, about the year 1420, cut ſome letters on the bark of a beech-tree, from which he took impreſſions on paper for the amuſement of his brother-in-law's children. The idea then ſtruck him of enlarging their application; and being a man of an ingenious turn, he invented a thicker and more tenacious ink than was in common uſe, which blotted, and began to print figures from wooden tablets or blocks, to which he added ſeveral lines of letters, firſt ſolid, and then ſeparate or moveable. Theſe wooden types are ſaid to have been faſtened together with ſtring.

One thing ſeems pretty clear, which is, that whether Koſter or not

* See Junii Batava, Lugd. Bat. 1588, pp. 253 et ſeq.

was the printer, the firſt block books were produced ſomewhere in Holland, as ſeveral are in Dutch, a language ſeldom, if ever, printed out of its own country.

They were generally printed, as you will perceive by the facſimiles before you,* in light brown ink, like a ſepia drawing, which, I think, was adopted with a view to their being coloured—a condition in which we find the greater part of them; for, as I have ſaid before, the mixture of black inks was very well underſtood at that period. When theſe prints were coloured they preſented very much the appearance of the low-country ſtained glaſs windows.

Block books continued to be printed and reprinted, firſt in Holland, and afterwards in Germany, with confi-

* See theſe among the many intereſting illuſtrations given in Mr. Sotheby's Principia Typographica.

derable activity, for twenty or thirty years, during which period we had ſeveral editions of the *Biblia Pauperum*, the *Ars Moriendi*, or Art of Dying, the *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*, and many others, chiefly devoted to the promulgation of Scripture hiſtory. The earlieſt ones are printed, or rather transferred by friction (and therefore on one ſide only of the paper), entirely from ſolid blocks; later on, ſome portions were printed with moveable types of wood; and at laſt the letter-preſs was entirely of moveable metal type. Junius ſays that Koſter by degrees exchanged his wooden types for leaden ones, and theſe for pewter; and I will add that it is not unlikely they may have been caſt in lead or pewter plates from the wooden blocks, as metal caſting was well underſtood at the time.

The pretenſions of Haarlem and Koſter have for more than a century

been a matter of fierce controverſy; and there have been upwards of 150 volumes written for or againſt, without any approach to a ſatisfactory deciſion.* This one thing is certain, that whether or not we owe the firſt idea of moveable type to Laurence Koſter or to Haarlem, we do not owe to the period any very marked uſe of it; that was reſerved for a later day.

There is a ſtory current, dependent on the authority of Junius, that Koſter's principal workman, aſſumed to be Hans or John Fauſt (and ſome, to reconcile improbabilities, even ſay John Guttenberg), who had been ſworn to ſecreſy, decamped one Chriſtmas eve after the death of Koſter, while the family were at church, taking with him types and printing

* Mr. Chatto treats the account given by Junius as undeſerving of credit; Mr. Otley receives it as the record of a tradition which has in it all the features of truth.

apparatus, and, after ſhort ſojourns at Amſterdam and Cologne, got to Mayence with them, and there introduced printing. He is ſaid by Junius to have printed, about the year 1442 (that is, two years after Koſter's death), the Doctrinale of Alexander Gallus and the Tracts of Peter of Spain, with the very types which Koſter made uſe of at Haarlem; but as no volume of this kind has ever been diſcovered, nor any trace of one, the entire ſtory is generally regarded as apocryphal.*

Laurence Koſter died in 1440, at the age of ſeventy; therefore any printing attributed to him muſt be within that period.

* Mr. Sotheby, in his recently publiſhed work, Principia Typographica, has ingeniouſly endeavoured to ſhow that the rude Dutch-looking type uſed in certain early and undated tracts —Pontanus de Roma, and others—may have been ſome of the ſtolen type carried off by Koſter's man, John, although theſe particular examples are of much too late a period to be taken as evidence.

What has hitherto been advanced proves only that mankind had walked for many centuries on the borders of the two great inventions, chalcography and typography, without having fully and practically diſcovered either of them.

We now come to the great epoch of printing—I mean the complete introduction, if not actually the firſt invention of moveable metal or fuſile types. This took place at Mentz or Mayence, in or before 1450,* and the general conſent of Europe aſſigns the credit of it to Guttenberg. Of a man who has conferred ſuch vaſt obligations on all ſucceeding ages, it may be deſirable to ſay a few words.

John Guttenberg was born at

* Should any of the Donatuſes already referred to as printed in Holland with moveable types before this period, or the Alexandri Galli Doctrinale, with the Tracts of Peter of Spain, be diſcovered, then Mentz will be ſhorn of the honour hitherto accorded to it.

Mentz in 1397, of a patrician, and rather wealthy family. He left his native city, it is ſaid, becauſe implicated in an inſurrection of the citizens againſt the nobility, and ſettled at Straſburgh, where, in 1427, we find him an eſtabliſhed merchant, and ſuſtaining a ſuit of breach of promiſe brought againſt him by a lady named Ann of the Iron Door, whom he afterwards married. While reſident here, and before 1439, his attention appears to have been actively directed to the art of printing, as we learn by a legal document of the time, found of late years in the archives of Straſburgh. He is there ſtated to have entered into an engagement with three perſons, named Dreizehn, Riffe, and Heilmann, to reveal to them "a ſe-"cret art of printing which he had "lately diſcovered," and to take them into partnerſhip for five years, upon the payment of certain ſums. The

death of Dreizehn before he had paid up all his inſtalments led to a ſuit on the part of his relations, which ended in Guttenberg's favour. In the courſe of the evidence one of the witneſſes, a goldſmith, depoſed to having received from Guttenberg three or four years previouſly, that is, about 1435, upwards of 300 florins for materials uſed in printing. Other witneſſes proved the anxiety that Guttenberg had ſhown to have four pages of type diſtributed which appear to have been ſcrewed up in chaſe, and lying on a preſs on the deceaſed's premiſes. This would be evidence that Guttenberg had arrived at a knowledge of moveable types, either of wood * or metal, and probably of both, before 1440;

* Moveable types of wood, very ſmall, would be ſcarcely poſſible, and, even if made ſucceſſfully, would be more expenſive than the previous mode of cutting pages. Very large type, on the contrary, ſuch as is uſed in poſting-bills, is ſtill cut in wood in preference to metal.

and had it not been for the rupture of the partnerſhip before anything had been printed by the new proceſs, Straſburgh might have claimed the honour which is now given to Mayence.

Soon after this,—it is ſuppoſed in 1444,—Guttenberg returned to his native city, by leave of the town council, which he was obliged to aſk, bringing with him all his materials. In 1446 he entered into partnerſhip with John Fuſt or Fauſt—a wealthy and ſkilful goldſmith and engraver—who engaged, upon being taught the ſecrets of the art and admitted into a participation of the profits, to advance the neceſſary funds; which he did to the extent of 2200 florins. Goldſmiths, it ſhould be borne in mind, were then the great artiſts in all kinds of metal work, and extremely ſkilful in modelling, engraving, and caſting, which were exactly the arts required for type-founding.

The new partnerſhip immediately commenced operations, hired a houſe called Zumjungen, and took into their employ Peter Schoeffer, who had been Fauſt's apprentice, as their aſſiſtant. Fauſt is ſuppoſed to have employed himſelf in cutting the type, which is an extremely ſlow proceſs, till Peter Schoeffer, afterwards his ſon-in-law, ſuggeſted an improved mode of caſting it in copper matrices ſtruck by ſteel punches, pretty much in the ſame manner as was till very recently* practiſed throughout Europe. The firm had for ſome time previouſly adopted a method of caſting type in moulds of plaſter, which was a tedious proceſs, as every letter required a new mould.

* I ſay till very recently, becauſe type is now caſt by automaton machines, driven by ſteam-power, with ſuch enormous velocity, that one ſingle eſtabliſhment, the Patent Type-founding Company in Red Lion Square, is in the practice of producing upwards of half a million letters daily.

Although to Guttenberg are undoubtedly due all the main features of metal-type printing, yet we owe, perhaps, to the practical ſkill of Fauſt, and the taſte of Schoeffer, who was an accompliſhed penman, the exquiſite finiſh and perfection with which their firſt joint effort came forth to the world. This was a Latin Vulgate, printed in a large cut metal type, and commonly called the Mazarine Bible, becauſe the firſt copy known to bibliographers was found in the library of Cardinal Mazarine. It conſiſts of 641 leaves, forming two, ſometimes four, large volumes in folio; ſome copies on paper of beautiful texture, ſome on vellum. It was without date or names of the printers, as it was evidently intended to preſent the appearance of a manuſcript; but it is ſuppoſed, on good evidence, to have been printed between 1450 and 1455, and it is not

improbable the volumes were all that time, that is, five years, and ſome ſay more, at preſs; for we know, by certain technicalities, that every page was printed off ſingly.

Theſe precious volumes, as ſplendid as they are wonderful, have excited the admiration of all beholders. The ſharpneſs and elegant uniformity of the type, the luſtre of the ink, and the purity of the paper, leave that firſt great monument of the typographic art unſurpaſſed by any ſubſequent effort; nor could it be exceeded with all the appliances of the preſent day.

" It is a ſtriking circumſtance," ſays Mr. Hallam, " that the high-
" minded inventors of this great art
" tried, at the very outſet, ſo bold a
" flight as the printing of an entire
" Bible, and executed it with aſto-
" niſhing ſucceſs. It was Minerva
" leaping on earth in her divine

" ſtrength and radiant armour, ready,
" at the moment of her nativity, to
" ſubdue and deſtroy her enemies."

We may be proud to ſay that within five miles of us there is at leaſt one, if not two, fine copies of this important book, which is ſomething remarkable, conſidering that there are not ſuppoſed to be more than ten or twelve copies in exiſtence.

There is a curious ſtory current about this Bible, which, as it is connected with a popular fiction, I will venture to repeat. It is that Fauſt went to Paris with ſome of his Bibles for ſale, one of which, printed on vellum and richly illuminated, he ſold to the king for 750 crowns, and another to the Archbiſhop of Paris for 300 crowns, and to the poorer clergy and the laity copies on paper as low as 50 crowns, and even leſs. Fauſt does not appear to have diſcloſed the ſecret of how they were produced,

and probably let it be ſuppoſed that they were MS.; for the aim of the firſt printers was to make their books equal in beauty to the fineſt manuſcripts, and as far as poſſible undiſtinguiſhable from them, to which end the large capitals and decorations were filled in by hand. The Archbiſhop, proud of his purchaſe, ſhowed it to the King, who, comparing it with his own, found with ſurpriſe that they tallied ſo exactly in every reſpect, excepting the illuminated ornaments, as convinced them that they were produced by ſome other art than tranſcription; and on further inquiry they found that Fauſt had ſold a conſiderable number exactly ſimilar. Orders, therefore, were given without delay to apprehend and proſecute him as a practitioner of the black art, in multiplying Holy Writ by aid of the devil. Hence aroſe the popular fiction of the Devil and Dr. Fauſtus,

which, under different phaſes, has found its way into every country in Europe, and probably gave riſe to Goethe's celebrated drama.

In 1455, as we find by a notarial document, dated November 6th of that year, Fauſt ſeparated from Guttenberg, and ſucceſsfully inſtituted proceedings againſt him for money advanced. Guttenberg, who had exhauſted all his means in bringing his invention to maturity, was obliged to mortgage, and in the end ſurrender all his materials, and, it ſhould ſeem, his printed ſtock. His impoveriſhment may eaſily be accounted for when we are told, as a received fact, that before the firſt four ſheets of his Bible were completed he had already expended 4000 crowns upon it—a large ſum in thoſe days. Of this his then wealthier partner reaped all the ſubſequent advantage.

After this period, Fauſt, with his

ſon-in-law, Peter Schoeffer, in poſſeſſion of the materials, printed on their own account, and, within eighteen months of their ſeparation from Guttenberg, produced the celebrated Latin Pſalter of 1457,* the firſt book in any country which bears a complete imprint—that is, the name of the printer, place, and date. This magnificent volume, of which the whole edition was printed on vellum, is now even rarer than the Mazarine Bible, and of extraordinary value; the letters are very large and bold, caſt in metal type, and the ornamental initials are beautifully cut in wood.

* Fabian, in his Chronicle, and Aldridge, in his Regiſter of the Garter, as publiſhed by Anſtis, mention 1457 as the year in which printing began at Mentz; but more reliable foreign authorities, who lived within half a century of the time, ſay 1450; and Schoeffer, ſon-in-law of Peter Schoeffer, who names the ſame year, honeſtly aſcribes the invention to Guttenberg.

Two years later, that is, in 1459, Fauſt and Schoeffer produced an almoſt facſimile reprint of the Pſalter, and in the ſame year *Durandi Rationale Divinorum Officiorum*, the latter with an entirely new fount of metal type (the firſt caſt from Schoeffer's punches), which ſome, in the erroneous belief that the Pſalter was printed from wooden types, have aſſerted to be the firſt dated book printed with metal type.* Then followed, in 1460, the *Conſtitutiones Clementis V.*, a handſome folio, and in 1462 their famous Latin Bible, the firſt one with a date.

In the mean time, Guttenberg, undaunted by the loſs of all that had coſt him ſo many years of unremitted

* The Literæ Indulgentiarum Nic. V., for the ſuccour of the King of Cyprus againſt the Turks, in 1454, which is evidently printed with the type uſed in the Durandi Rationale, is thought to be ſeveral years later than the date of the letters.

application and his whole fortune, began afreſh; and this time, it ſhould ſeem, with better ſucceſs, as we find him, in 1459, undertaking to preſent, for certain conſiderations, all the books he had then printed, or might thereafter print, to a convent where his ſiſter was a nun. No book, however, has yet been diſcovered bearing the name of Guttenberg; and we can only gueſs what came from his preſs by a peculiarity of type, of which, after the firſt Bible, the moſt marked is the famous *Catholicon*, dated 1460, —a kind of univerſal dictionary, the germ of all future cyclopædias, and which became ſo popular that more than forty editions were printed of it in as many years. In 1465, Guttenberg retired from printing, being appointed to a lucrative office at the court of the Archbiſhop of Mentz, and in 1467 he died.*

* Guttenberg's types and materials paſſed,

And here we take leave of Guttenberg, with admiration for his patience, his perſeverance, and his ſelf-ſacrifice in a cauſe which has produced ſuch glorious fruits. He was one of thoſe noble ſpirits who are endowed with a perception of what is good, and purſue it independent of worldly conſiderations. Poſterity has done him tardy juſtice in erecting a marble monument to his memory and eſtabliſhing a jubilee, which gave riſe

after his death, into the poſſeſſion of Conrad Humbrecht, who had ſome years previouſly taken them as ſecurity for advances, and probably had control over Guttenberg's printing-office during their uſe; but he was not a printer, and there is no book extant bearing his name. In November, 1467, appeared the rare and apparently unique "Vocabularius ex quo," printed with exactly the ſame type as the Catholicon, and bearing this curious colophon:—"Preſens "hoc opuſculum non ſtili aut penne ſuffragio, ſed "nova artificioſaq invencione quadam, ad euſe-"biam dei induſtrie per *Henricum Bechtermuncze* "pie memorie, in *Altavilla* eſt inchoatum & de-"mum ſub Anno dñi MCCCCLXVIJ—ipſo die Leo-

to one of the moſt touching of Mendelſohn's compoſitions.

By this time the ſecret had tranſpired to the neighbouring ſtates, and Mentelin, of Straſburg, and Pfiſter, of Bamberg, were, before the beginning of 1462, in full activity. Indeed, Pfiſter is by ſome thought to have printed before 1460; and his finely-executed Latin Bible, in caſt type, was for many years regarded as the firſt. You ſee before you a vo-

" nardi Confeſſoris qui fuit quarta die menſis No-
" vembris. per *Nycolaum Bechtermuncze* fratrem
" dicti Henrici & *Wygandum Spyeſs de Orthenberg*
" eſt conſummatum." In 1468 Guttenberg's types were, with conſent of the Elector, who was jealous leſt they ſhould leave his dominions, ſold to Nicholas Bechtermuntze (the brother of Henry, who was then dead) and Wygand Spyeſs of Orthenberg, printers at Elfeld or Altavilla (a few miles from Mentz), and they in 1469 produced a verbatim reprint of the " Vocabularius ex quo" with the type ſo purchaſed. See collateral evidence of this, as far as concerns Guttenberg, in an official document printed in Script. Rer. Mogunt. vol. iii. p. 424.

lume, ſuppoſed to be printed by Mentelin between 1462 and 1468, in very curious and elaborate binding, dated 1470, on which the name of the binder is impreſſed in bold Gothic letters with conſiderable elegance.* Though binding muſt have been coeval with manuſcript books, when they began to be folded into what we now call volumes, yet I know of only one poſitive evidence of a binder's name earlier than the preſent, which is in Lord Spencer's library, and dated 1467.

At this critical period, when the art was reaching its zenith, the operations of the Mentz printers were ſuddenly brought to a ſtand by the ſiege and capture of the city in 1462. The occaſion of this was a fierce diſ-

* Per me Rich.en.bach illigatus in Gÿſlingen, 1470. The book is ſingularly well bound in hogſkin, taſtefully ſtamped, and ornamented with ten handſome braſs boſſes.

pute between the Pope and the people as to who had the right of appointment to the archbiſhopric, lately become vacant. The original hive of workmen diſperſed to other ſtates, and by degrees the myſteries of the art became ſpread over the civilized world. Such, indeed, was the fame printing had acquired, and its manifeſt importance, that every crowned head ſought to introduce it into his kingdom, and welcomed the fugitives.

Within a few years of this period the art had been carried by the ſcattered German workmen into Italy, France, Spain, and Switzerland;* and before the cloſe of the fifteenth century it was practiſed in more than 220 different places.

Before entering upon the hiſtory

* Namely, Rome, by *Sweynheim and Pannartz*, in 1465; Paris, by *Gering*, *Crantz*, and *Friburger*, in 1470; Valentia, by *Palmart*, in 1474; and Baſle, by *Berthold Rodt*, one of Fuſt's workmen, in 1465, or earlier.

of printing in our own country, I will take leave to call your attention to a few prominent facts connected with its progreſs abroad, as well as to ſome points of its early condition which could not be conveniently introduced in chronological order.

All the books printed previouſly to 1465 are in the Gothic, or black letter, which ſtill remained the favourite in Germany and the Low Countries long after the Italians introduced their beautiful Roman letter.

The firſt books in which any Greek type occurs is Cicero's Offices, printed by Fauſt and Schoeffer in 1465, directly after the reſumption of their eſtabliſhment, and Lactantius, printed the ſame year by Sweynheim and Pannartz, in the monaſtery of Soubiaco at Rome. The firſt book printed entirely in Greek was Conſtantine Laſcar's Greek Grammar, Milan, 1476.

One of the earlieſt of the Italian

books, and, to uſe the words of Dr. Dibdin, perhaps the moſt notorious volume in exiſtence, was the celebrated Boccacio, printed at Venice by Valdarfer, in 1471. This book deſerves particular mention, becauſe of an extraordinary conteſt which once took place for its poſſeſſion between two wealthy bibliomaniacs. It was a ſmall black-letter folio, in faded yellow morocco, and ſuppoſed to be unique. Its hiſtory is this:—In the early part of the laſt century it had come accidentally into the poſſeſſion of a London bookſeller, who ſucceſſively offered it to Harley, Earl of Oxford, and to Lord Sunderland, then the two principal collectors, for 100 guineas; but both were ſtaggered at the price and higgled about the purchaſe. An anceſtor of the late Duke of Roxburghe, whom nobody dreamt of as a collector, hearing of the book, ſecured it, and then invited

the two noblemen to dinner, with the view of parading his trophy. In due courſe he led the converſation to the book, and, after letting them expatiate on its rarity, told them he thought he had a copy in his bookcaſe, which they emphatically declared to be impoſſible, and challenged him to produce it. On producing the book, about the purchaſe of which they had only been temporiſing, they were not a little chagrined. This ſame copy made its appearance again, half a century later, at the Duke of Roxburghe's ſale in 1812, a time when bibliomania was at its height. Loud notes of preparation foretold that it would ſell for a conſiderable ſum; 500, and even 1000 guineas were gueſſed, as it was known that Lord Spencer, the Duke of Devonſhire, and the Marquis of Blandford were all bent on its poſſeſſion, but nobody anticipated the extravagant ſum it was to realize. After

a very ſpirited competition, it was knocked down to the Marquis of Blandford for 2060 pounds. This book was reſold at the Marquis of Blandford's ſale, in 1819, for 875 guineas, and paſſed to Lord Spencer, in whoſe extraordinary library it now repoſes.

Before the commencement of the 16th century, that is, within forty or fifty years of the invention of printing with moveable type, upwards of twenty thouſand volumes had iſſued from at leaſt a thouſand different preſſes. All the principal Latin claſſics, many of the Greek, and upwards of 250 editions of the Bible, or parts of the Bible, had appeared.

One of the moſt active and enterpriſing of the early printers was Anthony Koburger of Nürnberg, an accompliſhed ſcholar, who began there in 1472, and before the year 1500 had printed thirteen large editions of

the Bible in folio, and a prodigious number of other books. He kept twenty-four preſſes at work, employed one hundred workmen, and had ſixteen ſhops for the ſale of books in the principal cities of Germany, beſides factors and agents all over Europe. He printed, in 1493, that grand volume, the Nuremberg Chronicle, which is illuſtrated with upwards of 1000 woodcuts by Michael Wohlgemuth, the maſter of Albert Durer, and is curious as being one of the firſt books in which croſs-hatchings occur in wood engraving.

The 16th century opened with another invention in type, the *Italic*, which was beautifully exemplified in a pocket edition of Virgil, the firſt of a portable ſeries of claſſical works commenced in 1501, at Venice, by the celebrated Aldus Manutius, who, after ſome years of preparation, had entered actively on his career as a

printer in 1494, and deſervedly ranks as one of the beſt ſcholars of any age.

Then came the Giunti, the learned family of the Stephenſes, of whom Robert is accredited as the author of the preſent diviſions of our New Teſtament into chapters, and Henry, author of the great Greek Theſaurus, the moſt valuable Greek lexicon ever publiſhed. To the opprobrium of the age, he died in an almſhouſe.

Among many others immortalized by their ſucceſsful contributions to the great cauſe, we muſt not forget the Plantins, whoſe memories are ſtill ſo cheriſhed at Antwerp that their printing eſtabliſhment remains to this day untouched, juſt as it was left two centuries ago, with all the freſhneſs of a chamber in Pompeii, the type and chaſes of their famous Polyglot lying about, as if the workmen had but juſt left the office.*

* Strange to ſay, this curious fact is not noticed in any of the guide books.

The accordance of the art of printing with the ſpirit of the times which gave it birth muſt be regarded as ſingularly providential. The Proteſtant Reformation in Germany was brought about by Luther's accidentally meeting, in a monaſtic library, with one of Guttenberg's printed Latin Bibles, when at the age of twenty. "A "mighty change," ſays Luther, "then came over me," and all his ſubſequent efforts are to be attributed to that event. His recognition of the importance of printing are given in theſe words:—"Printing is the beſt "and higheſt gift, the *ſummum et poſ-* "*tremum donum* by which God ad- "vanceth the Goſpel. Thanks be to "God that it hath come at laſt. Holy "fathers, now at reſt, would rejoice to "ſee this day of the revealed Goſpel."

We will now return to the events of our own country, as far as they are connected with our ſubject.

Caxton, by common conſent, is the introducer of the art of printing into England. He was born, in or about 1412, in the weald of Kent, and received what was then thought a liberal education. His father muſt have been in reſpectable circumſtances, as there was at that time a law in full force prohibiting any youth from being apprenticed to trade whoſe parent was not poſſeſſed of a certain rental in land. In his eighteenth year Caxton was apprenticed to Robert Large, an eminent London mercer, who in 1430 was ſheriff, and in 1439 lord mayor of London. At his death in 1441 he bequeathed Caxton a legacy of twenty marks—a large ſum in thoſe days, and an honourable teſtimony to his fidelity and integrity. Soon after this the Mercers' Company appointed him their agent in the Low Countries, in which employment he ſpent twenty-three years.

In 1464 he was one of two commiſſioners officially employed by Edward IV. to negotiate a commercial treaty with Philip of Burgundy; and in 1468, when the king's ſiſter, Margaret of York, married Charles of Burgundy, called the Bold, he attached himſelf to their houſehold, probably in ſome literary capacity, as in the next year we find him buſied in tranſlating at her requeſt. During the greater part of this long period he was reſiding or travelling in the midſt of the countries where the new art of printing was the great ſubject of intereſt,* and would naturally take ſome meaſures to acquaint himſelf

* The Circle of Burgundy comprehended at that time moſt of the towns which appear to be concerned in the origin and progreſs of printing, viz. Bruges, Cologne, Antwerp, etc., while Haarlem, then the wealthieſt and moſt ariſtocratic city in Holland, and Deveenter, a Dutch cathedral town of great reſort, were immediately on its borders.

with it. Indeed, it has been ſaid that he had a ſecret commiſſion from Edward IV. to learn the art, and to bribe ſome of the foreign workmen into England. Be this as it may, we know that Caxton acquired a complete knowledge of it while abroad, for he tells us ſo, and that he had printed at Cologne the *Recueil des Hiſtoires de Troye*, or Romance Hiſtory of Troy, in 1465, and in 1472 an Engliſh edition of the ſame, tranſlated by himſelf. Theſe two early productions are remarkable, as being the firſt books printed in either the French or Engliſh languages. The Engliſh edition was ſold at the Duke of Roxburghe's ſale for 1060*l.*, and is now in the poſſeſſion of the Duke of Devonſhire.

Caxton returned to this country about 1474, bringing with him preſſes and types, and eſtabliſhed himſelf in one of the chapels of Weſtminſter

Abbey, called the Eleemoſynary, Almondry, or Arm'ry, ſuppoſed to have been on the ſite of Henry the Seventh's chapel. A printer would naturally reſort to the Abbey for patronage, as in thoſe days it was the head-quarters of learning, as well as of religion. Before the foundation of grammar-ſchools there was uſually a *ſcholaſticus* attached to the abbeys and cathedral churches, who directed and ſuperintended the education of the neighbouring nobility and gentry. He was, beſides, one of the members of the *ſcriptorium*, a large eſtabliſhment within the abbey, where ſchool and other books uſed to be written.

The MS. before you was written in the *ſcriptorium* of the Priory of Shene in 1496, when Ingleby was prior. I believe Shene changed its name to Richmond within three or four years of that date, that is, about 1499, when Henry VII. rebuilt his

palace, and called it, after his earldom in Normandy, Richemont.

The firſt book Caxton printed, after he returned to England and eſtabliſhed himſelf at the Almonry, is ſuppoſed to be "The Game and Play of Cheſſe," dated 1474. But ſome have raiſed doubts whether this was printed in England, as there is no actual evidence of it. One of the arguments is, that the type is exactly the ſame as what he had previouſly uſed at Cologne; but this is no evidence at all, as both the type and paper uſed in England for many years came from Cologne, and there is no doubt that Caxton brought ſome with him. A ſecond edition of the Book of Cheſs, with woodcuts, was printed two or three years later, and this is generally admitted to have been printed in England.

The firſt book with an unmiſtakable imprint was his "Dictes and Say-

ings of Philoſophers," which had been tranſlated for him by the gallant, but unfortunate Lord Rivers, who was murdered in Pomfret Caſtle by order of Richard the Third. The colophon of this ſtates that it was printed in the Abbey of Weſtminſter, in 1477. He appears to have printed but one ſingle volume upon vellum, which is "The Doctrynal of Sapience," 1489, of which a copy, formerly in the King's Library at Windſor, is now in the Britiſh Muſeum. This is a very intereſting work as connected with Caxton, being entirely tranſlated by himſelf into Engliſh verſe. It is an allegorical fiction, in which the whole ſyſtem of literature and ſcience comes under conſideration.

Caxton died in 1494, at the venerable age of 82, after having produced, within twenty years of his active career, more than fifty volumes of mark, including Chaucer, Gower,

Lydgate, and his own Chronicle of England.

It is a curious circumſtance, and we have reaſon to congratulate ourſelves upon it, that we have in this immediate neighbourhood (Ham Houſe) a dozen of the fineſt Caxtons in England, one of them unique.*

Before Caxton's time, the youths of England were ſupplied with their ſchool-books and their reading, which was neceſſarily very limited, by the Company of Stationers, or text-writers, who wrote and ſold, by an

* The unique Caxton is the Governale of Helthe. The others are:—Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, 1ſt edition (a fragment only); the Life of Jaſon; Mirror of the World, 1ſt edition; Godfrey of Boulogne (tranſlated out of Frenche by William Caxton) 1481; the Engliſh edition of the Cordyall, 1479; Tranſlation of Cicero de Amicitia (by the Earl of Worceſter); Higden's Policronicon, 1482; the Lyf of Saint Wenefryde (about 1484); two copies of Virgil's Eneydos, tranſlated by Caxton; Divers Ghooſtly Matters.

excluſive royal privilege, the ſchool-books then in uſe. Theſe were chiefly the A B C's (called Abſies), the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the addreſs to the Virgin Mary, called Ave Maria.

The ſtation of theſe ſtationers was in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's Cathedral; whence aroſe the names Pater Noſter Row, Creed Lane, Amen Corner, and Ave Maria Lane.

Manuſcripts of a higher order, that is, in the form of books, were moſtly ſupplied by the monks, and were ſcarcely acceſſible to any but the wealthy, from their extreme coſt. Thus, a Chaucer, which may now be bought for a few ſhillings, then coſt more than a hundred pounds; and we read of 200 ſheep and 10 quarters of wheat being given for a volume of homilies.

Minſtrels, inſtead of books, were in early times the principal medium

of communication between authors and the public; they wandered up and down the country, chanting, ſinging, or reciting, according to the taſte of their cuſtomers, and had certain privileges of entertainment in the halls of the nobility.

It may be wondered that Caxton, like many of the foreign printers, did not begin with, or at leaſt ſome time during his career, print the Scriptures, eſpecially as Wycliffe's tranſlation had already been made. But there were good reaſons. Religious perſecution ran high, and the clergy were extremely jealous of the propagation of the Scriptures among the people. Knighton had denounced the reading of the Bible, lamenting leſt this jewel of the Church, hitherto the excluſive property of the clergy and divines, ſhould be made common to the laity; and Archbiſhop Arundell had iſſued an enactment that no

part of the Scriptures in Engliſh ſhould be read, either in public or private, or be thereafter tranſlated, under pain of the greater excommunication. The Star Chamber, too, which had been inſtituted in 1487, was big with terrors; a little later, Eraſmus's edition of the New Teſtament was forbidden at Cambridge; and in the county of Surrey the Vicar of Croydon ſaid, from the pulpit, "We muſt root out printing, or "printing will root out us."

Of the remainder of the hiſtory of printing, important as it is in a great many particulars, I have ſcarcely time even for a glimpſe; but there are a few notices which ſeem indiſpenſable.

Wynken de Worde, who had come over in his youth with Caxton, and continued with him in the ſuperintendance of his office to the day of his death, ſucceeded to the buſineſs,

and conducted it with great ſpirit for the next forty years. He began by entirely remodelling his founts of Gothic type, and introduced both Roman and Italic; became his own founder, inſtead of importing type from the Low Countries; promoted the manufacture of paper in this country; and ſuch was his activity, that he printed the extraordinary number of four hundred and eight different works. He deſerves, perhaps, more praiſe than he has ever received, for the important part he played in eſtabliſhing and advancing the art in this country.

But no one of our early printers deſerves more grateful remembrance than Richard Grafton, who, in 1537, was the firſt publiſher of the Bible in England. I ſay in England, becauſe the firſt Bible, known as Coverdale's, and ſeveral editions of the Teſtament, tranſlated by Tyndall, had been previouſly printed abroad in ſecreſy.

Grafton's firſt edition of the Bible was a reprint of Coverdale and Tyndall's tranſlation, with ſlight alterations, by one who aſſumed the name of Thomas Matthew, but whoſe real name was John Rogers, then Prebendary of St. Paul's, and afterwards burnt as a heretic in Smithfield. Even this was printed ſecretly abroad, nobody yet knows where, and did not have Grafton's name attached to it till the king had granted him a licence under the privy ſeal. Though this year, 1537, has by the annaliſts of the Bible been called the firſt year of triumph, on account of the king's licence, yet Bibles were ſtill apt to be dangerous things to all concerned; and what was permitted one day was not unlikely, by a change in religion or policy, to be interdicted the next, with ſevere viſitations.

Although Henry VIII. had recently completed his breach with

Rome and been excommunicated, he alternately puniſhed the religious movements both of Proteſtants and Catholics, according to his caprice. And it was but a few years previouſly that the reading of the Bible had been prohibited by Act of Parliament, that men had been burnt at the ſtake for having even fragments of it in their poſſeſſion, and that Tyndall's tranſlation of the New Teſtament had been bought up and publicly burnt (1534) by order of Cuthbert Tonſtall, Biſhop of London; and even as late as May, 1536, the reading of the ſacred volume had been ſtrictly forbidden.

Grafton, therefore, muſt have been a bold man to face the danger. Thus, in 1538, when a new edition of the Bible, commonly called the "Great Bible," afterwards publiſhed in 1539, was ſecretly printing in Paris at the inſtance of Lord Cromwell, under the

ſuperintendence of Grafton, Whitchurch, and Coverdale, the French inquiſitors of the faith interfered, charging them with hereſy, and they were fortunate in making their eſcape to England.

Shortly after the death of Caxton's patron, Lord Cromwell, Grafton was impriſoned for the double offence of printing Matthew's Bible and the Great Bible, notwithſtanding the king's licence; and though after a while releaſed, he was again impriſoned in the reign of Philip and Mary on account of his Proteſtant principles; and, after all his ſervices to religion and literature, died in poverty in 1572.

Printing was now ſpreading all over England. It had already begun at Oxford in 1478—ſome ſay earlier*—

* That is, 1468; founding their opinion on a ſmall 4to. volume, entitled *Expoſicio S. Hieronymi in Symbolum Apoſtolorum*, which bears the

but I think incorrectly; Cambridge ſoon after, although the firſt dated work is 1521; at St. Alban's in 1480; York in 1509; and other places by degrees. In our own neighbourhood, firſt at Moulſey, then at Kingſton, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we had an ambulatory preſs, where ſcurrilous and free-ſpoken publications were printed, which had to play hide and ſeek with the licenſers. At a later period, this ambulatory preſs had, it is ſaid, the glory of printing ſome of Milton's controverſial pamphlets, and among them his celebrated Tract on the Liberty of unlicenſed Printing.

Printing did not reach Scotland till 1507, and then but imperfectly, and Ireland not till 1551, owing, it is ſaid, to the jealouſy with which it was regarded by the prieſthood.

date of MCCCCLXVIII, no doubt a printer's error, occaſioned by the dropping of an X.

We will now take a rapid ſurvey of the vaſt ſtrides printing has made of late years in England, and therewith cloſe.

The principal movements have been in ſtereotyping, electrotyping, the improvement of preſſes, and the application of ſteam power.

Stereotyping is the transfer of pages of moveable type into ſolid metal plates, by the medium of moulds formed of plaſter of Paris, papier mâché, gutta percha, or other ſubſtances. This art is ſuppoſed to have been invented, in or about 1725, by William Ged,* a goldſmith of Edin-

* A claim has been ſet up for the Dutch as the originators of ſtereotyping, but the evidence merely refers to what printers call "ſtanding type," welded together on the under ſurface. This plan was adopted for a Bible printed at Amſterdam in 1718 by Vander Mey, and publiſhed at Leyden by Meſſrs. Luchtmanns; but the keeping of ſtanding type in chaſes, inſtead of welding it together, was a common practice in England, France, and Germany, long previouſly.

burgh. A ſmall capitaliſt, who had engaged to embark with him, withdrawing from the ſpeculation in alarm, he accepted overtures from a Mr. William Fenner, and in 1729 came to London. Here he obtained three partners, in conjunction with whom he entered into a contract with the Univerſity of Cambridge for ſtereotyping Bibles and Prayer Books. But the workmen, fearing that ſtereotyping would eventually ruin their trade, purpoſely made errors, and, when their maſters were abſent, battered the type, ſo that the only two Prayer Books completed were ſuppreſſed by authority, and the plates deſtroyed. Upon this the art got into diſrepute, and Ged, after much ill-treatment, returned to Edinburgh, impoveriſhed and diſheartened. Here his friends, deſirous that a memorial of his art ſhould be publiſhed, entered into a ſubſcription to defray the

expenſe; and a Salluſt, printed in 1736,* and compoſed and caſt by himſelf and his ſon in the night-time, to avoid the jealous oppoſition of the workmen, is now the principal evidence of his claim to the invention.

But the time had not come; for without a very large demand, ſuch as could not exiſt in thoſe days, ſtereotyping would be of no advantage. Books which ſell by hundreds of thouſands, and are conſtantly reprinting, ſuch as Bibles, Prayer Books, School-books, Shakeſpeares, Bunyans, Robinſon Cruſoes, Uncle Toms, and very popular authors and editions, will pay for ſtereotyping,—but for ſmall numbers it is a loſs. After the invention had been neglected long enough to be

* Though 1736 is the date aſſigned to this volume by his ſon and daughter, the earlieſt edition known to bibliographers is 1739. Another volume was printed by Ged from ſtereotype plates in 1742, viz. "The Life of God in the Soul of Man," by Henry Scougal, M.A.

forgotten, Earl Stanhope, who had for ſeveral years devoted himſelf earneſtly to the ſubject, and made many experiments, reſuſcitated it, in a very perfect manner, in 1803; and his printer, Mr. Wilſon, ſold the ſecret to both Univerſities, and to moſt of the leading printers. To the art of ſtereotyping the public are mainly indebted for cheap literature, for when the plates are once produced the chief expenſe is diſpoſed of.

Something akin to ſtereotyping is another mode of printing, called LOGOGRAPHY, invented by the late Mr. Walter, of the Times, in 1783, and for which he took out a patent. This means a ſyſtem of printing from type caſt in words inſtead of ſingle letters, which it was thought would ſave time and corrections when applied to newſpapers, but it was not found to anſwer. A joke of the time was a ſuppoſed order to the type-founder for

ſome words of frequent occurrence, which ran thus:—

"Pleaſe ſend me a hundred-weight, "ſorted, of murder, fire, dreadful "robbery, atrocious outrage, fearful "calamity, alarming exploſion, me- "lancholy accident; an aſſortment of "honourable member, whig, tory, "hot, cold, wet, dry; half-a-hun- "dred weight, made up in pounds, "of butter, cheeſe, beef, mutton, "tripe, muſtard, ſoap, rain, etc.; "and a few devils, angels, women, "groans, hiſſes, etc."

This method of printing did not ſucceed; for if 24 letters will give 600 ſextillions of combinations, no printing office could keep a ſufficient aſſortment of even popular words.

It is time now to ſay ſomething of PRINTING PRESSES. Theſe muſt have been known at a very early pe-

riod, although ſome have ſuppoſed them only coeval with typography. They were originally of very ſimple contrivance, much like our domeſtic clothes-preſſes, and made entirely of wood. By degrees iron was ſubſtituted, the powers multiplied, and the appliances increaſed. Blaeuw of Amſterdam, who had been bred a carpenter and joiner, and ſpent ſome years under the celebrated Tycho Brahe in manufacturing aſtronomical inſtruments, made the firſt marked improvement in preſſes, and theſe were for many years exported from Holland to every part of Europe. But it was reſerved for our own country, and the devotion of an Engliſh nobleman to the mechanical arts, to realize the greateſt improvement—I mean the celebrated Lord Stanhope. He ſo greatly increaſed the power and ſpeed, while he diminiſhed the labour, that the Stanhope preſs ſuperſeded all

others, and maintained its ground excluſively for a long period, and is ſtill in uſe. There have ſince been various other improvements, under the names of the Columbian, the Imperial, the Albion, and others; but all preſſes worked by manual labour are becoming gradually ſuperſeded by the application of ſteam power.

The firſt ſteam-preſs in this country was conſtructed, after many years of application and experiment, in 1811, by Mr. König, an induſtrious and perſevering German. The capital was provided for him by three enterpriſing printers, Mr. Richard Taylor, Mr. Woodfall, and Mr. Benſley, who became joint patentees. Proving ſucceſsful, the Times office, under the direction of the late Mr. Walter, ordered two large cylindrical machines; and the paper of the 29th of November, 1814, was the firſt ever printed by ſteam. A paragraph in

that paper, announcing the fact, mentions alſo that the velocity and ſimultaneous movement were ſo great, that each machine was capable of producing 1800 impreſſions per hour inſtead of 250, as heretofore by the old preſſes. Theſe were afterwards ſo improved by the inventor, that in February, 1828, they produced 4000 per hour.

Since then further improvements by Meſſrs. Applegath, and others, have made the ſteam-printing machine ſomething marvellous. The preſent Times' machine conſiſts of an enormous drum centre, ſurrounded by eight vertical cylinders, connected by toothed wheels, and ſupplied with inking rollers, feeders, etc. This prints 13,500 impreſſions per hour; and by ſtereotyping the columns in papier mâché as faſt as they are compoſed, and taking the ſo produced duplicate plates to other machines, they accompliſh 25,000 per hour;

but other and much larger machines are preparing, under the direction of Mr. Hoe, an American patentee, which will greatly increaſe the number.

To ſhow how marvellouſly human labour is outdone by theſe mechanical arrangements, a Frenchman has calculated that 8000 copies of the newſpaper *La Preſſe*, which are printed in one hour, would require 192,000 men to write out within the time. The Times, therefore, which is twice the ſize, and has a circulation of 50,000 or 60,000, would require more than two millions of men to produce a ſingle day's paper by writing.

Before paſſing from this ſection of my ſubject, I ought, perhaps, to mention a newly-invented COMPOSING MACHINE, which has been publicly exhibited by a Swede, both in England and France, during the laſt two

or three years. It is extremely ingenious, and will compoſe as faſt as the keys on which the letters are indicated can be ſtruck, and afterwards rediſtribute the type into its reſpective boxes. But here its merit ends: it requires manual and mental operation to arrange the type in lines, and to bring it into the condition fit for preſs; nor would the machine admit, unleſs built on a very extenſive ſcale, of the numerous ſorts required in a printed book. But it is a pretty toy for amateur printers, and might be very well applied to ſimple forms, ſuch as circulars. When the Family Herald firſt appeared it was compoſed by this machine.

Many curious and ingenious, I may ſay important, methods of printing have ſtill to be deſcribed; but my limits will not permit me to go much into detail, nor ſhall I attempt any chronological arrangement, but give

them in accidental order. To begin, then, with the ANASTATIC PROCESS. By this, exact facſimiles are produced from printed pages while they are recent, or at leaſt before the oil is entirely exhauſted by age. It is one of the branches of chemical printing, and, like its congeners, Lithography and Zincography, depends on affinities and antipathies. The printed page or engraving is prepared in ſuch a way as to ſoften the ink and acidulate the paper. It is then laid on a poliſhed zinc plate and ſubmitted to great preſſure, by which the black lines become transferred, and the intervening white parts etched away by the acid, while the original print is not perceptibly deteriorated, unleſs the operation is clumſily performed. Impreſſions are then taken in the uſual manner. For ſhort numbers it anſwers very well; but as ink-lines on zinc are apt to

ſpread and run into each other, after a few hundred impreſſions are taken, and therefore require to be replaced from the original print, it is ſaid not to anſwer for very long numbers.

LITHOGRAPHY, and its various branches, by which drawings, plain or coloured, copper or ſteel plates, woodcuts, and even type, may be transferred to ſtone, and re-transferred to paper, is one of the moſt uſeful and practical of all the typographic arts. A recent and very important improvement, called LITHOTINT, is Meſſrs. Hullmandell's invention of a prepared ink, by means of which a drawing made on ordinary paper may, even after lying by for twelve months or more, be transferred to ſtone, and then printed off at a lithographic preſs in the uſual manner. This is expected to be of great value to ſome of the government offices.

ZINCOGRAPHY has very ſimilar

powers to Lithography, but is growing into deſuetude in conſequence of the difficulty of keeping the plates from decompoſition, and ſome other diſadvantages, one of which is the ſpreading of lines.

PHOTOGRAPHY, or Sun-printing, a new and valuable art, by which external objects are delineated on chemically prepared plates or paper, by means of the camera obſcura, is now ſo familiarly known that I will not take up your time by explaining it. But I may mention that there is a new phaſe of it called the *Dry Collodion Proceſs*. The prepared plates are ſold ready for uſe, occupy very little ſpace in travelling, and will keep ſenſitive for an almoſt indefinite period. After the required number of views has been taken, the plates may remain in the portmanteau for months, till there is a convenient opportunity of developing them at home.

ELECTROTYPING, which, by the galvanic precipitation of copper, gives very ſpeedy means of reproducing any raiſed or indented ſurface, is of the greateſt importance in every kind of printing, eſpecially as applied to copper and ſteel plates and woodcuts. Indeed, without it Photography would be ſhorn of one of its principal advantages.

PHOTO-GALVANOGRAPHY is an Auſtrian invention, which yields, by a very ſhort proceſs, a copperplate ready for printing, either from a photographic or any other print. A plate of glaſs is covered with a tranſparent and very ſenſitive ſolution, upon which, when dry, the photographic or other print is preſſed cloſe, and expoſed for a few minutes to the action of light. The print is then withdrawn, and the glaſs plate, immerſed in a ſolution by means of which the black lines become fixed to it, and

apparently indented, as the intervals or white parts are ſwelled and raiſed by the proceſs. In this ſtate the plate is electrotyped in the uſual manner.

GLYPHOGRAPHY, commonly known as "Palmer's patent," is a new art, which combines drawing and engraving in one operation, and, by the aid of electrotyping, yields a raiſed ſurface, available at the ordinary printing preſs. It is thus performed. A copperplate is firſt ſtained black with hydro-ſulphate of platinum, and then covered with a layer of white compoſition reſembling wax; upon this the artiſt draws his ſubject with a ſteel point or ſtyle, which, by removing the white ſurface, leaves what preſents the appearance of a black-lead pencil drawing. The whole is then immerſed in a trough of ſulphate of copper, and ſubjected to the action of a galvanic battery, by

which means the interſtices are filled up, ſo as to reproduce the drawing with a raiſed ſurface, in reverſe, on a baſis of copper. This baſis is afterwards coated on the back with type-metal, and planed fit for the printing preſs.

CHEMITYPY is ſimilar in its objects to Glyphography, but the *modus operandi* is quite different. A drawing, engraving, or page of letter-preſs is transferred in a prepared ink to a plate of zinc, and ſubmitted to the action of an acid which decompoſes the metal with great rapidity, and leaves the protected parts in relief, fit for the printing preſs. But it is an art of great nicety, and not yet of much practical application, at leaſt in this country. The Germans are more ſucceſsful.

NATURE PRINTING, an old, but formely imperfect art, is now, owing to the introduction of electrotype and

the general advance of chemical ſcience, aſſuming new and important features. Originally impreſſions on paper of any flat vegetable ſurface, ſaturated with prepared ink, were obtained by preſſure between two copperplates; but as the plant ſoon became ſmaſhed by this mode, it had to be continually replaced. By this laborious proceſs, however, Kniphof, a German botaniſt, produced no leſs than 1200 plates, forming twelve volumes folio, which he publiſhed in 1761, and then the art for a while remained comparatively dormant. But within the laſt five-and-twenty years it was reſumed by an ingenious Daniſh goldſmith, named Peter Kyhl, who arrived at almoſt the preſent ſtage of the art by taking impreſſions on a poliſhed ſurface of ſoft lead, ſometimes heated, between two powerful ſteel rollers; but the metal was too ſoft to print from, and he died before the

powers of electro-galvanic agency had been developed.

In 1851, Dr. Branſon, of Sheffield, to whom the art owes much, ſuggeſted the application of electrotype, its eſſential feature, and read an intereſting paper on the ſubject before the Society of Arts. In the courſe of his experiments he diſcovered that gelatine, or liquid gutta percha, hardened by cooling, would not only yield ſatisfactory impreſſions at the ordinary printing preſs, but alſo perfect transfers by means of braſs caſtings. To make theſe ſubſtances ſuſceptible of electrotype, they had only to be dreſſed with plumbago. Others, awakened to the art, followed with improvements. Mr. Sturges, of Birmingham, took out a patent for ornamental printing on metal, in January 1852, and Baron Auer, of Vienna, later in the ſame year, took out a patent for Nature printing in Auſtria,

and aſſumed the whole credit of the invention. In this country the art is chiefly cultivated by Mr. Henry Bradbury, who gave a lecture on the ſubject at the Royal Inſtitution, and whoſe magnificent work on Britiſh Ferns is a fine exemplification of the art.

COLOUR PRINTING is a beautiful art, and is performed with either ſtones, wood, or metal, in frames or ſockets, regiſtered, by means of a keyſtone or plate, with great nicety, ſometimes by needles. The different phaſes bear different deſignations. In what is called Lithochromatype there are often twelve, and ſometimes more than twenty colours, ſucceſſively uſed for a ſingle impreſſion. Pugin's Gloſſary of Eccleſiaſtical Ornament was the firſt book in which this branch of the art was extenſively applied; and I well remember the ecſtacy with which Pugin conſented to ſubſtitute

it for his own etchings, then already prepared for the book. Several of Mr. Shaw's, and moſt of Owen Jones's works, are alſo fine examples; and none are better than Mr. Hanhart's facſimiles of the drawings of Turner, and Mr. Jerrard's groups of flowers. Mr. BAXTER'S PROCESS is performed with wood or metal blocks, in oil colours, and has for many years ſupplied us with extremely pretty album prints and book illuſtrations.

COMPOUND PRINTING, invented by Sir William Congreve, and carried out by Mr. Charles Whiting, conſiſts in printing ſeveral colours at one operation. A coloured deſign being made on a block, the various colours are cut into their reſpective ſections, like a geographical puzzle, and placed in an ingeniouſly conſtructed machine, which inks them ſeparately, and prints them together. By this mode ſpeed is obtained in

large operations, and the colours are prevented from running into each other. It is extenſively applied to book-covers, decorative ſhow-cards, the backs of country-notes, and labels, where the object is to prevent forgery.

SIDEROGRAPHY, or ſteel printing: that is, printing ſteel upon ſteel, by alternately hardening and ſoftening, ſo as to multiply the ſubject *ad infinitum*, without re-engraving it. This is an American invention, patented here by Meſſrs. Perkins and Co., and is chiefly applied to bank-notes, poſtage-ſtamps, Exchequer bonds, and other government ſecurities, which demand complicated printing and unlimited reproduction.

MATHEMATICAL, or TABLE PRINTING, performed by a machine of which Mr. Babbage is the originator, is a very ingenious operation. By its ſelf-acting changes, arranged to a great nicety, it calculates, accord-

ing to any given formula, with more certainty than human power. A Swede, named Scheutz, has ſince added very much to its powers, and it now calculates, prints, and ſtereotypes ſimultaneouſly, performing all three operations in one-third of the time heretofore occupied for compoſition alone. This art is particularly applicable to nautical, logarithmal, and other tables which require unfailing accuracy.

Another kind of calculating machine, for which we are indebted to Meſſrs. Bramah, produces the ſo-called NUMERICAL PRINTING. By means of wheels which are ſet to move in any given ratio of intervals, we obtain a conſecutive ſeries of printed numbers, which are adjuſted, inked, and printed ſimultaneouſly. This plan is uſed for numbering bank-notes, railway-tickets, ſhare-papers, cheques, &c.

The laſt mode of printing which I have time to mention is MUSIC PRINTING, originally introduced, I believe, by the Germans, and firſt adopted in this country by Meſſrs. Clowes. There are ſeveral modes of it—one of which is having muſic-type of ſo many varieties, and the lines made to fit ſo nicely, that any piece of muſic may be ſet up in it, and afterwards caſt in ſolid plates. Charles Knight's Muſical Library was produced in this way. Another mode, for which a patent was ſome time ſince taken out by Meſſrs. Clowes, is to compoſe the muſic with copper pins inſerted in one ſet of wooden blocks, and the muſic lines in another, which are then printed ſimultaneouſly, by a rotatory proceſs. Another is that of electrotyping the engraved metal plates, and then printing from them. Another, and by far the moſt prevalent mode, is the trans-

fer of an impreſſion from the uſual metal plates to ſtone, and ſo printing them by lithography.

And here I beg to conclude with an expreſſive quotation.

" Printing is the light which pho-
" tographs, as it were, every ſtep of
" human progreſs, in ſigns viſible and
" intelligible to all future genera-
" tions, preſerving and extending
" every branch of knowledge, and
" daily carrying the thought of the
" wiſeſt into regions where know-
" ledge had never penetrated."

CONTEMPORANEOUS NARRATIVE OF THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF THE CENCI.

Contemporaneous Narrative of the Trial and Execution of the Cenci.

IT is only within a period of about forty years that the blood-ſtained annals of the Cenci family have been expoſed to the world. It might have been anticipated that ſo deep and ſtrange a tragedy, as that which they contain, would, from the very moment of its perpetration, have ſeized and retained its hold upon the imagination, and would have taken its place, as a ſubject of univerſal intereſt and terror, beſide the kindred horrors of the houſes of Atreus and Thyeſtes.

Had it occurred but half a century

earlier, it would doubtleſs have been regiſtered by Bandello, and would have been transferred through the medium of his tranſlators and imitators, as Belleforeſt in France and Painter in England, into the literature of the reſt of Europe. As it is, however, we look in vain for a mention of the crime or its expiation in the various repertories of the horrible, ſuch as the *Hiſtoires Tragiques* of *St. Lazare* and of *Du Roſſet;* while even Gayot de Pitaval, that eager caterer for the amuſement of the public, ſeems not to have been aware of the exiſtence of a trial which would certainly at the preſent day figure in any work which profeſſed to be a collection of *cauſes célèbres*.

The cauſes of the obſcurity in which a tale now univerſally divulged and diſſeminated ſo long lay buried may be found in the following ſimple conſiderations. The end of the ſix-

teenth century at Rome appears to have been marked by an unuſual number of acts of lawleſs violence and atrocity, among which even ſuch crimes as thoſe which in the ſpace of two years gave a melancholy notoriety to the noble families of Cenci, of Maſſimi, and of Santa Croce, might paſs with comparatively ſlight notice. Again, a chronicler was wanting who would have fixed indelibly upon his page the fleeting record of the topic of the day; and to this fact, as well as to the rarity of intercourſe with foreigners and the difficulties of communication, we may attribute the ſilence ſo long maintained upon the ſubject.

Yet, although the fate of Beatrice Cenci has only lately begun to excite an intereſt in the mind, and to furniſh a ſubject for the literature of the reſt of Europe, ſhe has never ceaſed to fill the popular mind of Rome with the

remembrance of her beauty, her ſufferings, and her wrongs.* The heart of an entire people ſeldom errs in its eſtimate of thoſe who have been handed down to it, whether as the objects of reverence, of compaſſion, or of the reverſe; and this, however little the temporary exponents of the traditionary feeling may be aware of the real cauſes from whence it ſprung. I believe this to be eminently the caſe with regard to Beatrice Cenci; and it is my object to ſhow from original documents, thoſe only authentic baſes of information, the true reaſon of the ſympathy ſhe has inſpired, and of the reſpect in which her memory is ſtill held in Rome, in ſpite of the mon-

* The name of Beatrice Cenci is ſtill aſſociated with wild traditions in the mind of the Roman populace. I remember being told by a peaſant at the Ponte Rotto, that La Cenci, when pleading for her life, offered to rebuild the bridge, and to enſure its permanence by uſing white of egg for cement inſtead of mortar, but that the Pope was inexorable.

ſtrous nature of the offence in which ſhe bore ſo large a ſhare.

I believe that Shelley was the firſt to confer upon the non-Italian world the doubtful benefit of raiſing the veil which for more than two centuries had been allowed to ſhroud this tale of myſtery and horror. From the preface to his tragedy of the Cenci, printed in 1819, it appears that his attention was firſt drawn to the ſtory by the detailed account of it contained in a manuſcript which was communicated to him while in Italy; and that on his arrival in Rome it was further excited by the national intereſt ſtill kept alive among all claſſes of ſociety in behalf of the lovely being, of whoſe portrait in the Barberini Gallery* he has given ſo true and touching a deſcription.

* Shelley ſpeaks of the portrait as in the Colonna Palace. His memory muſt have deceived him. It forms, and I believe has always formed, part of the Barberini collection.

The manuſcript to which he alludes muſt evidently have been a tranſcript of one of the numerous contemporaneous relations which exiſt in Italy, and which differ from each other very ſlightly in language, and not at all in their ſtatement of the facts. Theſe are the accounts mentioned by Scolari, of whom I ſhall preſently ſay more, as the "quelle tante conformi "relazioni oſſia ſunti di proceſſo che "di queſto fatto ſi trovano nelle bi-"blioteche d'Italia, che tutte comin-"ciano colle parole *La nefandiſſima* "*vita, etc.* . . . . nè portano altra "diverſità, da quelle in fuori che ne "derivano dalla diſattenzione, dall' "arbitrio, o dalla ignoranza dell' "amanuenſe."

A modern copy of one of theſe accounts came into my poſſeſſion at the ſale of Lord Stuart de Rotheſay's Library, and this it is which I now offer to the members of the Philobiblon Society.

Another of them was printed by the Société des Bibliophiles Français in their *Mélanges* for the year 1822. It varies from that now printed in language, but in no ſingle important particular. It is, however, deficient in ſome of the moſt curious details of the laſt hours of Beatrice and of the execution, and does not contain the paſſage "*Hieri che fu all* 14. *giorno di Martedi*," which fixes the date of the copy now under conſideration, and gives it ſuch a remarkable appearance of authenticity.

Theſe ſundry manuſcripts, differing only in the unimportant particulars juſt referred to, form the ſole authentic record of the tranſactions to which they refer; and the only other contemporary alluſion to them of which I am aware is contained in the following paſſage of a letter written by the Cavalier Giovanni Mocenigo, the Venetian Ambaſſador at Rome, and

dated the 11th of September, 1599. I give it as quoted by Scolari. "Queſta "mattina hanno fatto morire li "Cenci, convenuti di aver fatto am- "mazzare il padre. Il figlio mag- "giore è ſtato tanagliato ed accop- "pato: alla madre e figlia tagliata la "teſta; e perchè un fratello minore, "che dopo l' effetto ha ſaputo queſto "fatto, non l' ha rivelato, ſua ſantità "ha voluto che ſia libero dalla morte, "ma che ſia preſente a tutti queſti "ſupplizj, ſopra il medeſimo ſolare, "nel quale più volte tramortì, così "come dagli infelici gli veniva dato "l' ultimo addio."

It will be ſeen that Shelley has in the main adhered cloſely to the facts as he found them detailed in the ſubjoined relation. He recognized the unmiſtakable element of truth which pervades the rude and unadorned narrative; and ſome of the ſimpleſt, and not therefore the leaſt ſtriking paſ-

ſages of his wonderful poem will be found to be immediately ſuggeſted by the language of the anonymous chronicler.*

* I do not know whether the reſemblance between the laſt ſcene of Shelley's "Cenci" and the execution ſcene in Marſton's "Inſatiate Counteſs" has ever been made the ſubject of remark. Independently of the death in each of a young and beautiful woman by the hand of the headſman, there is the preſence of the Cardinal at the ſcaffold, and the incident of the tying up of the *golden* hair. More than all theſe are the lines:

"Were you in health and youth like me, my lord,
Although you merited the crown of life
And ſtood in ſtate of grace aſſured of it,
Yet in this fearful ſeparation
You'd crave the help of the phyſician,
And wiſh your days lengthened one ſummer longer
Though all be grief, labour, and miſery,
Yet none will part with it that I can ſee."

Which at once, though at an immeaſurable diſtance, ſuggeſt the recollection of Beatrice's exquiſite burſt of regretful paſſion.

It is improbable that Shelley had ever ſeen the

His Beatrice is equally true to the type propoſed to him. The creation which he has, with the inſtinctive perception of the poet, developed from theſe ſcanty materials, ſatisfactorily bears the teſt of criticiſm grounded on more accurate information; and when allowance is made for certain variations and omiſſions, which were naturally to be expected, ſtands out as the only tolerably ſatisfactory and intelligible expoſition hitherto given of the character ſo ſtrangely compounded of ſternneſs and tenderneſs, of calmneſs and of paſſion. The perſon handled moſt unfairly by Shelley is Guido Guerra, whom he introduces under the name of Orſino, as the villain of his play. Stained as Guerra undoubtedly was with a participation

"Inſatiate Counteſs," perhaps the leaſt worth preſerving of the works of an almoſt forgotten dramatiſt, but the accidental ſimilarity may deſerve a paſſing remark as a curious coincidence.

in the murder of old Cenci, there is no authority for attributing to him the double-dyed atrocity with which Shelley has inveſted him. The poet was doubtleſs miſled by the title Monſignore into believing that he was a prieſt, and therefore attributes to his offences the "ſly equivocating" character which it was unneceſſary to impute to the more open crimes of the layman. There is no need to ſaddle Guerra with this extra load of infamy, as the title in queſtion was not confined to the prieſthood. This is evident from the fact ſtated in the narrative, that Franceſco Cenci was the ſon of a Monſignore Cenci, treaſurer to Pius the Fifth.*

* The writer of a clever article in a late number of the *Quarterly Review* tells us that Shelley "ſuppoſes that the daughter commits "parricide to prevent the crime which the father "meditated." I venture to think that he has miſread and miſinterpreted the poet. The whole of the language of Beatrice in the firſt

In the hands of ſucceeding authors, who, following the bent of their preposſeſſions, have been led either by political feeling or by religious prejudice to adopt any theory which might imply a reflection on the adminiſtration of juſtice in the Papal States, the accounts of this event have more and more receded alike from probability and from the facts as detailed in the authentic records; and the character of Beatrice has been

ſcene of the third act is inconſiſtent with any ſuch theory. She diſtinctly ſtates:

"I have endured a wrong ſo great and ſtrange
That neither life or death can give me reſt, &c."

And again:

"It is and it has been,
Adviſe me how it ſhall not be again."

The ſame writer alludes to "oriental precau-"tions" which were taken in order to prevent Bernardo from ever "cauſing diſturbance to the "poſſeſſors of the confiſcated property of his "family."

The inſinuation here conveyed, which it is

dwarfed into inſignificance by thoſe who, under the pretence of defending her, have only deſired to make as black a caſe as poſſible againſt the tribunal which condemned her.

The next account of any importance in order of time, which was given to the Engliſh public, was a paper in *Bentley's Miſcellany* of the date of Auguſt, 1847, which is a tolerably accurate but very much

impoſſible to miſunderſtand, I believe to be a perfectly new and gratuitous aſſumption now for the firſt time imported into the ſtory. Had there been any authority for it, even any vague traditional rumour to give it countenance, it would not have been neglected by Guerrazzi. It is moreover diſpoſed of by the laſt few words of the Italian narrative, and by the article in the *Supplément de la Biographie Univerſelle*, which ſpeaks of "*Cenci Bolognetti, deſcendant du ſeul "des frères qui ſurvécut à la cataſtrophe de ſa "famille.*" The portions of that article which are founded upon mere oral tradition cannot be entitled to outweigh the documentary evidence, which in no reſpect ſupports the theory therein propounded.

abridged tranſlation of one of the contemporaneous accounts to which I have ſo frequently alluded.

In 1848, Mr. Whiteſide inſerted in his work entitled *Italy in the Nineteenth Century*, what he informs his readers is the "true ſtory of Beatrice "Cenci, now appearing for the firſt "time in an Engliſh dreſs." He derives his information reſpecting her, according to which "Shelley and the "writer in *Bentley* have quite miſ-"apprehended her true character," from a work publiſhed in Florence, and entitled *Beatrice Cenci, Romana, Storia del Secolo XVI., raccontata dal D.A.A.* Mr. Whiteſide imagines theſe letters to denote "Agoſtino "Ademollo, the able writer on the "laws of Tuſcany," in whoſe "learn-"ed work on the criminal laws of "that country, he met with a paſſing "alluſion to the horrid ſyſtem of tor-"ture which prevailed in Italy in the

" ſixteenth century, as deſcribed in a " tract publiſhed, entitled *Beatrice* " *Cenci.*"

Two copies of this tract, one publiſhed at Leghorn and the other at Genoa, are now before me, one of them forming a volume of the *Fiore Romantico*, in which cheap and popular collection of ephemeral works of fiction it has found a natural and fitting receptacle. The author of this little work, which is a mere modernized verſion of the ſtory, poſſeſſing no claim to authenticity, nor indeed to originality, ſave in its arbitrary departures from the original to which it owes its exiſtence, acquits Beatrice of all ſhare in her father's murder, and repreſents her as a poor weak creature, ſtupified by ill-uſage, and incapable of planning or even of underſtanding the deed for which ſhe ſuffered.

A different line has been ſtruck out

in vindication of Beatrice by Oliari in his *Dramma Storico*, printed at Turin in 1855. He makes her, in a moment of unconſcious delirium, give the order for her father's aſſaſſination to Marzio, one of his low-born ſatellites, whom, with inconceivable bad taſte, Oliari repreſents as her accepted lover.

The licenſe aſſumed by the anonymous noveliſt, whoſe narrative was accepted as genuine hiſtory by Mr. Whiteſide, has been ſince exaggerated by Guerrazzi, who, in his romance publiſhed in 1853, has ſet not only hiſtorical evidence but probability at defiance. Not content with ſhifting the ſcene at will, and introducing perſonages foreign to the ſtory, he perverts the known and admitted facts ſo far, as to make old Cenci fall a victim to the righteous ſword of Guido Guerra, juſt in time to ſave the ſleeping Beatrice from the impending outrage.

Guerrazzi's romance has been ſubjected to a ſevere and ſearching criticiſm by Scolari, to whom I have before referred; and I have been gratified to find how nearly Shelley's view of the character of Beatrice is borne out by original documents, which, ſo far as I am aware, are for the firſt time made generally acceſſible in the *Memoria Storica* publiſhed by him at Milan in 1856.

The moſt important of theſe is the memorial addreſſed to the Pope in behalf of Beatrice Cenci by Proſpero Farinaccio, the leading criminal advocate of his day in Rome, who undertook her defence. A copy of this, with other memorials addreſſed to the Pope and to Cardinal Aldobrandini, both for Beatrice and for her ſtep-mother Lucrezia Petroni, is appended to a manuſcript account of the trial and execution which was in the Farſetti Library at Venice, and which,

from its commencement and concluſion as given by Scolari, appears to be identical with that now printed by the Philobiblon Society.

In this remarkable paper Farinaccio never for a moment attempts to deny the fact that Beatrice was cognizant of her father's murder. On the contrary, he deliberately aſſerts her complicity, and adduces her own verbatim confeſſion to the ſame effect. His defence of his beautiful client is ſolely baſed upon the enormous provocation which ſhe was univerſally believed to have received, and reſts, in fact, upon the queſtion, Can parricide ever admit of juſtification or excuſe? On this tremendous iſſue, more than on the lovelineſs of Beatrice, the art of Guido, or even the dark romance of the murder, depends the intereſt excited by the ſtory of the Cenci; and whatever may be the reply given by the ſtern voice of abſtract juſtice, yet in this caſe there are circumſtances

in preſence of which the ſofter feelings of our nature veil their faces and refuſe to regiſter their concurrence in the verdict. . . . .

It is unneceſſary to purſue the arguments adduced by Farinaccio, which are drawn from the Roman law, and illuſtrated by examples, ſhowing the concurrence of antiquity in his opinion. That opinion will be beſt given in his own words, as quoted from one of his later works by Muratori in his ſhort account of the tranſaction. It is as follows: "Che ſe ſi "foſſe potuto provare la violenza in- "ferita da Franceſco alla figlia, queſta "non ſi poteva condannare alla morte, "perchè ceſſa di eſſer padre, chi ſi "laſcia traſportare a tanta brutalità."*

* Scolari quotes Puffendorf as coinciding in this opinion with Farinaccio. I can find nothing in Puffendorf to juſtify ſuch an aſſertion, which ſeems to me made on unfair and incomplete deductions from diſconnected axioms having no bearing on the point at iſſue.

Why then was the proof which would in all probability have ſaved Beatrice from the ſcaffold not given? The anſwer is obvious. It was withheld becauſe the only perſon who could furniſh it declined to do ſo. She who alone could have given the evidence which would have preſerved her life, refuſed to redeem that life from the hands of the executioner at the price of a deeper and bitterer degradation; and choſe to ſurrender it rather than incur the ſtain of an even involuntary participation in ſo foul a crime.

This is abundantly evident from her own words addreſſed to her brother, when imploring her to confeſs. "*Dunque volete vituperio della* "*caſa noſtra? Fate errore, ma* "*perchè volete così, così ſia;* è voltataſi "alli ſbirri diſſe *ſcioglietemi, e mi ſia* "*letto l'eſame, che quello chè dovro* "*negare, negarò;*" and it is ſatisfac-

tory to find this view adopted, and the ſame evidence admitted by the grave and impartial Muratori, who ſays, " Scoperti e preſi i rei cederono " alla forza dei tormenti, non per " altro Beatrice, che nel particolare " dell' onor ſuo, negò ſempre quel, " che in pubblico doveva negare."*

Here then is the clue ſo vainly and ſo laborioufly ſought by thoſe who were determined to account, after ſome faſhion or another, for the inexplicable intereſt inſpired by the fair Beatrice; and who have vainly ſought her apology and the incrimination of others in a denial of facts patent to all who have taken the trouble to look for them.

There can be no doubt that ſhe was guilty of the crime of parricide; equally no doubt that ſhe had the great excuſe (*valeat quantum*), which, from reverence for her own fair fame,

* Muratori, Annali d'Italia. Anno 1599.

ſhe declined to plead; and from the touching narrative which is ſubjoined it is evident that ſhe was deeply penitent, and died like a heroine or a martyr.

How much more noble is this character than that aſſigned to her by her would-be defenders; and how much more naturally does it account for the intereſt felt in her fate by the whole population of Rome, for the ſtrong feeling manifeſted, according to ſome accounts, by her confeſſor on the ſcaffold, and for the enthuſiaſm with which her obſequies were attended!

The queſtion of the guilt or innocence of Beatrice having been diſpoſed of, the remaining points as to the details of the proceſs, and the ſubſequent confiſcation, ſink into comparative inſignificance.

Suffice it to ſay that they appear not to have been more oppoſed to the

ideas of law and juſtice which happily prevail in our days, than the ſyſtem of procedure in the courts of any other European ſtate in that ſemi-barbarous age. I do not know that the whole monſtrous tragedy can be better ſummed up than in the words of Muratori, who ſays, "E ſi foſſe ſtata "fatta giuſtizia del padre, allorchè "per tre volte fu meſſo in prigione a "cagione del vizio nefando, per cui "ſi compoſe in ducentomila ſcudi, "non ſarebbero incorſi in sì lagrime-"vole diſavventura i figli ſuoi."

It only remains for me to expreſs a hope that the intereſt attaching to the hiſtory of the Cenci, and a natural anxiety for the aſſertion of facts which have been ſo long and ſo variouſly diſtorted as to incur the danger of total obliteration, may plead my excuſe for printing details in ſome reſpects ſo abhorrent, and in others ſo diſtreſſing, that I ſhould have ſhrunk

from preſenting them to the notice of even a ſmall and ſelect body of readers, were they not ſheltered beneath the diſguiſe, tranſparent as it may be, of a foreign idiom.

JOHN SIMEON.

Narrazione della Morte di *Giacomo*, e *Beatrice Cenci*, e di *Lucrezia Petronia Cenci* loro Matregna, Patricidj in Roma nel Pontificato di *Clemente P. P. VIII.* in giorno di Sabato 11. Settembre, 1599.

LA nefandiſſima vita, che ha ſempre tenuta *Franceſco Cenci* Romano ſinchè ha viſſuto, ha cauſato non ſolo la propria perdita, ma la totale rovina ancora di molti eſtranei, e di caſa ſua particolarmente. Queſto fu figliolo di un Monſig^e *Cenci*, che fu Teſoriere al tempo di *Pio V*, che laſciò tante facoltà, che queſto figliolo unico haveva cento ſettanta mila ſcudi d' entrata l' anno liberi; Onde

hebbe moglie ricchiſſima, ma doppo haverli partorito ſette miſeri figlioli, ſe ne morì, e paſſando alle ſeconde nozze con altra gentildonna non hebbe altra prole.

Il minor vizio, che ſi poteſſe conoſcere in queſt' huomo fu la *S*....., et il maggiore non credere Iddio, come ſi è veduto nell' eſperienza, perchè tre volte querelato del bruttiſſimo Vizio, ſi compoſe con duecento mila ſcudi, e di poca religione ne appare per la ſua poca coſcienza, e dal non frequentare mai le Chieſe; Ciò che di bene ha fatto in Vita è ſtato l' edificare nel cortile del ſuo palazzo una Chieſa dedicata a *S. Tomaſſo* con animo piuttoſto di ſeppellirvi tutti i figlioli, che altro, perchè naturalmente li odiava, che non è eſempio al mondo.

E queſti in teneriſſima età quando non gl' havevano dato occaſione alcuna, e per levarſi d' avanti gl'

occhij, *Giacomo*, *Criſtoforo*, e *Rocco* Maggiori li volſe mandare allo Studio di *Salamanca*, et ivi farli ſtare ſenza alcuna proviſione, per il che li giovani tornarono diſperati; Ma queſta loro diſperazione maggiormente fu accreſciuta dalla rigidezza, et aſprezza, che gli uſava il Padre, non volendoli veſtire, ne meno alimentare; Onde furono forzati ricorrere al Papa, che gli faceſſe avere proviſione, e con queſta ſeparandoſi da lui, et in quell' iſtante appunto avvenne la terza prigionia, che fu l' ultima, per il chè andarono li tre fratelli dal Papa a far iſtanza, che haveſſe fatto morire Franceſco, che vituperava la Caſa. Il Papa quantunque ne haveſſe voglia non volle proſeguire il ſuo penſiero per non contentare li figlioli, anzi li ſcacciò da ſe, come ribelli del padre, il quale uſcì di prigione con pagare Cento Mila Scudi: Altro non ci volle a compir l' odio ſuo verſo li figlioli,

onde ogni giorno li malediva grandi e piccoli, baſtonando le due povere femine che haveva ; Ma la maggiore ſeppe far sì, che parlò al Papa per memoriale, raccommandandoſi a Sua Santità, che la voleſſe a ſuo modo maritare, o metterla in Monaſtero ; Per lo chè moſſo il Papa a ſuoi pietoſi preghi la maritò al Sig^e *Carlo Gabrielli* principaliſſimo Gentiluomo di *Gubbio* con molte migliara di ſcudi in dote ; dal qual inaſpettato tiro della figliola ſorpreſo *Franceſco*, non puotè far altro, che compiacere al Papa, e per rimediare, che *Beatrice* fatta grande, e moſſa dall' eſempio della ſorella non le veniſſe addoſſo ancor lei con tal ſcherno irreparabile, la rinchiuſe in un Appartamento da sè, portandogli egli medemo ſempre il mangiare, e coſi ſtette molti giorni con una buona proviſione di baſtonate.

Ed intanto *Rocco* con ſuo gran contento fu' ammazzato da un *Norcino*,

e l' altro anno *Criſtoforo* da *Paolo Corſo*, nella morte de' quali moſtrò la ſua vera empietà, perchè ne in funerali, ne in lumi volle ſpendere un bajocco, anzi ſi laſciò uſcire di bocca vituperoſamente, che ſe non erano crepati quanti figlioli haveva, eſſo non voleva ſtare allegramente, et all' ultimo, che moriva voleva abbrugiare per allegrezza quanto aveva, et era divenuto in sì diſordinato vivere, che nel proprio letto della moglie ci faceva ſtare li regazzi, tenendone ſempre in caſa a poſta ſua, e così anche le meretrici, ne li baſtava queſto, poichè con minaccie, e forze volſe ſtuprare *Beatrice* ſua figliola, che già fatta grande, e bella la teneva in maggior libertà per caſa, non vergognandoſi di andarla a trovave nudo in letto, e coſi con queſta nuda paſſeggiare per le camere, e poi condurla a letto con la moglie, acciò con il lume vedeſſe quanto faceva con eſſa, dando ad in-

tendere alla ſemplice zitella un enormiſſima ereſia, cioè che il Padre uſando con la propria figliola ne naſcono da quella Santi, e tutti li maggiori Santi, che ſono ſtati, il loro Avo gli e' ſtato Padre, e ogni qualvolta a queſto di lui peſſimo volere la figliola ſi torcea, una buona prebenda di baſtonate non li mancava; Per il chè non potendo durare in sì infelice vita preſe la ſtrada della ſorella, e mandò al Papa un buon memoriale, ma che quello foſſe dato, o nò, non hebbe effetto, e ne tampoco ſi è mai trovato nella Segretaria de' Memoriali, quando ne faceva di biſogno, mentre era prigione, e quello parlava ancora in nome della matregna. Saputo queſto raddoppiò *Franceſco* la ſua crudeltà verſo lor due, e levò ogni ſtrada a poter venire a queſt' effetto. Onde ridotte al colmo delle diſperazione la povera moglie, e l' infelice figlia, fu cauſa, che da

proprij figlj, gli foſſe machinata la morte. Converſava in Caſa Cenci continuamente Monſig^e *Guerra* giovine diſpoſto della vita di maniera, che ad ogni arcione ſi accomodava, era bello di viſo, di ſtatura grande, e ben compleſſo, et alquanto tocco dall' amore di *Beatrice;* era odiatiſſimo dal padre, per haver ſempre converſato con li ſuoi figlioli, e quando ſapeva che il Sig^e *Franceſco* foſſe ſtato fuori ſaliva alle ſtanze delle donne, e con eſſe ſi tratteneva diſcorrendo molte ore, come loro confidente, perciò aſcoltando ora li lamenti della Sig^a *Lucrezia* contro il marito, ed ora quelli della Sig^a *Beatrice* contro il padre; Un giorno fra gli altri hebbe queſti della Sig^a *Beatrice* a bocca, ſvelandoli i ſuoi penſieri, corriſpoſe d' altrettanta volontà, e confidenza per effettuare ciò che deſideravano, e più volte ſpinto dalla zitella fu finalmente forzato a comunicare il tutto

con il Sig^e *Giacomo*, ſenza del quale non ſi poteva far coſa alcuna, come fratello maggiore. Faciliſſima coſa fu il condurlo alla congiura contro il padre, poichè da quello non poteva haver un quatrino, ed era maliſſimo trattato, e tanto più gli premeva queſto ſuo ſcorno, perchè haveva moglie, e ſei figli; ſicchè fu ſtabilito per luogo commodo a trattare la morte del padre nelle camere proprie del ſuddetto M^e *Guerra*, ma con il voto ſempre della zitella, e matregna, onde a queſto propoſito furono trovati due vaſſalli del Sig^e *Franceſco Cenci* di natura inimiciſſimi a lui, cioè uno chiamato *Marzio* per amore de' figli, e l' altro *Olimpio* per eſſere ſtato fatto ſcacciare dalla Rocca della *Petrella* dal Sig^e *Franceſco*, dove ſtava per Caſtellano dal Sig^e *Matteo Colonna*, e perciò fu concluſa, e giurata la congiura nel ſeguente modo.

Perchè il Sig^e *Franceſco* haveva

già data voce di ritirarſi alla *Petrella* con conſentimento del Sig^e *Matteo Colonna* Signore di quella terra, et ivi ſtanziare con tutta la ſua famiglia per quell' eſtate del 1598; havevano conſigliato di capare dieci o dodeci Banditi di Regno confidenti, e quelli di naſcoſto farli ſoggiornare intorno alla *Petrella* per le macchie, che datoli avviſo della venuta del Sig^e *Franceſco* lo pigliaſſero, e riteneſſero, ponendogli taglia a tempo preſcritto a riſcuoterlo, onde che foſſero ſtati sforzati li figlioli ritornare in Roma a far denari, e fingendo non trovarli paſſaſſe il tempo, acciocchè li Banditi foſſero ſtati forzati a dar morte al Sig^e *Franceſco*, ed in tal maniera fugiſſero il pericolo della giuſtizia. Ma tutto fu vano, perchè quando il Sig^e *Franceſco* partì da Roma d' eſtate, le ſpie non ſeppero trovare li Banditi congiurati, onde ſalvo ſi conduſſe alla *Petrella*. Intanto reſtati ſenza frutto

li Banditi, e non volendo più aſpettare la preda dubbioſa ſi riduſſero a più ſicuro quartiere; E perciò diſperando la zitella poter mai più vedere il deſiderato fine del malvaggio ſuo padre, che ogni dì più creſceva di perfidia, e che non uſciva dalla Rocca come vecchio ormai ſettagenario, preſe il ſeguente nuovo partito.

Fece chiamare un giorno a ſe *Marzio*, ed *Olimpio* alli quali di notte dormendo il padre parlava dalle feneſtre, e li dava viglietti, affinchè li portaſſero a Monſig^e *Guerra*, quali contenevano l' animo ſuo facendoli ſempre mai fede anche la matregna; di modo che ambedue s' accertorono il partito di ammazzarlo con il premio di 1000 ſcudi per ciaſcheduno; de' quali la metà ne havrebbe ſborſati in Roma Monſig^e *Guerra* e l' altra metà dalle donne, quando haveſſero però compita l' opera.

Fu deliberato di ammazzarlo il

giorno della Natività di Maria Vergine, ed a queſt' effetto furono introdotti di naſcoſto nella Rocca: La moglie però ſpinta da un poco di zelo del giorno della Feſta della Madonna SSma induſſe la Sig^a *Beatrice* ad aſpettare al giorno ſeguente, per non far doppio male, onde alli 9. del Meſe di Settembre 1598. la ſera havendo la moglie, e la figliolà con tutta deſtrezza dato l' opio al padre gli fecero venire un profondiſſimo ſonno, quale durando ſino alla mezza notte furono dalla Sig^a *Beatrice* introdotti *Marzio, ed Olimpio*, ed inſieme della Sig^a *Lucrezia* nelle camere del vecchio, che ronfava bene aſſai, et havendoli ivi molto accarezzati acciò effettuaſſero il loro diſegno, ſe ne partirono nell' altra camera per aſpettare il fine, ma vedendoli tornare indietro ſmarriti, e dimandatoli, a che penſavano, gli riſpoſero, che era vergogna ammazzare in due un povero vecchio,

e che la pietà li haveva atterrati; a queſto acceſa la figliola di gran ſdegno, cominciò a ſgridarli, e dire così = *Voi dunque uomini, che fate li furibondi, non havete ardire di ammazzare uno che dorme, ſo bene che ardireſte poi guardandoli manco quando vegliaſſe, ed in tal maniera ſi prendono li denari. Orſù per la voſtra codardia così ſi richiede, io con le mani iſteſſe ammazzarò il Padre, ne voi camparete di molto.*

In così acceſa, e fulminante riſpoſta inanimati gli ucciſori, e dubitando queſti di qualche taglia vi entrorono riſoluti, e ſeguitati dalle donne; Onde poſto ſopra d' un occhio di *Franceſco* un gran ferro, l' altro con un martello glie lo conficcò in teſta, ed un altro glie lo conficcorono al Collo: Per lo chè quella miſera anima fu rapita da Diavoli, come ſi crede, dibattendoſi invano il corpo, e ſeguito tal omicidio, fu' donato dalla zitella a queſti

due una borſa di denari, ed a *Marzio* particolarmente un mantello trinato d' oro, e li licenziorono.

Rimaſte le donne ſole levorono quel ferro dal cadavere, ed involtandolo nel lenzuolo lo portarono per le camere ad una certa loggia vecchia, che guardava in un ortaccio, ed indì lo diruparono ſopra un albero di ſambuco; affinchè trovandoſi la mattina coſtui, in quel momento ognuno credeſſe, che andava ivi ad un contiguo neceſſario, foſſe trabboccato, e foſſe rimaſto ſu li rami di quel ſambuco infilzato, e queſto penſiere li riuſcì beniſſimo, perchè elevatoſi la mattina il rumore, eſſe con gridi, ed eſclamazioni cominciarono a fingere di piangere l' infelice morte del Padre, ma prima la zitella haveva dato accortamente ad una lavandara le lenzuola inſanguinate, con darli ad intendere, che non ſi maravigliaſſe di tanto ſangue, perchè eſſa tutta la notte haveva

patito una gran fluſſione di ſangue meſtruale; ſicchè per allora ogni coſa paſsò bene, e fu data la ſepoltura al padre ed ognuno ritornò a Roma, havendo effettuato quello che tanto havevano deſiderato, e così ſtavano ſicuri non ſapendo quello ſi trattava a Napoli. Ma perchè non volendo la Giuſtizia di Dio un ſi atroce parricida rimaneſſe occulto, ed impunito, fece, che nella corte di Napoli ſapendoſi la morte del Sig^e *Franceſco*, ſi cominciò fortemente a dubitare, che non foſſe ſtato ammazzato, e da quella Corte fu' ſpedito un Commiſſario Regio alla *Petrella* a viſitare il corpo, ed a cercare li ſoſpetti; Onde tutti di Rocca furono condotti legati a Napoli, dove niun altro indizio ſi trovò contro li figlioli, ſe non che la lavandara depoſe haver lavate certe lenzole inſanguinate bene bene, che gli haveva date a lavare la Sig^a *Beatrice*, inſanguinate da lei per il

tempo ſuo, ed interrogata ſe quelle macchie così grandi poteſſero eſſere di ſue purghe, riſpoſe di no per eſſere di ſangue troppo vivo, e groſſo, per il qual indizio fu ſubito avviſata la Corte di Roma del tutto, e con tutto ciò paſſarono alcuni meſi avanti ſi accertaſſero li figlioli del Sig^e *Franceſco*, ed intanto morſe ancora il minor fratello di loro, rimanendo li due ſoli maſchij *Giacomo*, e *Bernardo*. Monſig^e *Guerra* accortoſi dell'inquiſizione di Napoli ſubito mandò fuori gente, che ammazzaſſero *Marzio*, ed *Olimpio* uccisori, acciò non veniſſero in mani della Corte, e di queſti ſolo fu ammazzato *Olimpio* a Terni, e *Marzio* per ſua diſgrazia fu preſo a Napoli, dove confeſsò ogni coſa, ed intanto furono carcerati in Roma in Corte Savella li Sig^i *Giacomo*, e *Bernardo Cenci*, e *Lucrezia*, e *Beatrice* in caſa per prima con gran gardia di Sbirri, ſinchè ſtato condotto *Marzio* da Na-

poli per abboccarlo con quelle, le conduſſero ancor loro in Corte Savella, dove coſtantiſſimamente negarono tutti, ed in particolare la Sig^a *Beatrice* non volle mai riconoſcere il mantello detto di ſopra, e *Marzio* tutto commoſſo per la preſenza, e grand' eloquenza della Sig^a *Beatrice* negò quanto haveva detto prima, ed oſtinatamente volſe morire ſu li Tormenti; Onde che non coſtando *de Commiſſione delicti* per la morte di coſtui, ne havendo il Giudice l' indizio a tortura, conduſſero tutti li rei *Cenci* in Caſtello, dove paſſarono alcuni meſi quietamente; Ma ecco intanto riſvegliata la cauſa della prigionia di uno, che ammazzò *Olimpio*, quale condotto in Roma confeſsò ogni coſa. Monſig^r *Guerra* non volendo aſpettare la ſua rovina, come ſcoperto, e citato ſe ne fuggì, ma con belliſſima maniera, altrimenti non poteva fuggire per eſſere troppo conoſciuto per

la ſua bella preſenza. Eſſo corruppe un carbonaro, e ſi fece dare li panni ſuoi, de quali ſi veſtì facendoſi tutto radere, e tingere, e comprati due ſomarelli cominciò a cavalcarli per Roma zoppi, e con boniſſima imitata goffezza, andando con la bocca piena di pane, ed in mano le cipolle. Intanto la ſbirraglia lo cercava di fuori, e dentro Roma, e lui vendeva li ſuoi carboni con deſtrezza. Finalmente uſcito da Roma, e trovando in Campagna li ſbirri, li paſsò, e fuggì felicemente non conoſciuto da loro; Ma però con la fuga di coſtui, e con la confeſſione di detto priggione, ſi accolmarono talmente gl' indizj addoſſo alli *Cenci*, che furono da Caſtello ricondotti in Corte Savella, e venuti a tortura furono convinti li maſchij ſufficientemente.

La Sig^a *Lucrezia* e per eſſere ormai vecchia, e corpo diſſutile, per la grevezza, non potè ſopportare la Corda,

e perciò diſſe quanto ſapeva; Ma la Giovane vivace, e robuſta, ne per buone parole, ne per minaccie, ne per corda mai fu poſſibile cavargli di bocca coſa, che valeſſe, anzi per la ſua gran vivacità, confondeva tutti l' interrogatorij del Giudice, di maniera che il Sig^e *Uliſſe Maſcarti*, che l' aveva ſempre eſaminata, reſtò confuſo, e riferì ogni coſa al Papa, quale volſe vedere ſempre il proceſſo, e ſtudiarlo. E dubitando ſua Santità, che *Uliſſe* foſſe vinto dalla bellezza di *Beatrice*, non li andaſſe con tenerezza nell' eſaminarla, gli levò la cauſa di mano, e la diede ad altro Giudice, quale facendole più acerbamente tormentare il bel corpo, e venire *ad Raſuram Capillorum*, volſe prima farli venire avanti la matregna, e li fratelli, mentre ſtava legata alla corda, però il Sig^e *Giacomo* vedutoſi inſieme con la Sig^a *Lucrezia* li cominciarono a dire, *Il peccato è commeſſo, e biſogna*

anche far la penitenza per ſalvar l' anima, e ridurſi con buon cuore alla morte della Giuſtizia, e non oſtinatamente laſciarſi ſtraziare. A queſto la giovine riſpoſe, *Dunque volete vituperij della caſa noſtra? E volete morire? Fate errore. Ma perchè volete così, così ſia, e voltataſi alli ſbirri, diſſe ſcioglietemi, e mi ſia letto l' eſame, che quello negarò così ſarà.* Convinta dunque ancor lei, furono tutti poſti alla larga, e perchè erano cinque meſi, che mai ſi erano veduti li fratelli, volſero quel giorno mangiar con le donne, e ſtettero allegramente, ma il ſeguente giorno furono poi ſeparati. Le donne rimaſero dove erano, e li maſchij furono condotti nelle Carceri di Tor di Nona. Il Papa veduti che hebbe li ultimi confronti, e l' intera confeſſione, comandò che quanto prima foſſero tutti ſtraſcinati a coda di cavallo; per la qual rigida ſentenza ſi moſſero infiniti Cardinali, e Pren-

cipi per le difeſe, alle quali domande il Papa ſdegnato domandò ſe eſſi havevano date le difeſe al Padre, quando tanto ignominioſamente, e ſenza alcuna pietà l' ammazzarono, finalmente a replicati preghi glie le conceſſe nel termine di giorni 25. Intanto li maggiori Avvocati di Roma tutti ſcriſſero, e finito comparvero avanti Sua Santità, ed incominciando prima di tutti il Sig^e *Nicolò De Angelis* a difendere, il Papa gli diede ſulla voce dicendo: *Dunque in Roma ſi trovano gente che ammazzano il proprio padre, e ſi trova ancora chi li difenda? Non l' haveressimo mai penſato.* A queſto terribile motivo del Papa ammutolitoſi ognuno, ſolo il *Farinacci* diſſe; *Padre Santo non ſiamo per difendere la bruttezza del caſo ma per ſalvare la vita agl' innocenti.* Onde il Papa l' aſcoltò pietoſiſſimamente per quattro ore continue, e preſe li loro ſcritti, e li licenziò; e nel partire che fecero,

fu l' ultimo l' *Alteri*, che ritornò indietro, ed inginocchiatoſi a piedi del Papa diſſe: *Padre Santo non potevo far altro, che comparire avanti alla ſua preſenza in queſta cauſa, per eſſere Avvocato de poveri, però non dimando perdono.* Il Papa veduto queſt' atto, intenerito gli diſſe: *Andate che non ci maravigliamo di voi, ne de gl' altri.* Ma perchè Noſtro Signore haveva a petto queſta cauſa, in tutta la notte non volſe mai andar a letto ma ſi miſe a ſtudiare con il Cardinal *S. Marcello* diligentiſſimamente l' informazione degl' Avvocati, de quali rimaſe tanto ſodisfatto, che quaſi diede ſperanza a molti, che ſarebbero ſtati liberati, almeno con qualche pecuniaria, e longa prigionia, poichè haveva bilanciati i torti del padre con le ragioni de figlioli, e per ſalvare li maſchij, ſi buttava tutta la broda addoſſo alla zitella, e matregna, cauſa, ed origine del Parricido benchè poi volendo

ſalvar la matrigna, in tal caſo poteva ſperarſi di ſalvare anche la giovine come tirata per li capelli a ſi enorme delitto, e così il Papa con qualche animo di remiſſione ordinò, che tutti foſſero poſti in ſegreta di nuovo per far li godere il beneficio del tempo, ma fu trovato vano ogni coſa, perchè il Papa inacerbato dalla nuova morte della Sig^a *Coſtanza Santa Croce* d' età d' anni 60. ammazzata con le pugnalate, e ſubornazione del Sig^r *Paolo* ſuo figliolo, perchè mai non volle laſciarlo erede di una ſua eredità; Onde aggiuntovi al Parricidio un Matricidio, infuriato Sua Santità, a Monte Cavallo, dove era andato il Lunedi 6. per trovarſi la mattina ſeguente a S.M^a degl' Angeli a conſecrare il Cardinale *Dieſriſtaja* Veſcovo di *Armur* in Svezia, fece chiamare a ſe il Venerdi 10. del Meſe Monſig^r *Terrante Tavera* Governatore di Roma, e li diſſe: *Vi rinunciamo la cauſa delli*

Cenci, acciò quanto prima ne facciate la debita Giuſtizia: E perciò il Governatore partitoſi, e giunto à caſa diede la ſentenza, e tenne congregazione del modo di far morire queſti, ſicchè il Sabato mattina ſeguì nella ſeguente maniera.

Stettero li prigionieri ciaſcuno dove era. Onde furono portati li Confortatori a Corte Savella, e a Tor di Nona, ma prima ſaputaſi da molti SS^ri. la Sentenza, non reſtorono molto di non correre tutta la notte con carrozze a ſei cavalli per impetrare morte privata alle donne, e grazia al Sig^e *Bernardino*, che era putto di 15. anni, e non era ſtato ammeſſo a congiura alcuna, e più di detti ſi affaticò il Card^e *Sforza*, ma nulla valſe; Ma il *Farinaccio* per ſcrupolo di coſcienza impetrò dal Papa la Vita del detto Sig^e *Bernardino*. Per il che il gran preparamento che ſi fece a Ponte per queſta giuſtizia, reſtando aſſai lontana

la proceſſione, non prima delle ore cinque furono ſpediti tutti li mandati; ed a 6. ore fu dato il crudele aſſalto alli poveri pazienti, che con gran quiete ſtavano dormendo, e degna di grande compaſſione fu l' eſſere ſvegliata con quella ſentenza la povera giovinetta, che in quei principij non trovava luogo, ne forma di veſtirſi dandoſi in preda a doloroſi gridi. La Sig[a] *Lucrezia* come attempata, e più fortificata a colpi di fortuna, rimaſe con belliſſimo preambolo a condurſi in Cappella. La povera figliola che ſempre gridava, *Come è poſſibile oh Dio, che così all' improviſo ſi habbia a morire;* Ma come nell' aſſalto fu fiera, fu poi altrettanto umile, poichè a tutti fu ſpecchio di gran coſtanza, e penitenza, perchè ritornata in ſe da violenti prieghi della matregna domandò un notaro per far teſtamento, e li fu conceſſo. Per lo che laſciò il ſuo corpo foſſe portato a S. Pietro Mon-

torio, laſciò 15. mila ſcudi alle ſagre ſtimmate, e laſciò che con la ſua dote foſſero maritate 50. zitelle povere: Con tal eſempio la matregna sì laſciò ancor lei che foſſe ſepolta a *S. Gregorio* con 32 ſcudi di elemoſina, ed altri legati pij, di maniera che ſi unirono di un volere tale, che paſſarono tutte l' ore, che ſtettero in conforteria inginocchione, ſempre recitando Salmi, Litanie, ed Orazioni mentali, ſi confeſſorono, ed udirono la Meſſa, e ſi comunicorono; ma conſiderando la Sig^a *Beatrice* che non era convenevole comparire alla Giuſtizia con ſfoggiamento di abiti, fece ordinare due veſti, una per la Sig^a *Lucrezia*, e l' altra per ſe ad uſanza di monache larghe. E così per la matregna ne fu' fatta una di cottone nero, e per la zitella uno di taffettano turchino con una corda cinta alla cintura. Venuto il giorno, e ſtati portati li panni ſi levò la Sig^a *Beatrice*, e diſſe alla Sig^a

Lucrezia così = *Signora Madre ſi approſſima l' ora della noſtra paſſione, però ſarà bene che ci prepariamo, e ci mettiamo li panni per gli ultimi ſervizij che ci habbiamo a fare l' una con l' altra ſcambievolmente, e attendiamo attorno le noſtre veſti, e ce le accommodiamo come habbiamo da ſtare.* Alla Sig^a *Lucrezia* non diſpiaque la propoſta di *Beatrice*, e ſubito acconſentì al ſuo volere. Intanta ſtavano con li medeſimi effetti in Tordinona in Cappella li SS^ri *Giacomo*, e *Bernardino* aſpettando ciaſcuno la ſua morte. Fu la mattina di Sabato in ordine ſu la piazza di Ponte un gran palco col ceppo, e mannaia ſteſa, e due carrozze a Tordinona. Giunta la compagnia della Miſericordia alle ore 18. incirca, eſſendo fermo il SS̃mo Crocifiſſo della Giuſtizia ſu la porta aſpettando li pazienti occorſe intanto un caſo tragico perciocchè ſtando alle feneſtre ſull' alto molti gentiluo-

mini prigionieri per vedere uſcire li *Cenci* inavedutamente diedero li piedi in un gran piatto di majolica, che ſtava ſu l' iſteſſa feneſtra, e lo buttorono in ſtrada con gran pericolo di ammazzare uno delli Fratelli della Miſericordia di quelli che tenevano le torcie avanti lo Stendardo, e di ciò ne fu fatto qualche rumore. Intanto nel ſentir che ſi fece dell' aprir de cancelli, fu chinato il SSmo Crocifiſſo, come per via di paſſione, e chiamati a ſe li condannati, giunſe il Sig^e *Giacomo* inviluppato in una cappa di ſcoruccio del padre, e con gran pietà fece alla porta genufleſſa orazione al SSmo Stendardo, e bagiò, a Nro Sig^e le SSme Piaghe, e poi ſubito fu levato detto ſtendardo, mentre il Fiſcale ſu la porta lo aſpettava, e giunto diſſe al boja, *attendete di accommodarlo ſul carro per tenagliarlo e levargli la cappa*; e giunto poi il Sig^e *Bernardo* li diſſe = *Nro Sig^e vi fa*

la grazia della vita, contentatevi ſolo far compagnia al voſtro ſangue e pregate Iddio per loro; per la qual nuova, fu da ſuoi confortatori reſa la tavoletta alli mandatari, ed il boia atteſo il *Placet* del Papa lo ſciolſe, e li cavò le manette, tenendolo ſul carro inviluppato col mantello di panno miſchio trinato d' oro, eſſendo che era ſpogliato per avergli da eſſere tagliata la Teſta, e così ſe ne andò dietro al fratello dicendo Salmi con li Confortatori, e la proceſſione fu inviata ſino paſſato l' Orſo, voltando poi all' Apollinare, e per piazza Navona, e da S. Pantaleo voltò alli Pollaroli, ed indi per Campo de' Fiori, e per piazza del Duca ſi voltò a Torre Savella, dove giunto lo ſtendardo, ſi fermò ſu la porta della prigione aſpettando le donne, quali condotte a baſſo, fecero le ſolite adorazioni, ed incaminataſi la proceſſione nell' ultime file di quella furono poſte.

Andavano queſte due Gentildonne a piedi con li detti abiti, una doppo l' altra, e con la teſta coperta di un gran taffettano, che le copriva quaſi ſino alla centura. Eravi però queſta differenza, che la Sig^a *Lucrezia* come vedova lo portava negro con le ſpalle coperte, ed il petto di un velo ſottiliſſimo e con pianelle di velluto nero baſſe, ed allaciate con fiocchi ſecondo l' uſanza, e la Sig^a *Beatrice* aveva il taffettano torchino compagno alla ſopraveſte con un panno d' argento ſu le ſpalle, ed una ſottanella di drappetto pavonazzo con pianelle bianche ed alte, con fiocconi di trine cremiſine; avevano le mani ſciolte, ma ſolo le braccia legate al corpo. Onde da ſe con una mano portavano il Crociſiſſo avanti gli occhj, e li correva il ſudore per il viſo; le maniche della ſopraveſte erano larghiſſime, e ſcoprivano tutto il braccio in camiſcia annodata alli polſi come allora ſi coſtu-

mava. La Sig^a *Lucrezia* come più tenera di cuore per lo più andava piangendo; Ma la zitella no, anzi con gran cuore girando gl' occhj, avanti ogni chieſa, che paſſava ſi inginocchiava, e diceva l' *Adoramus te Chriſte* come pure fece a S. Lucia della Chiavica, a S. Stefano in Peſcivola, a S. Catarina de Loreneſi, a SS. Celſo e Giuliano in Banchi. Seguitavano li due carri eletti, ed il Sig^e *Giacomo* ſi veniva tenagliando con grandiſſima coſtanza, e partita la proceſſione da Corte Savella, tirò da' Sforza, et indi alla Zecca vecchia per Banchi in ponte, dove paſſati con gran ſtrettezza per il gran numero de cocchj, e carrozze, che ſi erano ridotte a queſto ſpettacolo, furono ſubito condotte le donne nella Cappella della Giuſtizia, così ancora il Sig^e *Giacomo* levato dal carro. Poſcia il Sig^e *Bernardo* fu portato ſul palco, onde che credendoſi fermamente, che

lo voleſſero impiccare prima di tutti gli altri, dal gran ſpavento cadde tramortito, e fatto lo tornare a forza d' acqua, e conſolato da quelli che erano ivi preſenti fu poſto a ſedere dirimpetto alla mannaja, e poi il boia andò a prendere la Sig^a *Lucrezia*, alla quale legatogli le mani dietro, e levatogli il panno dalle ſpalle, accompagnata dallo Stendardo ſu la piazza, involta la teſta nel ſuo taffettano nero, fece la ſolita riconciliazione, e bagiamento delle piaghe, ed arrivata al palco li fu commeſſo, che laſciaſſe in terra le pianelle per ſalire ſul palco *coram Populo*, e levatogli il taffettano di teſta quaſi vergognandoſi d' eſſer veduta con le ſpalle, e petto nudo, ſi girò una volta gli occhj al ſeno, poi riguardando la mannaja ſtrillando forte, e ad alta voce, e con infinità di lagrime, diſſe rimirando il Cielo con invocare Iddio, *Mio Signore vi racommando l' anima mia, e voi Fratelli pre-*

gate Iddio per me, e poi non ſapendo come accommodarſi, domando' ad *Aleſandro* primo boja, che coſa aveva da fare, onde li diſſe che cavalcaſſe la tavola del ceppo, e che ſopra di quella ſi ſtendeſſe, ma ella per eſſere troppo groſſa per la vergogna durò molta fatica ad alzare una gamba a cavallo a quella tavola, e maggiore ne durò con recarſi ad aggiuſtare la teſta nella mannaja, perciocchè per il rilevato petto, che aveva, non poteva poſare il collo ſopra del ſegnetto, onde per accommodarſi la povera donna, vi paſsò gran tempo, e patimento, perchè la tavola non eſſendo più larga di un palmo, col moverſi che fece, e con acciaccarſi il ſeno dai lati, ſi era ſtracciate tutte le zinne. Onde levataſi per accommodarſi meglio ſi vidde uſcire da quelle gran copia di ſangue. Finalmente aggiuſtataſi a dovere ſi calò la mannaia, e fu' ſpiccata la teſta, ſenza far motivo

alcuno il corpo, ma bensì la teſta con gran meraviglia di tutti, andò per buon pezzo biſciando, tenendola il boja ſempre ſollevata in aria, moſtrandola al popolo, finchè fu ben ſciolta dal ſangue, e fu ben finita di morire, la quale lavatala, ed involtatala nel ſuo taffettano la poſe in un palco, e levato il corpo dalla tavola fu portato giù dal palco ſopra al cataletto. Mentre ſi accommodava la mannaja per la zitella, cadde un tavolato de pizzicaroli, per eſſere troppo carico di gente, perochè molti ſi fracaſſarono l' oſſa, e ſi ſtroppiorono, e vi morirono quattro ſfortunati. Raccommodati li ordegni, e levato il ſangue della vecchja tornò il boja a prendere la giovine, la quale prima avendo veduto lo ſtendardo ritornare per lei, domandò ſubito con gran ſtrepito = *La Sig*ª *Madre è morta bene?* gli fu riſpoſto di ſi; Onde proſtrata avanti il detto Stendardo diſſe

alcune Orazioni per l' anima ſua, poi cominciò con tanto profluvio di parole, e raccommandò ſe ſteſſa a Dio ſenza aiuto di alcuno, che ognuno ſtupiva, cominciando con queſte preciſe parole = *Sig^e Mio tu ſei venuto per me', ed io di buona voglia me ne vengo a te non diſperando la tua miſericordia per il mio grave peccato. So che per ricomprarmi hai ſparſo tutto il Sangue, e ſe tu innocentiſſimo foſti tanto vituperato, e con tanti tormenti morto, perchè io peccatrice non dovrò abbracciare queſta ſi dolce morte fuor d' ogni mio merito, che ſono per patire or ora con ferma ſperanza di aver oggi ad eſſer teco in Paradiſo, o almeno in luogo di Salute*, e ſeguitando con Salmi, Inni, ed Orazioni ſempre a lodare Iddio, e ringraziarlo. Ecco che vedutoſi il boja innanzi con una fune per legargli le mani dietro, diſſe, che ognuno ſentì = *O dolciſſima fune che leghi queſto corpo alla correzione, e*

gloria eterna, e riſciogli l' anima all' immortalità; così levataſi, e riuſcita in piazza fece la ſolita Orazione e riconciliazione, e laſciate le pianelle a piedi della ſcala deſtriſſimamente ſalì il palco, e come informatiſſima, ad un tratto cavalcò la tavola, e poſe il collo ſotto la mannaja raggiuſtandoſi da ſe per sfuggire, che in viſta avanti ſe li levaſſe il taffettanno di teſta, il popolo li vedeſſe le ſpalle ed il petto nudo, e così aſpettando il colpo, che ſtette molto a giungere per certe occorrenze, ſempre ad alta voce interrottamente invocò il nome di Gesù, e Maria, ſinchè la teſta ſi ſeparò dal corpo, che fu ſubito ſpiccata, e non fece più motivo alcuno, ma bensì il corpo, all' oppoſto della matregna, ſmaniò un poca, anzi nel ſpiccarſi la teſta alzò con tal furia una gamba in aria che gettò li panni ſu le ſpalle, ed il buſto ſi tirò indietro più di quattro dita. Fu levata la teſta, ed

accommodata come l' altra, ed avendo li carnefici legato il corpo a traverſo con una corda la calarono giù dal palco per farlo poſare nel cataletto con la matrigna; ma in quell' iſtante laſciataſi la corda, diede un gran ſtramazzo in terra, per lo che uſcitole tutte le zinne dal ſeno per la caduta, ed imbrattateſi tutte di ſangue, e polvere biſognò perdere gran tempo in lavarle, ed accommodarle. Alla morte della giovine cadde di nuovo tramortito il Sig^e *Bernardino*, e di maniera tale che reſtò ſenza ſpiriti per mezz' ora buona, e come morto, ed intanto che li ſuoi Confortatori l' aquietavano, comparſe il Sig^e *Giacomo* ſul palco involto nella ſua cappa di ſcoruccio, ed un cappello ſimile in teſta, che levatoli rimaſe mezzo nudo; Onde che voltata la faccia verſo Banchi ad alta voce diſſe: *Benchè nel mio eſame habbia incolpato Bernardo mio fratello, l' ho incolpato falſamente;*

e benchè altre volte me ne ſia diſdetto, ora che ſono per render conto a Dio per ſcarico di mia coſcienza dico eſſere malamente condotto qui allo ſpettacolo di noi altri colpevoli, pregate Iddio per me, e qui finì. Poſcia inginocchiatoſi li furono legate le gambe al tavolato dal palco, ed abbendati gli occhj, il boja preſe la mazzola, e li diede a due mani nella tempia deſtra, per la quale caduto raddoppiò cinque o ſei altre mazzate, e poi poſtali la mazzola ſotto il collo, ed un ginocchio nel petto, ed un piede ſu la fronte, lo ſcannò, e ſubito gli aperſe il petto con una accetta, e poi finitolo di ſpogliare lo ſquartò, e ſubito morto, quando partì la compagnia della miſericordia fu ricondotto prigione il Sig^e *Bernardo*, ed ivi gli fu cavato ſangue e poſto in letto con buona febre.

Furono accommodate le donne ſotto la baſe di S. Paolo in un cataletto per una con 4. torcie bianche,

dove ſtettero ſino alle ore 21., e levatele con li quarti del Sig^e *Giacomo* furono portati al Conſolato de' Fiorentini, ma ſubito li quarti ſuddetti furono portati alla miſericordia, indi ad un ora più tarda fu la giovane tutta adornata, ed incoronata di fiori con le ſue proprie veſti della Giuſtizia, fu portata in S. Pietro in Montorio con 50 torcie, accompagnata dalli Orfanelli, e dalle Stimmate, e da tutte le Regole Franceſcane, e ſepolta avanti l' Altar Maggiore, e la ſera a tre ore di notte fu portata a S. Gregorio la Sig^a *Lucrezia*.

A queſta Tragedia ſi puol dire che interveniſſe tutta Roma, e la gente in piedi ſtavano come miglio, e li cavalli, cocchij, e carrozze ſi ſtendevano a Tordinona, al Palazzo di D. Virginio Orſini vicino alla Zecca, e S. Gio: de Fiorentini, e ſino a Caſtello, e fu tanto ardente Solo, che molti ivi fece venir meno, e molti tornarono a caſa

con la febre, per quanto ſi poteva girar d' occhj, erano pieni tutti li tavolati, e feneſtre di uomini, e donne. Seguita la Giuſtizia a ore 19., nel partire che facea ognuno per la gran folla ſi trovarono perſone ſoffogate, e calpeſtate in terra, ed acciaccati dalle carrozze.

Era la Sig^a *Lucrezia* di anni 60 : in circa più toſto piccola, che grande, graſſa oltremodo con gran petto, di faccia bianca, e colorita, di carne freſca, e bella, con mento belliſſimo, picciol naſo, ed occhj neri, e capigliatura corta alquanto caſtagnaccia.

La Sig^a *Beatrice* era di età d' anni 26., piccola, e ritondetta, con belliſſima faccia, con occhj piccoli, naſo profilato, e guancie tonde con le foſſette, con petto giuſto, di maniera che morta pareva ancora che rideſſe come in vita, aveva ſimilmente al mento una foſſetta proporzionata, e bella bocca, capigliatura bionda e

creſpa ed inanellata. Onde andando alla Giuſtizia, gli cadevano giù per la fronte l' inanellatura de' capelli, che li davano una grazia non ordinaria.

Il Sig^e *Giacomo* era piccolo, e graſſo, bianco, di barba nera d' età di anni 27. incirca.

Il Sig^e *Bernardo* raſſembrava tutto a ſua ſorella per la capigliatura larga che aveva, che molti penſavano a primo aſpetto eſſer lei, e di età incirca anni 15. Fra le molte migliaia di perſone, che ſi ritrovarono alla morte di queſti miſeri, molti non aſpettorono il giorno ſeguente, che morirono di ſcaranzia. Fra gli altri morì il Sig^e *Ubaldino Ubaldini* giovane di 35. anni beniſſimo diſpoſto, fratello della *Renza* tanto nominata in Roma per le ſue rare bellezze maritata ad un fratello di Monſig^e *Rendi*. Hieri che fu alli 14. giorno di Martedi, la Compagnia di S. Mar-

cello, con l' occaſione della Feſta di S. Croce ſua feſtività, per privilegio liberò di prigione il Sig^e *Bernardo Cenci* con obligo di pagare fra un anno Scudi 25. mila alla SSm̃a Trinità di Ponte Siſto.

Dal detto Sig^e *Bernardo* hoggi ne diſcendono li SS^ri *Franceſco*, e *l' altro Bernardo Cenci.*

FINE.

NOTES.

Il padre uſando con la propria figlia.—An inſtance of a ſimilar monſtrous ſuperſtition is to be found in *Heywood's Life of Merlin*, p. 25. He ſays of King Vortiger:—

"Of him it is reported, that he ſhould have "carnal ſociety with his own daughter, in hope "that Kings ſhould iſſue from them."

Ad raſuram capillorum.—Scolari reads *ad torturam capillorum.* He is evidently wrong, and the reading of the MS. as printed is right. The hair was to be ſhaved in order to aſcertain whether the fortitude of the patient did not proceed from a charm imprinted on the head. Des Accords, in his eſſay *Des faux Sorciers et de leurs Impoſtures*, ſays:—

"N'avons nous pas deſcouvert de noſtre "temps, que les receptes qu'on eſtimoit eſtre "practiqueés par ceux que l'on mettoit à la tor- "ture, afin qu'ils ne ſentiſſent la douleur, n'eſtoit "autre choſe que le ſavon deſtrempé en eau "claire qu'on leur faiſoit avaler, qui a ceſte "proprieté de faire entièrement aſſoupir les ſens? "Et neantmoins noz peres ont eſtimé qu'ils di-

" ſoyent certains verſets : comme ceſtuy pris de " la paſſion *non comminuetis os ex eo.*

" Et que meſmes ils les faiſoyent raſer de " crainte qu'ils n'euſſent engravez ces mots, ou " autres characteres dans leurs teſtes."

Bigarrures du Seigneur des Accords, L. iv. p. 82.

A charm, pour eviter de ſouffrir à la queſtion, is given at page 166 of the *Enchiridion Leonis Papæ*, printed at Mayence in 1633.

Mentre ſtava legata alla corda.—The *corda*, otherwiſe called *colla*, was the ſame torture as the *eſtrapade* in France. See Des Eſſarts, *Eſſai ſur l'Hiſtoire générale des Tribunaux*, tom. 6, p. 73.

Chè quello negarò, così ſarà.—There is a lacuna here, probably an error of the tranſcriber. It may be ſupplied from other copies as follows, " *chè quello che dovrò negare, negarò.*"

Il Papa inacerbato dalla morte della Signora Coſtanza Santa Croce.—The following account of this crime is quoted by Scolari from the Life of Clement the Eighth, in Moroni's *Dizionario d'erudizione ſtorico Eccleſiaſtica* :—

" Nel tempo poi che ſi faceva il proceſſo agli " uccifori del Cenci, Paolo Santacroce, avendo " più volte richieſto à Coſtanza ſua madre che " lo coſtituiſſe erede delle ſue facoltà, e non pò- " tendola a ciò perſuadere, mentre con eſſa di- " morava in Subiaco, atrocemente riſolvè di

" ucciderla; e per colorire la ſua malvagità
" ſcriſſe ad Onofrio Santacroce, Marcheſe dell'
" Oriolo, ſuo fratello maggiore, che allore ſtava
" in detto luogo, che la loro madre contaminava
" lo ſplendore della famiglia, col darſi in preda
" alla diſſolutezza, che era incinta, e perciò
" domandava come regolarſi. Onofrio gli
" riſpoſe, che faceſſe quello che era dovuto ad
" un cavaliere. Queſto baſtò perchè Paolo
" uccideſſe la madre a colpi di pugnale. Quell'
" infelice dama avea ſeſſant' anni; e fattavi la
" ſezione al ſuo cadavere fu ritrovata idropica e
" perciò innocente. Paolo fuggì ſubito la giuſ-
" tizia del mondo, non quella di Dio, ſapendoſi
" che non molto dopo fece una triſta fine. Il
" Papa Clemente VIII. indignato ordinò ſubito
" il proceſſo, nel quale producendoſi la ſuddetta
" riſpoſta di Onofrio, fu queſto creduto com-
" plice; e però nel tornare a caſa da una partita
" di giuco di pallone, che avea fatto nel Palazzo
" Orſini a Monte Giordano, divertimento allora
" prediletto de' nobili Romani, fu carcerato in
" Tordinona, ove Monſignor Taverna Governa-
" tore di Roma, per ordine del Cardinale Aldo-
" brandini, Nipote di Clemente VIII, gli fece
" in perſona il proceſſo. Onofrio poco dopo
" confeſsò che per le parole ſurriferite, voleva
" dire al fratello, che toglieſſe la vita alla madre,
" per togliere così l' infamia ch' eſſa cagionava
" alla famiglia. Fu dunque Onofrio decapitato
" ſul ponte ſant' Angelo nel 1600 ò nel 1601,

" laſciando una figlia per nome Valeria dotata " di ogni bellezza, per morte della quale tornò " à caſa Orſini l' Oriolo, che era ſtato dai loro " avi donato al Santacroce."

Furono portati li confortatori a Corte Savella. —The *Confortatori* are the ſame as the *Compagnia della Miſericordia* ſubſequently mentioned. This confraternity was firſt inſtituted in 1448, to bury thoſe who loſt their lives by the earthquake and peſtilence of that year. They ſubſequently, under the patronage of San Giovanni Decollato, undertook the taſk of viſiting condemned priſoners, attending them to the ſcaffold, and giving Chriſtian burial to their remains.

See *Vaſi, Teſoro Sagro di Roma*, vol. i. p. 310.

Attendete di accomodarlo ſul carro per tenagliarlo.—This, up to a much later date, was one of the horrible preliminaries of tearing with horſes in France. I believe that Damien was the laſt perſon who ſuffered it, in 1757. For the details, ſee De Garſault, preface to *Faits des Cauſes Célèbres*, p. lxix. and P. de l'Etoile, *Journal du Règne de Henri IV.* May 27, 1610.

Il Boia preſe la mazzola.—The puniſhment called *mazzolare* or *accoppare* was peculiar to Rome, where it was reſerved for the moſt atrocious crimes. See, for a detailed account, which agrees with that here given, Des Eſſarts, *Eſſai ſur l'Hiſtoire des Tribunaux*, tom. vi. p. 72.

LETTERS BY TITIAN,

Reſpecting ſome Pictures completed by him at the Age of Ninety-one.

LETTERS BY TITIAN.

THE Letters referred to are printed in the Appendix to the following work: *Memorie intorno alle Pubbliche Fabbriche più insigni della Città di Breſcia, raccolte da Baldaſſare Zamboni. In Breſcia*, 1778. They were extracted from the Breſcian archives; but, although important in many reſpects, they appear not to have been noticed either by collectors of *Lettere Pittoriche* or by hiſtorians of art.

The municipal palace of Breſcia, called the Palazzo della Loggia, was begun in 1492, from the deſign of Tommaſo Formentone, aſſiſted, according to ſome writers, by Bra-

mante. It was completed externally in 1560. The handſome edifice was chiefly remarkable for its hall, occupying, in the upper ſtory, the whole ſpace compriſed within the outer walls; for the ſtaircaſe and entrance were ingeniouſly connected with an adjoining ſtructure. Jacopo Sanſovino and Palladio had the chief ſhare in the conſtruction and architectural decoration of this upper portion. The curved part of the ceiling of the "gran ſala" was painted by Criſtoforo Roſa, the friend of Titian, with architecture in perſpective, as if ſeen from below; and three octagonal compartments, each meaſuring between fifteen and twenty feet in diameter,*

* Ridolfi ſays fourteen feet; Vaſari, ten braccia, which would be conſiderably more. According to Zamboni's ſcale, the compartments meaſured ſixteen Breſcian braccia acroſs. Vaſari conſidered the enormous ſize of the compartments objectionable with reference to the architectural effect.

were reſerved, in the central flat portion of the ceiling, for three pictures by Titian.

Thoſe pictures were completed, and ſent from Venice to Breſcia, in 1568, when the painter was in his ninety-ſecond year, and appear to have been fixed in the ceiling of the hall early in 1569. The remaining decorations were completed in 1574. On the 18th of January, 1575, the whole interior of the building, with the curious roof, of which Palladio has left a deſcription, and which Vaſari has extolled, was deſtroyed by fire. Subſequent diſtreſſes prevented the citizens from attempting to reſtore their celebrated hall; and although the exterior of the Palazzo della Loggia may ſtill excite admiration, the rooms it contains are ſuch only as could from time to time be provided for the uſes of the municipal government. Plans, elevations,

and ſections of the building, in its original ſtate, will be found in the work above quoted. Titian was among the victims of the plague of 1576, thus ſurviving the deſtruction of his three pictures, probably the lateſt of any importance painted by him.

To reſume the hiſtory of thoſe works. In the autumn of 1564 the great painter, then eighty-eight years old, proceeded from Venice to Breſcia, to examine the hall for which the pictures were intended, and to make an agreement for the work. A committee, conſiſting of three Breſcian gentlemen, was empowered to dictate the ſubjects and to ſettle the terms. The centre picture was to repreſent Breſcia perſonified, Minerva, Mars, and three Naiads; that intended for the weſt compartment, called the "ſecond picture," Vulcan and the Cyclops; that intended for the eaſt compartment, called the "third pic-

"ture," Ceres, Bacchus, and ſome river gods. The committee gave the painter 150 gold ſcudi* on account; but the programme of the pictures he was to execute was not ſent to him, after his return to Venice, till Auguſt, 1565. That document, the receipt of which Titian acknowledges in the Letter No. 1, is a remarkable example of the preciſe directions which were ſometimes given by ſuch authorities to the greateſt artiſts. It is true the writers begin by ſaying that, as regards the ſize of the figures, "a noi non s'appartiene di parlarne, "perciochè el giudicioſiſſimo Re di "Pittori, con ragione di proſpettiva "conſiderando la diſtantia del loco, "ben ſaprà farle in modo che ſi laſ- "ciaranno vedere piutoſto maggiori

* The gold ſcudo coined by the Doge Andrea Gritti in 1535 is now worth, according to the weight of the gold, about nine ſhillings. The firſt inſtalment paid to Titian was therefore equivalent to £67 10*s*.

" alquanto, che minori del naturale." But, with this exception, every figure, colour and attribute, is minutely preſcribed.

Had thoſe pictures been preſerved, it would have been intereſting to compare the directions of the committee with the actual works. A portion of the " ſecond picture," repreſenting Vulcan and the Cyclops, is engraved; and, by means of that now rare print, ſuch a compariſon may be, to a certain extent, poſſible. The correſponding inſtructions in the letter of the committee are here quoted with that view, and alſo as a ſpecimen of the "avvertimenti" which the Breſcian connoiſſeurs thought fit to offer to Titian. The orthography of the documents, as printed in Zamboni's Appendix, is preſerved throughout.

" *Secondo Quadro.*

" Ne l' altro ottavo, che è verſo po-
" nente, facciaſi Vulcano con i Ci-
" clopi a la fucina. Sia la fucina co 'l
" foco in una gran Caverna di ſaſſi
" dirupati, oſcura da ſe, ſe non quanto
" l' alluma el foco, affumicata, ed in
" parte arſa da l' eccеſſivo calore.
" Siano ivi intorno varj ſtromenti, ed
" opere fabrili, e ſpetialmente d'arme
" fabricate.

" Il Vulcano è un vecchio brutto
" e zoppo, magro nel viſo, ed in tutto
" il corpo fuliginoſo e lordo, come ſo-
" no i fabri, con capelletto al antica
" di color cileſtro; d' il reſto va ig-
" nudo o vero con pochi ſtrazzi. I
" Ciclopi miniſtri di Vulcano ſiano
" tre almeno, di eccеſſiva ſtatura, ben
" nerbuti e robuſti, di tutto ignudi,
" con un ſol occhio grande e rotondo
" nella fronte. Tenga el Vulcano,
" con la tenaglia, nella ſiniſtra, un

" pezzo di arme affocate ſopra l'incu-
" dine, battendolo con la deſtra con
" mediocre martello, al quale riſpon-
" dano i Ciclopi a due mani con più
" peſanti magli, alzando fra loro per
" ordine le braccia, ed alternando i
" colpi; e quando la grandezza di
" corpi laſciaſſe logo a maggior nu-
" mero, vi ſi potrebbe aggiongere un
" quarto garzone per attendere a li
" mantici ed al foco. Il cavar le mi-
" nere, ed il fondere il ferro ſi laſcia-
" ranno a dietro, per non potervi
" capir tante coſe ſenza confonder
" l'occhio di lontano. Facendovi
" animali, vi ſtarà bene il leone, e riſ-
" ponderà a li animali del Quadro di
" levante, che vedremo."

Among the figures in that " Qua-
" dro di levante" or " Terzo Quadro,"
a river-god is deſcribed " con la fac-
" cia cerulea quaſi verdegiante." It
may be doubted whether Titian could
bring himſelf to conform literally to

that direction. In the Letter No. 1 he adroitly expreſſes his acknowledgments to the committee for their ſuggeſtions, which he aſſures them had enlightened him "per conto della "poeſia;" remarking, at the ſame time, that it would be for him to endeavour to fulfil what his own art required. In the treatment of one of the ſubjects, however, he was ultimately compelled to follow the wiſhes of the committee.

It appears that two of the pictures were nearly completed in January, 1566, before which date Titian had received a further payment of 100 gold ſcudi. The Breſcian "Nunzio" in Venice, writing at that time to his employers, ſays that thoſe two works "erano in aſſai buon termine di eſſer "preſto finiti, ſe il grandiſſimo freddo "non impediſſe l'opera." The cold may have been a cauſe of delay to the work as well as to the painter, from

the comparative ſlowneſs with which colours dry in winter.

The third picture appears to have been in progreſs in the ſummer of 1566. After that time, from ſome unexplained cauſe, the undertaking proceeded tardily. Titian may have found it neceſſary to attend to other commiſſions; for in the Letter No. 4 he ſtates, that in his anxiety to ſerve his Breſcian employers he had poſtponed works which he had to execute for "mio Re" (Philip II. of Spain), and for "molti altri miei Signori di "queſta città." Whatever may have been the cauſe of procraſtination, the Breſcian committee heſitated to advance more money on account; and finally, in 1568, they applied to the Procurator Girolamo Grimani to interpoſe his authority with the artiſt to urge him to complete the work. This proceeding was reſented, if not by Titian himſelf, by his ſon Orazio,

who refuſed to ſend the pictures at all except on certain new conditions. Matters were, however, ſo far arranged that the pictures were completed and ſent to Breſcia in October, 1568; and, as before ſtated, they appear to have been fixed in their places early in the following year.

In the Letter No. 2, dated June, 1568, Titian announces the completion of the work. According to a letter from the "Nunzio," dated 26th October, 1568, two of the pictures were exhibited a few days previouſly to that date in the Church of S. Bartolommeo in Venice. The third was, even then, not publicly viſible; and the cauſe of the delay may be inferred from Titian's third letter, which is remarkable in a technical point of view.

Titian's ſtatement, in the Letter No. 2, that the pictures were then (in June, 1568) completed, can hardly

be taken literally. On the 31ſt of July following he found, as appears from the Letter No. 3, that they were then not in a perfectly fit ſtate for varniſhing; and as the third picture was not exhibited with the reſt in October, it is poſſible that he may have continued to retouch that work for ſome time after the nominal completion; if ſo, it muſt have been varniſhed later than the others.*

In October, 1568, one of the committee in Breſcia writes, for Titian's information, "la caſſa di Quadri è "giunta ben conditionata." Pictures of ſuch dimenſions could not be conveniently ſent otherwiſe than rolled. This agrees with other particulars: the perfect drying of the varniſh was eſſential to the ſafe packing of the pictures in that mode.

* In the Letter No. 4, Titian complains that, after having been directed to paint one of the pictures agreeably to his own idea, he had been compelled to alter it according to the taſte of his employers.

The varniſhing is noticed in the Letter No. 3. Titian there ſtates, among other cauſes of delay, that it was difficult to varniſh certain portions, the varniſh not drying unleſs the pictures were placed in the ſun. The dimenſions of the canvaſſes muſt have added to the inconvenience of the operation in the open air. The practice of varniſhing pictures in the ſun, and of placing them in the open air to dry, appears to have been common with Titian and with the Venetians, as we learn from this inſtance, from Vaſari's anecdote of the varniſhing of Titian's portrait of Paul III,* and from incidents recorded by other writers. This is alſo a proof (in addition to thoſe elſewhere adduced),

* *Raccolta di Lettere ſulla Pittura*, &c. *In Roma*, 1757, vol. i. p. 41. The ſame circumſtance is mentioned by Franceſco Bocchi: *ſopra l'Eccellenza della ſtatua del San Giorgio di Donatello*, &c. *In Fiorenza*, 1584, p. 35.

firſt, that the pictures of the Venetian maſters were varniſhed ſoon after they were completed; and ſecondly, that the practice was eſſential to their due effect; that, in ſhort, their appearance, when completed, was ſuch as to require varniſh: thus corroborating the teſtimony of Boſchini, who expreſſly ſays that they were painted ſo as to be at firſt without ſhine.* The difficulty to which Titian alludes may have been a further cauſe of delay as regards the picture laſt executed—the Ceres and Bacchus—which, it appears, was not exhibited with the reſt. The ſurface may not have been ſufficiently dry "in certi luoghi" to receive the varniſh.

In due time, after the arrival of the pictures in Breſcia, the committee re-

* See the Introduction to *Le Ricche Minere della Pitture Veneziana*, &c. *In Venezia*, 1674. Compare *La Carta del Navegar Pitoreſco. In Venetia*, 1660, p. 339, by the ſame author.

ſolved that the ſum of 1000 gold ducats* ſhould be paid to the artiſt, although, referring to the pictures, "non pareſſe [ai Deputati] di rico-"noſcere che eſſi furono di mano di "Tiziano." Orazio Vecellio, offended at this deciſion, refuſed to accept, for his father, the proffered payment. Titian was more diſcreet; he appealed in the following year to Domenico Bollani, biſhop of Breſcia. That appeal is the ſubject of the Letter No. 4. With reference to the valuation, and alſo with reference to the queſtion whether the pictures were

* Aſſuming the final payment to be in addition to the 250 gold ſcudi before advanced, the entire payment may have been about £550. Exiſting ſpecimens of the gold ſcudo and gold ducat, or *zecchino*, ſcarcely differ in weight. It appears, however, from an eſtimate furniſhed by Palladio, and which is printed in Zamboni's Appendix, that the ducat was worth ſomewhat leſs than the ſcudo. Suppoſing them to be of preciſely the ſame value, the entire payment to Titian would be £562 10*s*.

the work of his own hand, Titian claims to have thoſe pictures judged not only by painters, but by excellent painters. For not Ariſtotle himſelf, he adds, would be competent to diſtinguiſh the varieties of executive ſtyle, or to eſtimate rightly the difficulties of the art. In the Letter No. 3 he had hinted that the effect of the pictures had been calculated for the compartments in the ceiling for which they were painted.

In the end, the painter accepted the thouſand gold ducats. With regard to the queſtion raiſed by the committee, the probability is that Titian had no more aſſiſtance from his ſcholars, in the execution of the pictures in queſtion, than he had for many years been accuſtomed to require. It is plain that, on any other ſuppoſition, the delay which was ſo much complained of might have been eaſily avoided.

LETTERE DI TIZIANO.*

LETT. I.

Molto Magn. Signori miei Oſſmi:

Ho ricevuto gli avvertimenti, che le M. V. mi hanno mandato, in materia delle Pitture; i quali mi ſono paruti belliſſimi, di modo che per conto della Poeſia io mi ritrovo illuminato aſſai. Onde eſſendo così bene e diſtintamente ragguagliato delle invenzioni, e del deſiderio loro, io mi sforzerò di far tutto quello che ſi richiederà all'arte, et alla qualità dell'opera per onor mio, e per ſervitio di queſta

* *Zamboni, Memorie*, &c., Appendice, p. 142. The following note, there added, explains where the original Letters are preſerved:—"Le "quattro Lettere di Tiziano ſtanno ſciolte nel "*Bulettario III. del Palazzo.* La ſopraſcritta "delle tre prime è *Alli molto Magnif. Signori* "*Deputati della Magnif. Comunità di Breſcia*, "e quella della quarta *All' Illmo e Rmo Monſig.* "*Veſcovo di Breſcia.*"

Magn. Città, alla quale io non ſono meno affezionato che a Venetia mia propria Patria, sì per le ſue eccellenti qualità, come per li molti miei Amici, e Patroni, che io mi ſento di avere in lei. Solo mi doglio non aver avuto più preſto tal informazione, perchè di già io ſarei un pezzo più innanzi; ma io credo che la corteſia di V. M. habbia differito l' opera per compaſſione che elle hanno hauto di me, volendo che io non mi affaticaſſi in queſti caldi paſſati troppo nojoſi. Onde le ne ringrazio, e le ne bacio le mani, certificandole che io non ſarei reſtato, nè per la noja del caldo, nè per altro più importante accidente di ſervir le M. V. le quali m' haveranno per iſcuſato ſe per tal riſpetto la coſa converrà diferirſi ad eſſer fornita qualche giorno di più. Et a V. M. offerendo e raccomandandomi di core, le bacio le mani. Di Venetia alli xx di Agoſto MDLXV. Servo aff. Titiano Vecellio P.

LETT. II.

Hora che per gratia di Dio ho ridotto a compimento le Pitture da V. S. ordinatemi, ſiccome già promeſſi alli Signori Ambaſciatori, ſon venuto con queſte a far mio debito di aviſarle di tanto: et inſieme a ſupplicarle a degnarſi di far quella debita proviſione che ſi conviene alla iſpedizione di queſto negocio. Nel quale io mi ſono affaticato con ogni ſtudio per far opera conveniente alla promeſſa, et al honor mio. Et con offerirmi a V. S. per quanto io vaglio in loro ſervitio, molto mi raccomando in ſua buona gratia. Di Venetia alli XXVI di Giugno MDLXVIII. Ser. deditiſs. Titiano Vecellio P.

LETT. III.

Per eſſer ſtato impedito parte da certa mia indiſpoſizione, e parte al-

cuni giorni fuor della Città, non ho potuto prima che ora dar riſpoſta alle Lettere di V. S. molto Magnifiche, alle quali deſiderava riſponder prima con gli effetti che con le parole: ma poichè per eſſer le Pitture alquanto ſiniſtre da maneggiar in dar loro la vernice in certi luoghi, la qual non ſi può aſciugar, ſenza metter al ſole, con brevità,* onde ſarei tenuto forſe poco corteſe in non riſponder alle ſue Lettere, dirò a V. S. che quanto prima ſarà poſſibile metterò il tutto all' ordine con lo Sp. Nuntio, e li conſegnerò tutte le pitture, acciò che le S. V. ſe ne prevagliano, e veggano da gli effetti, quando eſſe ſaranno poſte al loro loco, quale ſia ſtata l' opera mia in ſervirle. Et con pregarle riverentemente a comandarmi, molto mi raccomando in ſua buona gra-

* The ſenſe appears to be:—con brevità dirò a V. S. (perchè ſarei tenuto forſe poco corteſe in non riſponder alle ſue Lettere) che, etc.

tia. Di Venetia l' ultimo di Luglio MDLXVIII. Ser. aff. Titiano Vecellio.

LETT. IV.

Illmo e Rmo Monſig. Dopo molto tempo che io non ho fatto riverentia a V. S. Illma e Rma, vengo hora con queſte lettere a fornir mio debito, et inſieme a ſupplicarla a voler degnarmi del ſuo favore nel negotio che io ho con quella Mag. Città. Et acciò che V. S. Illma e Rma ſapia in che termine io mi ritrovo per queſto, le dirò, che havendo Horatio mio figlio portate le Pitture da me fatte non ſenza mio grande incomodo per ſervire a quei Sigg., da loro gli fu riſpoſto, che ſe ben non pareva loro di riconoſcer che elle foſſero di mia mano, non di meno farebbono che io reſtarei ſatisfatto, e così dopoi diedero ordine che mi foſſero pagati quei da-

nari che eſſi ſanno per mio compiuto pagamento. Onde il detto Horatio, che vedeva la poca conoſcenza che moſtravano haver delle coſe mie, e l' intereſſe mio sì dell' honore come del utile, non volſe accettarli. Ma perchè deſidero di vederne il fine al tutto per via della giuſtitia, quando non ſi poſſa farlo altrimente, ho voluto prima tentare ſe col mezzo di V. S. Illm̃a e Rm̃a io poteſſi venir a qualche honeſta conditione con eſſi loro per non parer troppo rigoroſo, e per reſtarmi ſeco con buona pace, non eſſendo di mio coſtume, nè di mio diletto il litigare, ſe non quando ſon coſtretto a farlo per forza. Dunque io la ſupplico per l' amor che la molta ſua corteſia mi porta e per l' antica mia ſervitù e devotione verſo di lei, che ella voglia trametterſi in queſto, acciò che io poſſa ridurmi ſeco a qualche honeſto patto, e reſtar ſervitore delle loro Signorie, ſi come ho

cominciato di eſſere per l'amore di quelli miei Patroni, per ragion di quali fui chiamato a queſt' opera, e per la fama della loro liberalità, tramettendo io le opere del mio Re, e de' molti altri miei Signori di queſta Città. La ragione con la quale mi vorrebbono tener quello che di ragione mi aſpetta, è che io mi ſon contentato di ſtar a quello che fuſſe giudicato valer detta opera; e quella per la quale io non intendo di voler ſogiacer a tanta perdita è, che la coſa deve eſſer giudicata da perſone perite nell' arte, ciò è da Pittori, e da Pittori eccellenti, ſe bene io mi contentai che il giudicio di quei due Dottori* nominati ne lo ſcritto mi poteſſe levare qualche ſomma di denaro, che al honeſtà sì conveniſſe, da quella ſtima che io inteſi ſotto bona fede deve eſſere fatta da Maeſtri dell' arte, i quali

* Whether this refers to two of the committee or to two other perſons does not appear.

sì del eſſer l' opera di mia mano come della valuta doveſſero dar loro informazione lontana da ogni ſoſpetto di fraude e di malignità, come perſone ſincere, e da ambidue le parti elette a queſto; perchè quando queſto non ſi faccia ſe ben foſſe chiamato uno Ariſtotile a far queſto giuditio, egli non ſarebbe atto a giudicare nè la diverſità delle maniere, nè la difficoltà dell' arte. Adunque rimettaſi il giuditio in mano d' huomini eccellenti dell' arte della Pittura, e poi ſe ſaranno giudicate quelle Pitture non eſſer di [mia] mano, e non meritar maggior premio di quello che quei Signori mi vogliono dare, ſon contento (giurando queſto ſu la mia fede in mano di V. S. Illma e Rma) di reſtituire loro anco quel tutto che per caparra mi han dato per l' addietro, non che di non dimandare loro altro già mai. Et ſe pur eſſi non vogliono accettare queſta mia offerta per non go-

derſi delle mie fatiche con alcun gravame di conſcientià, mi offero di laſciar loro cento Scudi della ſomma che li Periti giudicaranno che io meriti, purchè il giuditio venga fatto da perſone ſincere. Non è certo queſto il premio che io aſpettava dalle loro larghe promeſſe e che mi porgeva quel gran concetto che io haveva della liberalità loro, e tanto più havendomi eſſi Signori fatto fare una di quelle Pitture ad un modo ſecondo l'arbitrio mio, e poi fattomi rifarla al loro modo ſenza alcun rifacimento del tempo, e de la ſpeſa in ciò corſa, oltra li molti intereſſi patiti in viaggio nel condurmi a Breſcia la prima volta, e nel mandar poi Horatio nel tempo del verno a portar dette Pitture* per la moleſtia fattami dai loro litigioſi

* The pictures were ſent to Breſcia in October. Orazio was again in Breſcia in the following January; but the expreſſion "a portar "dette Pitture" is, with reference to the winter viſit, notvery intelligible.

protesti. Però pregarò di novo V. S. Illma e Rma a degnarsi di pregarli per sua infinita benignità di contentarsi del dovere perchè non resti così machiato l'honor mio, e perchè io possa rimanere in quel bono concetto che io ho avuto sempre della splendidezza di quella Magnif. e generosa Città, per ciò che io faccio professione d'esser persona ragionevole, ond' io mi contenterò sempre del honesto e del dovere, trattandosi questo negotio amorevolmente; che se altro occorrerà, io mi condurrò contro mia voglia a volerla vedere per via della giustitia, e mi dolerò eternamente de' fatti loro. Et con questo facendo fine e raccomandandomi di core a V. S. Rma le baccio le mani. Di Venetia 3 Zugno MDLXIX. Aff. Ser. Titiano Vecellio.

C. L. EASTLAKE.

ESSAI BIOGRAPHIQUE

SUR L'HISTOIRE LITTERAIRE

DES FOUS.

PAR OCTAVE DELEPIERRE.

Epigraphe.

J'ose dire que ſ'il y a encore un livre curieux à faire au monde, en Bibliographie, c'eſt la bibliographie des fous, et que ſ'il y a une bibliothèque piquante, curieuſe et inſtructive à compoſer, c'eſt celle de leurs ouvrages.—*Nodier, Mélanges tirés d'une petite Bibliothèque, page* 247.

Essai Biographique

ſur l'Hiſtoire Littéraire des Fous.

L'APPLICATION des cauſes aux effets, dans la Monomanie et dans ſon oppoſé, la Folie raiſonnante, offrira toujours un ſujet d'étude d'un intérêt d'autant plus grand, que ce ſont ordinairement des eſprits contemplatifs ou noblement doués que l'on voit frappés par ce malheur. L'Etiologie de ces maladies ſ'explique l'une par l'autre. Dans le premier cas, il y a un point malade dans un cerveau ſain d'ailleurs, dans le ſecond un cerveau malade, nous offre un point ſain et normal. Nous nous propoſons, dans cette notice, de raſ-

ſembler quelques matériaux qui ſont curieux, ſinon utiles, ſans le rapport littéraire ſeulement, pour l'appréciation de ces deux maladies de l'eſprit humain.

Nous prévenons tout d'abord que nous n'entendons en aucune façon faire entrer dans notre eſquiſſe tous les auteurs excentriques, mais ſeulement ceux qui nous ont ſemblé réellement atteints de folie et qui, ſ'ils n'ont pas été renfermés ſans des maiſons de ſureté, comme la plupart des ceux dont nous nous occupons, ont néanmoins montré un dérangement très décidé dans le cerveau.

Malheureuſement preſque toutes les nations fourniſſent des exemples de ces ſortes d'écrivains; et ce qui doit augmenter notre curioſité à ce ſujet, c'eſt que leurs ouvrages ſont toujours aſſez rares, et qu'il eſt difficile de ſe les procurer. Afin de réunir les éléments épars de cette hiſtoire littéraire, de manière à éviter

la confuſion, nous diviſerons en quatre ſections les auteurs que nous allons citer. La première traitera des fous théologues; la ſeconde, des fous littéraires proprement dits; la troiſième, des fous philoſophiques; et la quatrième, des fous politiques.

Les voyageurs nous apprennent une choſe très frappante, c'eſt que la folie eſt comparativement un fait rare chez les nations tout-à-fait barbares. Humbolt dit qu'on rencontre très peu de fous parmi les tribus originaires qu'il viſita ſur le continent de l'Amérique. D'autres auteurs dignes de foi remarquent auſſi qu'en Chine, au fond de la Ruſſie et de l'Inde, la folie eſt moins fréquente qu'en Europe. Quoiqu'il en ſoit, la folie d'écrire eſt particulièrement une des maladies mentales de cette dernière partie du globe, effet probable d'un excès de civiliſation, de même que la plethore eſt ſouvent produite par un excès de ſanté. Il

ſerait inutile de rechercher quelle eſt la cauſe de la folie, et même ce que c'eſt que la folie, car les analyſes les plus perſévérantes de la nature et de la compoſition du cerveau, n'ont aboutit qu'a confirmer l'axiome du ſavant Gregory : " *Nulla datur linea* " *accurata inter ſanam mentem et ve-* " *ſaniam.*" Dans maintes circonſtances de la vie, il eſt arrivé à la plupart d'entre nous, qu'appelé à decider en nous même, ſur la valeur d'une idée ou d'une action, notre jugement héſite à ſe prononcer, et nous diſons avec le poète Beattie :—

Some think them wondrous wiſe, and ſome believe them mad.

Dans l'ordre métaphyſique, Malebranche était arrivé à un réſultat ſemblable, lorſqu'il a dit : " Il eſt " bon de comprendre clairement qu'il " y a des choſes qui ſont abſolument " incomprehenſible."

Nous nous contenterons en conſéquence de rapporter des exemples, ſans chercher à expliquer les incroyables anomalies qui ſuivent, où tour-à-tour les idées les plus élevées et les plus éloquemment exprimées, ſe forment dans le cerveau de celui qui, un moment après, eſt, ſur tous les points, dépourvu de la plus ſimple logique, ou même dans un état de délire ou d'idiotiſme.

Les ſavants qui ce ſont occupés de la médecine pſycologique, et de la pathologie mentale, rapportent nombre de faits où la folie produit des réſultats ſemblables à ceux d'une haute intelligence, réſultats qui l'eſprit de l'individu eſt incapable d'obtenir, dès qu'il rentre dans l'état normal. Nous citerons un fait de ce genre qui nous a été raconté par le médecin même qui avait donné ſes ſoins au malade:—Une dame d'un caractère très pieux commença peu

à peu à être oppreſſée par un profond ſentiment de mélancolie, qui ſe changea bientôt en un véritable dérangement d'eſprit. On fut obligé de la mettre dans une maiſon de ſanté. Là, durant ſes accès de folie, elle exprimait les idées de ſon cerveau malade, en vers tellement remarquables que le médecin en fut frappé, et tranſcrivit des paſſages, pendant qu'elle les récitait. Au bout d'un certain temps, cette dame recouvra ſes facultés mentales, mais ne ſe rappela rien de ce qui s'était paſſé, et n'eut pas été capable, m'affirma le docteur, d'écrire une page avec quelqu'élégance.

Si l'on trouve ſouvent des éclairs de talent chez les aliénés, il arrive auſſi que des hommes remarquables par la clarté et l'élégance de leur ſtyle, donne tout à coup l'exemple de la plus entière incohérence. Un médecin de New York, à la ſuite d'un

travail exceſſif, écrivit la lettre ſuivante à ſa ſœur :—

" MY DEAR SISTER,—As the " Cedars of Lebanon have been " walking through Edgeworth foreſt " ſo long, you muſt have concluded " that I have returned to the upper " world, but I am ſtill in purgatory " for James Polk's ſins, which, if " they do not end in ſmoke, ſurely " have as good a chance of begin- " ning that way, as the ideas began " to ſhoot; for if Thomas had not " left his trunk on the cart at the " Depôt, our ſhades would have " been a deuced ſight nearer to " Land's end, than Dr. Johnſon ſaid " they would, by the time the Yan- " kees rebelled," &c.

Le docteur Brigham donne d'autres curieux exemples de ce genre dans un article intitulé : " *Illuſtra-* " *tions of Inſanity, furniſhed by the* " *letters and writings of the inſane,*"

et inſérés en 1848 dans l'*American Journal of Inſanity*.

Durant le cours de nos recherches, pour raſſembler les matériaux de cette eſquiſſe, notre attention a été particulièrement attirée par un méthode curative, que nous croyons peu en uſage ſur le continent, et qui mériterait de faire l'objet d'une étude ſpéciale. Dans pluſieurs des grands établiſſements pour les aliénés, qui exiſtent dans le Royaume de la Grande Bretagne, l'encouragement régulièrement donné à la compoſition littéraire, a eu les plus heureux réſultats. Les directeurs, aux quels nous offrons ici tous nos remerciements, pour l'obligeance avec lequel ils nous ont fourni des renſeignements, nous ont fait connaître nombre de pièces d'un grand intérêt pour l'étude pſycologique de la folie littéraire. L'eſpace, nous manque pour en tirer tout ce qu'ils préſentent de curieux,

mais nous ne pouvons nous empêcher de dire quelques mots ſur deux ou trois de ces aſyles conſacrés à la guériſon des maladies mentales.

The Crichton Royal Inſtitution, au Comté de Dumfries en Ecoſſe, poſſède une preſſe, dirigée par les habitans de l'établiſſement, au moyen de laquelle, on y publie un petit journal menſuel, intitulé: *The New Moon*. On y trouve raſſemblées les compoſitions en proſe et en vers de ceux qui, dans leurs intervalles lucides, ſe ſentent enclins à ce genre de diſtraction. La partie matérielle de l'impreſſion, le tirage, la correction des épreuves, tout ſ'exécute par les patients.

Voici l'extrait d'une lettre que nous écrivit le médecin de cette maiſon du ſanté, pour expliquer le ſyſtème qu'on y ſuit :—

" Mental occupation has been a " marked feature in the eſtabliſh- " ment from its commencement.

" A monthly journal, compoſed, pub-
" liſhed, and printed by patients, has
" been in exiſtence for many years.
" Some years ago, a ſeries of eſſays
" on our poets, philoſophers, &c.
" were compoſed and printed alſo by
" them. More recently a ſmall vo-
" lume of poems was publiſhed by
" one of our lady patients, and we
" are juſt now thinking of publiſh-
" ing a ſelection of poems from our
" *New Moon*. Many other articles
" of a minor character have alſo
" been publiſhed. I am afraid it
" will not be poſſible now to obtain
" copies of any of them, as the im-
" preſſions have been completely
" exhauſted."

La publication d'une ſérie de Mémoires Biographiques a été commencée, dans cette maiſon, ſur les poètes, philoſophes, rois, &c. frappés de folie: " *Memoirs of mad poets, mad philoſo-*
" *phers, mad kings, mad churls, by*
" *inmates of the Crichton Inſtitution.*"

Nous poſſedons quatre de ces notices, celles de Torquato Taſſo, d'Alexandre Cruden, de Thomas Chatterton, et de Robert Hall. Il y a lieu de ſ'étonner qu'un pareil ſujet ait été choiſi par de pareils écrivains, mais il eſt remarquable que la plupart des compoſitions écrites dans des maiſons de fous, indiquent que ceux qui en ſont les auteurs, ont une parfaite conviction de leur état.

Voici deux ou trois courts extraits des pièces poétiques inſérées dans le journal de l'inſtitution. Une femme, nommée Geneviève, écrivit les ſtrophes ſuivantes à l'occaſion de la mort de ſon bouvreuil :—

Oh, could'ſt thou know, my little pet,
How much thine abſence I regret!
  Ah! 'twas a day like this
When thou into my little room
To cheer me with thy voice didſt come,
  Which now I hourly miſs;
And 'neath this ſhade of love, alone
Lament my little Goldie gone.

Whene'er thou ſaw'ſt me ſhut within
My room, thou cheerily would'ſt ſing
And all thy art employ;
At thy lov'd voice, ſo ſweet and clear,
All care would quickly diſappear,
My ſadneſs turn to joy;
And all the trouble of my lot
Be diſſipated and forgot.

Wiſe people do, I know, believe
That birds, when they have ceaſed to breathe,
Will never more revive;
But—though I cannot tell you why—
I hope, though Goldie chanced to die,
To ſee him yet alive!
May there not be—if heaven pleaſe—
In Paradiſe both birds and trees?

I've had ſuch dreams—they may be true:
Meantime, my little pet, Adieu!

Un des patients envoya un jour à celui qui était chargé de recevoir les morceaux deſtinés à l'impreſſion dans le journal, les vers ſuivants ſignés *Le Grand Orient*, et accompagnés de cette explication:—

" Ces vers ont été apportés par le " vent dans la Galerie du *Grand*

" *Orient;* et étaient ſignés *Sapho*
" *Rediviva.* Ils portent la marque
" d'un eſprit malade, Je vous les
" envoie donc comme un tribut con-
" venable à *la Lune.*[1]

. . . . . .

" In ſilence only, love is read—
The lips can ne'er true love expreſs;
Back to the heart—their parent bed—
They ruſh, and ſilently, we bleſs:
Such bleſſings ever thee attend;
Such gifts thy heart can ne'er deplore;
With one *will-love-thee* to the end;
It is enough, I may no more."

Nous ne pouvons nous empêcher de citer auſſi huit vers compoſés par un malheureux que l'inſomnie torturait, et que des malheurs privés avaient frappé de folie :—

Go! ſleep my heart in peace,
Bid fear and ſorrow ceaſe:
He who of worlds takes care,
One heart in mind doth bear.

[1] Alluſion au titre du Journal.

Go! ſleep my heart in peace!
If death ſhould thee releaſe
And this night hence thee take;
Thou yonder wilt awake.

Dans le même établiſſement la muſique eſt auſſi employée comme un moyen de rétablir l'équilibre dans les facultés mentales des patients, et le directeur a formé une ſorte d'orcheſtre compoſé de ceux qui jouent de quelqu'inſtrument, et tous les mois, il organiſe un ou deux concerts, dont les programmes ſont, ainſi que le journal, imprimés par les preſſes de la maiſon.

L'hôpital pour les inſenſés fondé à Edinbourg, ſous le nom de *Royal Edinburgh Aſylum for the Inſane*, a, comme le précédent, une preſſe et un journal menſuel intitulé: *The Morningside Mirror;* qui ſe publie régulièrement depuis environ douze années. Il forme aujourd'hui deux forts volumes in 8°. Le Médecin de

la maiſon, le Docteur Skae, nous a aſſuré dans une des les lettres, "*that "they are entirely the work of the pa- "tients, both in writing and printing.*"

Voici des ſtrophes compoſées par un jeune homme devenu fou à la ſuite de contrariétés d'amour :—

Whene'er I hear the wild bird's lay
Amid the echoing grove,
And ſee the face of nature gay
With beauty and with love,—
I'll think that thou art with me ſtill
By vale and murmuring ſtream,
And o'er the paſt my ſoul will dwell
In faint collected dream.

When all the charms of nature fade,
And the autumn leaf is ſtrewn,
One charm will ſtill be mine, ſweet maid,
To dream of thee alone.
'Till life's laſt ebbing blood be run,
'Till life itſelf depart,
And death eclipſe my ſetting ſun,
I'll bear thee on my heart.

Un autre morceau, par lequel nous terminerons nos extraits des effuſions poétiques de l'hoſpice d'Edinbourg,

porte un cachet remarquable de monomanie mélancolique :—

Sweet ſunſet, ſweet ſunſet, that beams from the weſt,
And lights the dark ſhades of the green foreſt tree,
Where the wild flowers bloom freſh o'er the earth's vernal breaſt,
Thoſe flowers of my childhood, the deareſt to me:

Oh! give me the wreath of theſe once happy years,
The ſongs of the woodlark,—the friends I loved beſt;
Ah! bring back again all their ſmiles and their tears,
With their ſunſet, ſweet ſunſet, that beam'd from the weſt.

. . . . . .

Let me dream in the dells where my boyhood once ſtray'd,
And gather again the neglected lone flowers;
They bloom all unſeen 'neath the cool hawthorn ſhade,
The ſweets of fond memory's happier hours.

Ah! how bleſt but to dream of thoſe once
happy years,
The ſongs of the woodlark—the friends I
loved beſt;
Ah! they'll bring back again all thoſe ſweet
ſmiles and tears,
With the glow of that ſunſet, that beam'd
from the weſt.

L'hoſpice des aliénés de Hanwell, l'un des plus importants de l'Angleterre, préſente une particularité que nous croyons devoir noter.

L'encouragement à la compoſition littéraire, y forme, comme dans les établiſſements cités plus haut, un moyen de guériſon, et les médecins de la maiſon penſent que c'eſt un des remèdes qui ont produit les réſultats les plus ſatisfaiſants. En conſéquence, l'adminiſtration a établi un bazar où les diverſes pièces, écrites par les lunatiques, ſont expoſées et vendues à leur profit. Grand nombre de perſonnes ſe font un devoir d'aller viſiter ces expoſitions de publications

de fantaiſie, tirées ſur papier roſe, vert, orné d'arabeſques, &c. et le produit des ventes eſt parfois aſſez conſidérable.

Les quatre vers ſuivants furent écrits ſpontanément, par un patient convaleſcent, au centre d'une couronne de laurier ſuſpendu au mur de la ſalle où ſe donnait une petite fête, dans l'hoſpice, le jour de l'Epiphanie en 1843.

No gloomy cells where ſullen madneſs pines
In ſqualid woe, where no glad ſunlight ſhines,
But here kind ſympathy for fall'n reaſon reigns;
The rule is gentleneſs—not force and galling chains.

Nous avons réuni pluſieurs des pièces, expoſées ſur les étalages du *Hanwell Aſylum*, pour notre collection d'ouvrages écrits par des fous. Nous tranſcrirons ici une ſtrophe d'un ſonnet compoſé par un nommé John Carfrae, et des extraits d'une ode par John P. . . . . qui a rare-

ment des moments lucides, et ſe trouve enfermé depuis longtems.

On remarquera dans cette dernière pièce, des ſignes évidents d'un dérangement d'eſprit.

THE HAPPY EVEN-TIDE.

Sonnet to the Pilgrim of Sorrow.

. . . . . .

When Even-tide, with radiance warm, doth glow,
The ſetting ſun majeſtic meets the ſight—
The weſtern tints tranſcendant glories ſhow,
Foretell a morrow rich in blithe delight.
So may each mournful thought and theme depart;
And pure, bright, heavenly joys henceforth illume your heart!

AN ODE

WRITTEN ON THE TWELFTH-NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

. . . . . .

The New Year has commenced,
And the ſeaſon is mild;

Should our hearts be condenſed,
Like an obſtinate child?

. . . . . .

Sing, ſing to the harp, to the year that is paſt;
To the year now a coming, fill, fill to the brim;
To the miſletoe bough, and the Chriſtmas, the laſt—
May the Chriſtmas forthcoming, fly away half as faſt!
And to him who promulged *Non-Coercion*, to him,
Sing, ſing to the harp, and fill up to the brim.

Dans le journal trimeſtriel édité par Mr. le Docteur Forbes Winſlow,[1] on trouve, entr'autres articles ſur la folie dans ſes rapports avec la littérature, un curieux eſſai "*On the Inſanity of Men of Genius*," dans lequel les lecteurs qui prennent intérêt à notre ſujet, trouverent des rapprochements très curieux.

Les hallucinations et la folie du Taſſe, de Benvenuto Cellini, du

[1] *The Journal of Pſychological Medicine and Mental Pathology.* 10 vol. 8vo. 1848-1858.

peintre Fuſeli, de Cowper, de Swift, de Southey, de White, et de tant d'autres dont les noms ſe preſſent ſous la plume, préſentent une page de l'hiſtoire de l'eſprit humain qui nous feraient preſque convenir, avec Ariſtote, qu'il eſt de l'eſſence d'un bon poète d'être fou, et qui completeraient bien notre eſquiſſe: mais l'eſpace nous manque, et nous nous bornerons pour le moment à parler de ceux dont l'eſprit a jeté un éclat moins brillant et moins durable, et qui, d'après l'expreſſion du poète :—

Like ſunbeam which on billow caſt,
That glances, but it dies.

Le problème pſycologique dont nous raſſemblons ici quelques éléments, peut exercer, pour tout eſprit réflechi, une pénible, quoique ſalutaire influence ſur le ſentiment de fierté et d'orgueil qui fait naître parfois, le pouvoir de l'intelligence. Ce mé-

lange de grandeur et de faibleſſe eſt bien propre à nous donner, ſous un forme pratique, une leçon d'humilité profonde.

Première Section.

Epigraphe.

" Notre eſprit eſt un outil vagabond, dange-
" reux et téméraire ; il eſt malaiſé d'y joindre
" l'ordre et la meſure, c'eſt un outrageux glaive
" à ſon poſſeſſeur meſme, que l'eſprit, à qui ne
" ſait ſ'en armer diſcrètement."—*Eſſais de Montaigne.*

THÉOLOGIE.

LES idées religieuſes, dans leurs aberrations, différent des autres en pluſieurs points eſſentiels. Elles ont pour objets les émotions, les paſſions, et les impulſions inſtinctives de l'âme. Un horiſon ſans borne ſe préſente à l'eſprit religieux, où les conjectures, les eſpérances, et les craintes prennent toutes les formes que l'imagination veut bien lui prêter, dans ſes paroxiſmes. Les réalités de l'exiſtence matérielle diſparaiſſent pour le fanatique, ou fou par religion, non par ſuite d'un raiſonnement, comme dans certains ſyſtèmes philoſophiques, mais parcequ'il croit de ſon devoir de les anéantir dans l'inté-

rêt de ſon âme. Son exiſtence toute entière ſ'abſorbe dans cette penſée, qui non ſeulement exerce une immenſe influence ſur ſa folie, comme *cauſe*, mais encore modifie toutes les phaſes des manifeſtations extérieures de ſon eſprit. Ses conjectures chimériques n'ont aucune limite, et le raiſonnement pourrait nous convaincre, *à priori*, que les doctrines, opinions, et théories théologiques, ne ſont pas la partie la moins curieuſe, ni le moins féconde de l'hiſtoire littéraire de la folie. Ici encore, comme dans les auteurs ſections de notre eſſai, les bizarreries abondent, mais nous ne nous arrêterons pas aux ouvrages où l'exaltation a remplacé le jugement. Ceux où les lois du ſimple ſens commun ſont outrageuſement violées, ſont déjà plus que ſuffiſants pour l'eſpace qui nous eſt accordé.

Ainſi nous paſſons à regret ces élucubrations groteſques d'une dévo-

tion fanatique,—telles, entr'autres que les ouvrages ſinguliers compoſés en l'honneur de la Vierge, dont G. Peignot préparait une bibliographie. Dans *La dévote ſalutation aux membres ſacrés de la glorieuſe Vierge*, par le Rev. Père J. H. Capucin, les oreilles, la bouche, les mamelles, le ventre, les genoux, &c. ne ſont pas oubliés. Dans *Le livre de la toute belle ſans pair, où eſt eſcripte la formoſité ſpirituelle, à la ſimilité de la ſpécioſité corporelle*, petit en 8°, il eſt queſtion " de la méditation du nez de la " Vierge Marie, et des deux narines; " de la modérée groſſeur de ſes lèvres; " comment ſa bouche doit eſtre de " moyenne ouverture; méditation " aux cuiſſes qui ſont force, eſpé- " rance."

Citons encore *La Seringue Spirituelle pour les âmes conſtipées en dévotion; La tabatière ſpirituelle pour faire éternuer les ames dévotes;* ouvrages d'extravagants fort ſérieux,

non par la forme, mais par le but et par le fond. Quantité d'autres de ces drôleries, myſtiques, ſéraphiques, extatiques, ſeraient fort amuſantes, mais revenons à notre ſujet.

Durant le moyen âge, Thomas d'Acquin excita une grande admiration, parmi les théologiens, par ſa doctrine et ſes opinions ſur *la Prédeſtination* et *le Libre Arbitre*, conſidérées comme des chefs d'œuvre de dialectique. Ses ouvrages furent l'objet d'une compoſition des plus bizarres, par un Jéſuite dont l'eſprit ſ'était dérangé depuis pluſieurs années, par ſuite de ſes rudes travaux de miſſionaire dans l'Amérique du Sud. Cet infortuné, nommé Paoletti, qui avait été enfermé depuis cinq ans, lorſqu'il écrivit ſon livre contre Thomas d'Acquin et ſes doctrines, cherchait à prouver que Dieu employait les inſtruments ſymboliques du culte Juif, pour déterminer qui reçevrait ou ne reçevrait pas la fa-

veur divine. Il deſſina un tableau ou diagramme des diverſes manières dont on employait les uſtenſils ſacrés dans le Tabernacle, pour déterminer la condition future des fils d'Adam, relativement à la Prédeſtination. Une gravure accompagne l'ouvrage, dans laquelle Dieu eſt repreſenté, entouré d'anges, et préſidant à la manipulation de ces uſtenſils ſymboliques : la volonté divine et la volonté humaine figurent ſous la forme de deux boules ſe mouvant dans une direction circulaire oppoſée, mais qui cependant finiſſent par ſe rencontrer dans un centre commun. Paoletti écrivit un autre traité durant ſa folie, où il montrait que les Aborigènes de l'Amérique étaient les deſcendants directs du diable et d'une des filles de Noé, conſéquemment qu'ils ſont dans l'impoſſibilité abſolu d'obtenir ni le ſalut, ni le grâce.

Le 16^me^ et le 17^me^ ſiècle ont vu paraître le plus grand nombre peut-

être de grands eſprits que les idées théologiques ont rendu fous. Au premier rang peut ſe placer Guillaume Poſtel.[1] Sa vie fut des plus agitées; tour-à-tour Jéſuite, et renvoyé de l'ordre par St. Ignace, à cauſe de ſes bizarres idées, empriſonné à Rome, durant pluſieurs années, réfugié à Veniſe, accuſé d'héréſie devant l'inquiſition, déclaré innocent, mais fou, il alla pour la ſeconde fois viſiter Conſtantinople et Jéruſalem.

Il mourut, en 1581, au Monaſtère de St. Martin des Champs, laiſſant après lui de nombreux ouvrages, dont une partie eſt conſacrée aux rêveries que l'obſédaient. Il ſ'infatua à Rome d'une vieille fille, que quelques uns traitent de courtiſane, et qu'il appelait ſa *Grand' mère Jeanne*. Il ſoutenait que Jeſus Chriſt n'avait racheté que les hommes ſeuls, et qu'ain-

[1] A conſulter entr'autres, ſur les détails de ſa vie, un ouvrage curieux du P. Deſbillons, ainſi que Sallengre.

ſi les femmes devaient être rachetées, et le ſeraient par la Mère Jeanne.

Un ouvrage en Italien intitulé *La Vergine Veneta*, et un autre en Français,[1] tendaient à prouver cette thèſe. Il prétendait que l'ange Gabriel lui avait révélé divers myſtères, et mêlant à ſa folie, les ſonges de Pythagore, il voulut perſuader qu'en lui était transfuſée l'âme de St. Jean Baptiſte.

Poſtel avait une telle conviction qu'il était divinement inſpiré, que dans ſon ouvrage *De Nativitate Mediatoris* il déclare que l'eſprit même de Jeſus Chriſt en eſt l'auteur, et qu'il n'en était que le copiſte. Il fut condamé à être brulé vif, par arrêt du Parlement de Toulouſe.

[1] Imprimé à Paris ſous ce titre: *Les très merveilleuſes Victoires des femmes du Nouveau Monde, et comme elles doivent à tout le monde par raiſon commander, et même à ceux qui auront la Monarchie du Monde Vieil.*

L'article ſur Poſtel dans les *Mémoires de Littérature* de Sallengre, cite preſque tous les auteurs qui ſe ſont occupés de ce viſionnaire, et leur nombre eſt conſidérable.

Vers la même époque Geoffroy Vallée ſe fit remarquer par une folie de la même nature, et d'autant plus incurable, qu'il ſe montra monomane dès ſa jeuneſſe.

Il avait, dit-on, autant de chemiſes qu'il y a de jour dans l'année, et il les envoyait laver en Flandre, à une ſource fameuſe par la limpidité de ſes eaux.

Jeté au milieu de Paris, dans les excès d'une vie de diſſipation, ſa raiſon commença à ſ'altérer, et ſa famille le mit en curatelle. Il commença alors à compoſer un livre dont le titre ſeul denote la folie de l'auteur, et qui le fit condamner comme athée, quoiqu'en vérité, cela n'en valait guère la peine, car ce n'eſt qu'un

tiſſu de confuſion, d'obſcurité, et de non-ſens.

L'édition de ſon livre fut brulée, avec l'auteur, le 9 Fevrier, 1574, et il n'en exiſte plus qu'un exemplaire unique, celui au moyen duquel on inſtruiſit le procès de Vallée.[1]

Il fut conſtaté au procès même, qu'il ne jouiſſait pas de la plénitude de ſa raiſon, car on l'interrogea en préſence du médecin.

Voici le titre de ſon livre lardé d'anagrammes vraiment barbares:—

La Béatitude des Chrétiens ou le Fléo de la foy, par Geoffroy Vallée, fils de feu Geoffroy Vallée et de Girarde le Berruyer, auſquels noms de père et mère aſſemblez il ſ'y treuve: Lere, geru, vrey fléo de la foy bygarrée, et au nom du filz: va fléo règle foy, aultrement guere la fole foy.

[1] On peut voir de plus amples détails et des extraits de l'ouvrage, dans le *Bulletin du Bibliophile*, dixième ſérie, page 613.

Il parait qu'il fut loin de ſ'amender en mourant, car le Journal de l'Etoile dit que conduit au ſupplice, il criait tout haut que ceux de Paris feſaient mourir leur dieu en terre, mais qu'ils ſ'en repentirait.

Antoine Fuſy ou *Fuſi* a droit à trouver un place dans cette ſection de notre Eſſai, comme docteur en théologie de l'univerſité de Louvain. Il ſe fit recevoir docteur de Sorbonne à Paris, et il prend, dans un de ſes ouvrages, les titres de Protonotaire apoſtolique, de prédicateur et confeſſeur de la maiſon du Roi.

Il ſerait difficile de trouver un galimatias plus extravagant et plus inintelligible que ſon pamphlet publié en 1609 contre le marguillier Vivian, qui le fit condamner à un empriſonnement de cinq ans. Son *Maſtigophore ou précurſeur du Zodiaque* eſt une défenſe de la découverte phyſico-médicale, qu'il croyait avoir faite, que

le ſang menſtruel des femmes avait la propriété d'éteindre le feu. Toutes les langues, vivantes ou mortes, tous les patois français, tous les argots populaires ſervent à exprimer la colère de l'auteur contre Nicolas Vivian, que Fuſy nomme par anagramme *Juvien Solanic*. Le marquis du Roure, dans ſon *Analectabiblion*, donne pluſieurs extraits de cette diatribe, où brille ſouvent, dit-il, de la verve, une gaîté mordante et une imagination ſatanique. *Le Franc Archer de la Vrai Egliſe, contre les abus et énormités de la fauſſe*, Paris, 1619, n'eſt pas moins bizarre de ſtyle, que l'ouvrage précédent. C'eſt une violente ſatyre contre l'égliſe Romaine.

Fuſi ſe réfugia à Genève, au ſortir de priſon, renonça à la religion catholique et embraſſa le Calviniſme. Il eſt impoſſible de ne pas reconnaître un cerveau tout-à-fait dérangé dans ſes ouvrages.

Autant Fuſi avait d'inſtruction et de connaiſſances, autant *Simon Morin* qui fut brulé, en place de Grève, le 14 Mars, 1663, était ignorant et ſans lettres. Les erreurs des illuminés qui régnaient alors à Paris, enflammèrent ſon imagination.

Il voulut être chef de ſecte, et ſe mit à prêcher ſa doctrine, qu'il publia en 1647, ſous le titre de *Penſées de Morin, dédiées au Roi.*

Ce n'eſt qu'un tiſſu de rêveries, d'ignorances et d'erreurs, condamnées depuis dans les Quiétiſtes.

Le parlement le fit arrêter et le condamna à être envoyé aux Petites maiſons pour le reſte de ſes jours; jugement auſſi équitable que profondément ſage, auquel Morin aurait bien fait de s'en tenir.

Il y échappa par une abjuration; mais convaincu d'un prétendu ſecond règne du fils de l'homme, il compoſa, en 1661, un écrit intitulé *Té-*

moignage du ſecond avènement du fils de l'homme, où il aſſurait que ce n'était autre que lui-même.[1]

Conduit au Châtelet, où lui fit ſon procès, où l'on voit qu'en commençant par l'eſprit avec les filles et les femmes qu'il ſéduiſait, il allait enſuite beaucoup plus loin.

Il fut condamné, en 1662, à être brulé vif, avec ſes livres; et ſes cendres jetées au vent.

La Préſident de Lamoignon lui ayant demandé ſ'il était écrit quelque part que le nouveau Meſſie paſſerait par le feu, Morin répondit qu'oui, et que c'était de lui que le

[1] Au catalogue de Nodier de 1829, N° 66, on fait mention d'un ouvrage ayant pour titre: *Avertiſſement véritable et aſſuré au nom de Dieu*, 1827, in 32° dans lequel un autre illuminé ſe dit auſſi *Le fils de l'homme*, et promet de reſſuſciter au bout de trois jours, après ſ'être fait jeter dans l'eau à Marſeille, attaché avec des chaines de fer, á une groſſe pierre. Ce livre eſt un exemplaire unique, ſur papier de chine.

Prophète a voulu parler au verſet 4 du XVI^e^ Pſeaume, où il eſt dit: "*igne "me examinaſti, et non eſt inventa in "me iniquitas.*"

Il avait promit de reſſuſciter le troiſième jour, et une multitude de ſots ſ'aſſemblèrent, pour voir ce miracle, à l'endroit où il fut brulé.

Morin, dit quelque part Michelet, eſt un homme du moyen âge, égaré dans le 17^me^ ſiècle. Ses *Penſées* contiennent beaucoup de choſes originales et éloquentes; il ſ'y trouve entr'autre, ce beau vers:—

"Tu ſais bien que l'amour change en lui ce qu'il aime."

François Doſche ſe rendit parfaitement digne d'être l'un des adhérents de Morin, par le déſordre de ſes idées et l'extravagance de ſon ſtyle. Le titre ſuivant d'un de ſes opuſcules ſuffit pour juger et de l'un et de l'autre:—

"Abrégé de l'arſenal de la foy, qui

" eſt contenu en ceſte copie, de la " concluſion d'une lettre d'un ſecre- " taire de Sainct Innocent, par luy " eſcrite à ſa ſœur, ſur la detraction " de la foy d'autruy, lequel n'ayant " de quoy la faire imprimer toute " entière, il a commencé par la fin, à " la mettre en lumière, eſtant en peine " d'enfanter la vérité de Dieu en luy, " comme une femme enceinte, de " mettre ſon enfant au monde."

Les querelles religieuſes, et les diſcuſſions théologiques, qui agitèrent le 17^me^ ſiècle, amenèrent en Allemagne et en Angleterre, les mêmes réſultats qu'en France.

John Maſon eſt un des exemples les plus frappants de la folie religieuſe, par ſa conviction inaltérable, juſqu'à la mort, et ſon enthouſiaſme calme et grave.

Les myſtères de la théologie de Calvin et du *Millenium*, avaient égaré ſa raiſon.

Il était perſuadé et avait perſuadé à une maſſe de perſonnes, qu'il avait miſſion de proclamer le règne viſible du Chriſt, qui devait établir ſon trône temporel à Water-ſtratford près de Buckingham.

Il parlait bien et ſenſément ſur tout, excepté ſur ce qui avait rapport à ſes extravagantes idées religieuſes. Auſſitôt qu'il ſ'agiſſait de Religion révélée, il devenait immédiatement fou. Il mourut, en 1695, dans la perſuaſion ferme et arrêtée qu'il avait reçu peu auparavant, la viſite du Sauveur du monde, et qu'il était réellement prédeſtiné à une miſſion divine.

Sa vie et ſon caractère ont été décrits par H. Maurice, recteur de Tyringham, dans un pamphlet en 4°. publié l'année même de ſa mort.

Jean P. Parizot égala, ſ'il ne ſurpaſſa point, l'extravagance du précédent. La monomanie de ce fou théologue conſiſtait à voir clairement

annoncé dans la Génèſe et dans l'évangile de Saint Jean, que les trois éléments de la Trinité ſe trouvaient dans la nature. Le ſel, générateur des choſes, répond à Dieu le père, le mercure, dans ſon extrême fluidité, repréſente Dieu le fils, répandu dans tout l'univers, et le ſouffre par ſa propriété de joindre et d'unir le ſel au mercure, figure le Saint Eſprit.

Les divagations inintelligibles de Parizot, ſous la titre de *La Foy dévoilée par la Raiſon, dans la connaiſſance de Dieu, de ſes myſtères et de la nature*, fut dédié d'abord à Dieu, puis au Roi, et ſoumis au Pape, avant l'impreſſion. Le ſaint Père fit répondre que la cour de Rome avait lu ſon livre avec plaiſir, qu'il était plein d'eſprit et digne de louanges.

La deſſus le malheureux fait imprimer ſon travail, qui eſt condamné comme impie, et brulé, ce qu'il méritait bien d'ailleurs, non à cauſe de

ſon impiété, mais à cauſe des folies qui y ſont débitées.

Il eſt probable que Peignot en parle ſans l'avoir lu, puiſqu'il avance, dans ſon *dictionnaire des livres condamnés au feu*, qu'on connait peu d'ouvrages auſſi *licencieux*. Ceci eſt plus qu'une exagération, ſi ce mot eſt pris dans l'acception commune, et nous ne lui en connaiſſons point d'autre.

Il ne ſerait pas difficile de citer un bon nombre d'autres écrivains, dont la théologie renverſa la raiſon, antérieurement à notre ſiècle, mais ceux que nous avons cités ſuffiront pour cette première ſection, que nous terminerons par un exemple ou deux pris dans notre époque.

On a de la peine à ſe perſuader, en liſant les pamphlets de J. A. Soubira, qu'il appartienne au 19^me^ ſiècle. Ce fou fanatique ſ'intitulait : *Apôtre d'Iſrael, Meſſie de l'univers, Poète d'Iſrael, Lion de Jacob*, &c. &c.

Les titres ſeuls de ſes nombreuſes publications que donnent, *La France Littéraire*, et *La Littérature Françaiſe Contemporaine*, ſont une preuve ſuffiſance de la folie de ce malheureux, par leur incroyable extravagance. En voici quelques échantillons : *Le ſecond Meſſie, à Tout l'univers* (1818, en 8°.) ; *Avis à toutes les puiſſances de la terre* (1822, en 8°.) ; *La fin du monde prédite par Soubira, ſon époque fixe, celle de la venue du Meſſie d'Iſrael, et du premier jour de l'âge d'or, ou du nouveau Paradis Terreſtre* (en 8°.) ; *Le Juif errant à ſes banquiers*, en 8° de deux pages ; *Le Meſſie va paraître*, en 8°. de 4 pages ; *A tous les habitans du globe terreſtre*, en 8°. de 4 pages ; *Gog et Magog*, en 8°. de 4 pages ; *L'Eternité du globe terreſtre*, en 8°. de 4 pages, &c. &c. ; " 666," (1824, en 8°.) Soubira avait trouvé une puiſſance extraordinaire dans ce nombre.

Il publia en 1828, en 8°. un autre pamphlet avec ce ſeul titre : "666."[1]

Le premier ſe compoſe de neuf quatrains, précédés de plus de deux cent pages de proſe, où l'auteur donne une clef de ſon alphabet numérique; le ſecond a dix-huit couplets ou ſtances de cinq vers; le nombre 666 eſt mis à la fin de chaque vers de chaque couplet. Voici la premier couplet, et tous ſont de la même abſurdité :—

[1] Par une coincidence aſſez ſingulière, on réimprima en Angleterre, en la même année et à la même époque, les idées ſaugrenues d'un nommé Francis Potter, ſous le titre de : "An "interpretation of the Number 666, wherein "is ſhown that this number is an exquiſite and "perfect character, truly, exactly, and eſſen- "tially deſcribing that ſtate of government to "which all other notes of Antichriſt do agree."

L'auteur conſacre 29 chapitres à prouver ſa thèſe, et commençe le dernier en diſant : "*All "objections are anſwered, and all difficulties "cleared, even to ſuch who have no knowledge in "arithmetic.*" Nous croyons le livre aſſez rare.

" Les banquiers de la France . 666
Des organiſtes de la foi . . 666
Et des concerts de la cadence 666
Vont accomplir la loi . . . 666
Et contreminer l'alliance . . 666."

Peut-être qu'un jour tous ces pamphlets ſeront auſſi difficiles à trouver réunis, que les écrits de Bluet d'Arbères, avec lequel Soubira a une certaine reſſemblance.

En 1840, un reſpectable Négociant de Mennetout ſur Cher, nommé Cheneau, perſuadé qu'il avait une miſſion divine de réformer toutes les religions, ſe mit à publier des pamphlets fort bizarres.

" Les Auguſtin (dit Saint Au-
" guſtin), les Boſſuet, et autres hautes
" intelligences," dit-il, " ont cultivé
" l'erreur, le fanatiſme, et les pré-
" jugés, la preuve c'eſt qu'ils ont re-
" connu une autorité humaine au
" deſſus de leur intelligence," &c.

Il publie d'abord des *Etrennes de vie*, puis des *Inſtructions pour avoir*

des enfants ſains d'eſprit et de corps, et auſſi parfaits qu'on peut l'être.

Enfin, avant de lancer dans le monde ce qu'il appelle " les nouvelle " baſe religieuſe et ſon mode d'or- " ganiſation, où tous reconnaîtront " la puiſſance divine," il publie en brochure, et fait afficher ſur les murs de Paris, une proteſtation contre tous les oppreſſeurs, ſous le titre de, *La volonté de Jehovah en Jeſus le Chriſt, ſeul Dieu, manifeſtée par ſon ſerviteur Cheneau, Négociant.*

On y lit, " J'ai dit à l'Eternel, moi " ſon ſerviteur : Je préfère la malé- " diction des hommes à leurs béné- " dictions. Alors l'Eternel me dit : " Marche avec la force que tu as, " parle à tous les peuples de la terre " . . . . Tous ceux qui ſe ſont dits " paſteurs et les repréſentants de " Dieu, n'importe leur baſe religi- " euſe, n'ont point été reconnus par " Dieu, ni les uns, ni les autres . . .

" Jean Baptiſte prêcha dans le dé-
" ſert, mais Moi je ſème dans la
" bonne terre, c'eſt l'ordre que j'ai
" reçu . . . . .

" Je ne viens pas parler ſans rai-
" ſonnement à tous les peuples de la
" terre. J'en appelle à témoins la
" voix des journaux ; *La Gazette de*
" *France* du 27 ; *La Quotidienne* du
" 28 Janvier dernier ; *Le Conſtitu-*
" *tionel* du 8 ; *Le Siècle* du 11, et *le*
" *Courrier Français* du 27 fevrier
" dernier, &c. voir leurs réflexions.
" Alors vous verrez que tous ont
" reconnu l'utilité et la néceſſité de
" propager la nouvelle baſe religi-
" euſe, que j'ai démontrée dans un
" opuſcule intitulée : Inſtructions
" pour avoir des enfants ſains d'eſ-
" prit et de corps."

Pauvre Cheneau !

Deuxième Section.

Epigraphe.

" Fellow, thy words are madneſs."

. . . . . .

" No, Madam, I do but read madneſs."

SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night.*

" . . . . He raves; his words are looſe
As heaps of ſand, and ſcatter'd wide from ſenſe;
So high he's mounted on his airy throne,
That now the wind has got into his head,
And turns his brains to frenzy."—DRYDEN.

POÈTES ET PROSATEURS.

ICI les écarts de l'eſprit humain ne font qu'effleurer les objets. L'imagination ne les touche que d'un main légère. Les figures, les tropes, et les analogies bizarres ſont les inſtruments dont elle ſe ſert. Elle galope et bondit comme un cheval ſans frein, ou pirouette ſur elle-même comme une toupie, qui parait d'autant plus immobile, que ſon mouvement eſt plus rapide.

Les ſpéculations de longue haleine font rarement partie de ces ſortes d'aberrations mentales. L'eſprit ſ'occupe d'avantage du mode et de la forme d'expreſſion des idées, que de

la nature abſtraite et de la valeur de ces idées elles-mêmes. La ſurface des choſes eſt tout ce qu'il peut ſaiſir. Les émotions qu'éveille cette ſorte de folie ſont d'une nature générale, et ſont produites par une très grande variété d'objets. Auſſi les forces intelligentes de l'individu étant moins concentrées que dans les fous qui ſ'occupent d'idées philoſophiques ou théologiques, l'épuiſement eſt beaucoup moins grand.

Le premier, dans l'ordre de date, qui ſe préſente dans cette ſection, eſt un profeſſeur de l'univerſité de Salamanque, nommé *de Arcilla*, né au milieu du ſeizième ſiècle.

Il avait déjà donné ſon cours d'hiſtoire pendant deux ou trois ans, lorſqu'il tomba dans une profonde mélancolie, qui ſe termina bientôt en folie déclarée. Comme il était docile et doux, ſes amis en prirent ſoin. Il employait tout ſon temps à écrire

de nombreux eſſais qu'il intitulait: *Programme d'hiſtoire univerſelle.*

Son idée fixe était que les annales telles que nous les avons, des Egyptiens, des Juifs, des Grecs, et des Romains, avaient été compoſées par des fanatiques et des inſenſés, et que les hommes avaient exiſté de toute éternité. Dans l'eſpoir d'amener quelque calme dans ſon eſprit malade, ſes amis conſentirent à publier un ouvrage, renfermant le réſumé de ſes idées abſurdes. Ce livre porte le titre de: *Divinas Flores Hiſtoricas.*

Un exemplaire ſ'en trouve dans la Bibliothèque Royale de Madrid.

Shakeſpeare a dit que l'aliéné, l'amoureux, et le poète

Are of imagination all compact.

C'eſt en Angleterre que nous trouvons la preuve vivante de cette expreſſion poëtique du dramatiſte anglais, dans la perſonne de *Natha-*

niel Lee, né à la fin du dix-ſeptième ſiècle.

Les compoſitions de Lee ont été louées par Addiſon; ſes vers ſur la paſſion de l'amour, prouve qu'il la comprenait, comme un eſprit dérangé, et ſes actes nous le montre dans un ſi conſtant état de folie, qu'un ſoir qu'il compoſait un de ſes drames, dans ſa cellule à Bedlam, un nuage venant à paſſer ſur la lune qui l'éclairait pour écrire, il ſ'écria ſoudain: Jupiter, mouche la lune! *Jove, ſnuff the moon!*

Dryden, dans une lettre à Dennis, raconte que Lee répondit à un mauvais poète qui lui diſait qu'il était facile d'écrire comme un fou: comme un ſot, oui, mais comme un fou, non, *It is very difficult to write like a madman, but it is very eaſy to write like a fool.*

Il compoſa treize tragédies. Lorſqu'on dut l'enfermer, jeune encore,

à Bedlam, il continua à écrire dans un ſtyle des plus ampoulés, mais on rencontre aſſez ſouvent dans ſes écrits des paſſages qui témoignent d'une imagination puiſſante. Malgré ces éclairs de génie, on ne peut ſ'empêcher en le liſant, de ſourire à la deſcription de ſes caractères impoſſibles, de ſes ſentiments extravagants, et de ſes héros en dehors de toute vérité. Il mourut à 34 ans.

Si nous avons aſſez généralement l'idée qu'il y a de certains rapports entre la folie et les élucubrations des poètes, nous ne nous figurons guère l'auteur d'un livre d'érudition, devenir fou par amour.

Ce fut le ſort d'*Alexandre Cruden* qui perdit la raiſon à la ſuite d'une paſſion malheureuſe pour la fille d'un eccléſiaſtique de la ville d'Aberdeen en Ecoſſe.

Il n'avait guère que vingt ans, et ne recouvra jamais complètement l'eſprit. Après avoir été enfermé deux

fois, il quitta l'Ecoſſe, et vint à Londres où ſon aſſiduité au travail et ſa connaiſſance des langues, lui procurèrent la place de correcteur d'imprimerie. En outre, il fut nommé, en 1735, par Sir Robert Walpole, Libraire de la Reine Caroline, épouſe de George II. Ce fut deux ans après, qu'il publia la première édition de ſa *Concordance de la Bible*, dédiée à la Reine, ſa protectrice. Malheureuſement ſeize jours ſ'étaient à peine écoulés, qu'elle mourut, et Cruden ayant embarqué preſque tout ſon avoir dans ſa publication, bien aſſuré d'en être récompenſé, retomba dans ſa folie et fut enfermé à Bethnal-Green. Au bout de deux ou trois mois, il parvint à ſ'échapper de l'hoſpice, et comme ſa folie était d'une nature aſſez paiſible, il reprit, ſans empêchement, ſes fonctions de correcteur d'imprimerie. Cette occupation fit naître chez lui l'idée qu'il était deſtiné à corriger la morale

et les mœurs de la nation, et il demanda à être nommé officiellement *Correcteur du peuple*, par le Parlement. En même temps il réclamait auprès du Roi, ſon admiſſion au rang de chevalier. Il donne lui-même une deſcription amuſante de ſes entrevues avec les chambellans, les ſecrétaires d'Etat et autres hauts perſonages.

On reſpectait, malgré ſa folie, ſes connaiſſances étendues, et comme il était fort connu, on ne le rudoyait jamais: " Je me plains ſeulement," dit-il, " que l'on ne fait pas attention " à moi, excepté un Lord qui avait " la goutte dans les pieds, et qui ne " put m'échapper, comme les autres " avaient coutûme de faire."

Cruden eſt peut-être le ſeul exemple d'un homme dont les facultés mentales ſont évidemment dérangées, qui en donne des preuves journalières, et qui continue néanmoins une entrepriſe exigeant les plus vaſtes re-

cherches, la patience la plus obſtinée, et parvient à la mener à bonne fin.

Un contraſte frappant ſe rencontre, chez *Chriſtophe Smart*, compatriote de Cruden, et qui développa une puiſſance poëtique remarquable au milieu de ſa déraiſon. Ayant reçu une éducation brillante à Cambridge, il fut couronné durant cinq années de ſuite, pour la compoſition du meilleur poème.

Atteint, en 1754, d'une folie qui ne permettait pas même de lui laiſſer la liberté, et non ſeulement enfermé dans une maiſon d'aliénés, mais privé dans ſa cellule de papier, de plume, et d'encre, il compoſa un poème de près de cent ſtrophes, à la Gloire du Roi-prophète David. Quelques unes ont le cachet d'un véritable poète. Ces vers, tracés, à l'aide d'une clef, ſur les panneaux de bois de ſa chambre, doivent faire douter qu'il fut réellement fou, lorſqu'il les compoſa.

Les penſées et le langage ſont nobles et dignes, dans les ſtrophes qui ſuivent :—

He ſang of God—the mighty ſource
Of all things—the ſtupendous force
  On which all ſtrength depends ;
From whoſe right arm, beneath whoſe eyes
All period, power, and enterpriſe
  Commences, reigns, and ends.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,
And drops upon the leafy limes ;
  Sweet Hermon's fragrant air ;
Sweet is the lily's ſilver bell,
And ſweet the wakeful taper's ſmell
  That watch for early prayer.

Sweeter in all the ſtrains of love,
The language of the turtle-dove,
  Pair'd to thy ſwelling chord ;
Sweeter, with every grace endued,
The glory of thy gratitude
  Reſpired unto the Lord.

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eye-ball—like a baſtion's mole
  His cheſt againſt his foes,
Strong the gyre-eagle on his ſail,
Strong againſt tide, the enormous whale
  Emerges, as he goes.

But ſtronger ſtill, in earth and air,
And in the ſea, the man of prayer,
And far beneath the tide,
And in the ſeat to faith aſſign'd
Where aſk is have, and ſeek is find,
Where knock is open wide.

Glorious the ſun in mid career;
Glorious the aſſembled fires appear;
Glorious the Comet's train;
Glorious the trumpet and alarm,
Glorious the Almighty's ſtretch'd-out arm;
Glorious the enraptured main.

Glorious—more glorious is the crown
Of Him that brought ſalvation down
By meekneſs, call'd thy Son;
Thou that ſtupendous truth believed,
And now the matchleſs deed's achieved,
Determined, dared, and done.

M. le Chevalier de Chatelain, traducteur de Chaucer et de Gay, en vers français, ſe propoſe de publier la traduction complète de ce poème de Smart, difficile à trouver, parcequ'il ne fait pas partie des œuvres du poète. Nous donnerons quelques unes des ſtrophes traduites,

en y feſant de légers changements, afin de ſerrer le texte de plus près.

. . . . . .

Il chanta Dieu d'abord,—Dieu, la fin et la cauſe,
Le pouvoir immuable, impoſant, grandioſe
Eternel et toujours divers,
Dont le bras nous ſoutient, dont l'œil perçant nous guide
Qui par ſa volonté, d'un mot, peuple le vide
Et règne ſur l'univers.

Sur les épais tilleuls, ah ! douce eſt la roſée
Qui tombe le matin, et fraîche et tamiſée !
Doux eſt l'air parfumé d'Hermon !
Doux à l'œil eſt du Lys le beau calice vierge !
Et doux pour la prière eſt la parfum du cierge
De la matinale oraiſon.

Fort eſt le fier lion, ſa prunelle eſt ardente
Et comme un baſtion ſa poitrine puiſſante
Tient à diſtance l'ennemi ;
Fort le vautour cruel planant deſſus la plaine ;
Et forte dans la mer eſt l'énorme baleine,
Réveillant le flot endormi.

Mais bien plus fort encore que les forts de la terre,
De l'air et de la mer, eſt l'homme de prière,
Sa force eſt ſon eſpoir en Dieu !

La foi, c'eſt un tréſor qui toujours lui procure
Les délices ſans fin, promis à l'âme pure,
A ſon retour vers le ciel bleu.

Smart mourut en 1770. Il traduiſit les pſaumes, Phèdre, et Horace en proſe. Ses poèmes furent publiés en 1791. Garrick et Johnſon l'honorèrent de leur amitié, et ce dernier écrivit ſa biographie. *Tantum eſt in rebus inane!*

Peut-être que ſi Smart, malgré ſes accès de folie, eut été laiſſé en liberté, comme *Edme Billard*, dont le public Pariſien ſ'amuſait à peu près à la même époque, et dont nous dirons quelques mots, peut-être, qu'il ſerait mort auſſi tranquillement.

Edme Billard ſe croyait un génie incompris. Un jour, il ſe lève à l'orcheſtre du Théâtre Français, apoſtrophe le parterre, en leur racontant ſes griefs contre les Comédiens, les ſupplia de faire jouer de force ſa comédie du *Suborneur*, et fut conduit

à Charenton. On a de lui quatre pièces : *Le joyeux moribond*, Genève, 1779 ; *Voltaire apprécié*, ſans date ; *Le Pleureur malgré lui*, ſans date ; *Le Suborneur*, en cinq actes, Amſterdam et Paris, 1782.

La ſeconde et la troiſième de ces pièces ne ſont pas indiquées par Quérard. Dans le *Pleureur malgré lui*, les perſonages ſont M^r^. Parterre, M^me^. Loge, et M^r^. Balcon.

Quoiqu'évidemment ſorties d'un cerveau malade, ces pièces ne manquent pas d'une certaine gaité, qui nous empêche de compatir auſſi vivement à cette ſorte de folie, qu'à celle de l'infortuné dont nous allons nous occuper.

Thomas Lloyd ſe perſuadait qu'il était le plus ſublime poète qui eut exiſté. Les annales d'aucune maiſon d'aliénés ne préſentent peut-être un mêlange plus hétérogène que celui-ci de malice, d'orgueil, de talent, de

menſonge, de vils défauts, et de grandes qualités.[1]

Dès qu'il pouvait ſe procurer un morceau de papier, il ſe mettait à compoſer des vers. Mais comme généralement ils ne lui plaiſaient pas, il les jettait dans ſa boiſſon, pour les nettoyer, diſait-il. Tout ce qu'il a mis dans ſes pochers, ou tout ce qu'il trouve ſous la main, ſa manie eſt de le mêler ainſi à ce qu'on lui donne à manger et à boire: petits cailloux, tabac, morceaux de cuir, os, charbons, ſont jetés dans ſon pottage, et cela d'après un procédé ſcientifique, à ce qu'il prétend. Le cuir le clarifie, les cailloux le purifie, le charbon le minéraliſe; telle choſe y ajoute un acide agréable, telle autre, un alkali utile, et ainſi de ſuite. Si

[1] Dans les *Sketches in Bedlam, or Characteriſtic Traits of Inſanity.* London, Sherwood, 1823, en 8°. pp. 30 et ſuiv. on trouve des détails ſur les uns et les autres.

l'on n'y prend pas garde, il avale le tout, avec le gôut d'un Apicius.

Il proclamait en toute occaſion qu'il avait une connaiſſance univerſelle des langues anciennes et modernes, que les ſciences, l'hiſtoire, la muſique, lui étaient très familiers.

Pluſieurs fois on le remit en liberté, mais toujours on fut obligé de l'enfermer de nouveau, après un peu de temps. Succeſſivement il fut logé dans diverſes maiſons d'aliénés de Londres et des environs, et vécut au-delà de ſoixante ans. Voici un ſpécimen de ſon talent poëtique, qui était parfois réellement remarquable; mais excepté la pièce dont nous citons un extrait, il eſt très douteux que rien ait été conſervé.

. . . . . .

When diſappointment gnaws the bleeding
hearts;
And mad reſentment hurls her venom'd darts;

When angry noiſe, diſguſt, and uproar rude,
Damnation urge and every hope exclude;
Theſe, dreadful though they are, can't quite
repel
The aſpiring mind, that bids the man excel.

. . . . . .

To brighter manſions let us hope to paſs,
And all our pains and torments end. Alas!
That fearful bourne, we ſeldom wiſh to try,
We hate to live, and ſtill we fear to die.

. . . . . .

Pro bono publico, I write what is true,
Nor care what others think, or ſay, or do.
Three-ſcore long years' experience have I had,
Through thick and thin, and ſtill I am not dead.

. . . . . .

Shut up in dreary gloom, like convicts are,
In company of murd'rers! Oh! wretched fate!
If pity e'er extended through the frame,
Or ſympathy's ſweet cordial touch'd the heart,
Pity the wretched maniac, who knows no blame,
Abſorbed in ſorrow, where darkneſs, poverty,
and every curſe impart.

Methinks that ſtill I ſee a brighter ray,
That bids me live, to ſee a happier day,
And when my ſorrows, and my grief-worn
ſpirit flies,

My Maker tells me—fear not, Lloyd,—it
never dies.
This cheering hope has long ſupported me,
I live in hope much happier days to ſee. . . . .

Ces vers furent écrits vers 1817. On y trouve un ſentiment de mélancolie, qui pourrait faire douter, comme dans le cas du poète Chriſtophe Smart, ſi l'intelligence qui rencontre de pareilles expreſſions pour ſes penſées, peut-être abſolument dérangée. L'un et l'autre néanmoins ſont morts dans un état complet de folie, après une longue détention.

M^r. Forgues[1] nous a donné la deſcription d'une viſite à Bicêtre, où il ſ'eſt occupé des fous littéraires. Les faits qu'il rapporte font regretter qu'il n'ait pas jugé à propos de ſaiſir cette occaſion pour développer davantage ce ſujet. Il cite un certain *Pentecôte* dont la chimère favorite

[1] *Revue de Paris*, 3^me^. ſérie, tomes 25 et 26, année 1841.

conſiſtait en ce qu'il ſe croyait l'inventeur d'un ſyſtème infaillible pour ſ'emparer d'Abd-el-Kader. Il exiſte pluſieurs de ſes lettres adreſſées au Roi, où il revendique avec acharnement la qualité *d'homme de lettres*. " J'ai pluſieurs ouvrages littéraires à " terminer," écrit-il à Mr. Deleſſert. " J'ai fait en littérature de fort " beaux ouvrages," dit-il, " dans une " requête à l'adminiſtration des hoſ- " pices."

Il adreſſa une lettre à un des aliénés qui avait voulu ſe donner la mort. Sans être un modèle d'eloquence, elle ne manque ni de ſuite ni d'onction.

Mr. Forgues cite encore des vers anonymes, et des titres de compoſitions tels que : *Ma Néméſis*—*Le Fou*, —*Souvenirs de jeuneſſe*, &c. Dans le morceau intitulé *le Fou*, on trouve cette apoſtrophe originale :—

Malheureux conducteur de ta machine uſée.

Il fait ailleurs alluſion à une tentative de ſuicide qui fut déjouée, à ce qu'il ſemble : " Mon Dieu !" ajoute-t-il,

Mon Dieu vous m'avez vu chaque jour vous prier
De terminer la vie que je n'ai pu m'ôter !
Ami, qui m'empêchas, viens donc me conſoler !

Ce dernier vers ſemble émaner d'un vrai ſentiment poëtique.

Un des plus féconds romanciers de l'Allemagne, *Johan Carl Wezel*, né en 1747, après une vie laborieuſe, tomba à 39 ans dans un état complet d'aberration mentale. D'abord il eut l'idée de fonder une maiſon de banque, pour laquelle il fabriquerait lui-même les billets. Il fuyait toute ſociété, laiſſa croître ſes cheveux et ſes ongles, et malgré les ſoins du docteur Hahnemann, ſa folie devint chronique. Il paſſa le reſte de ſes jours à Sonderſhauſen, lieu de ſa naiſ-

ſance, juſqu'en 1819, époque de ſa mort.

De temps à autre quelques éclairs de raiſon ſe laiſſaient appercevoir, mais toute idée poëtique l'avait abandonné, et en écrivant il ſe croyait être dieu. On lui permit même d'imprimer quelques unes de ſes élucubrations ſous le titre de *Opera Dei Wezelii W. S. des Gottes.*

On a fait en Amérique une attention particulière aux phenomènes intellectuels que préſente la folie. Dans pluſieurs des journaux de ce pays ont paru, de temps à autre, des articles intéreſſants ſur cette matière. Les bornes dans leſquelles nous devons nous renfermer, ne nous permettent pas d'entrer dans des détails qui ſeuls rempliraient un demi volume, mais nous citerons l'hiſtoire d'un nommé *Milman*, qui, naguère excita ſingulièrement l'attention dans l'état de Penſylvanie, et fut répétée

par un grand nombre de journaux. Milman était un avocat d'une fortune indépendante. Le jour où allait ſe célèbrer ſon marriage, et tandis que la fiancée ſe parait pour aller à l'autel, un violent orage éclata, et elle fut frappée par la foudre, au milieu de ſon appartement.

La nouvelle de ce malheur fut portée, avec tous les ménagements poſſibles, à l'infortuné Milman, dont l'imagination éprouva néanmoins une telle commotion, qu'il tomba évanoui. Lorſqu'il revint à lui, il éclata d'un rire inſenſé, et l'on vit, avec horreur, qu'il avait complètement perdu la raiſon.

Comme ſa démence lui laiſſait de longs intervalles d'apparente tranquillité, on eſpéra le guérir, mais ſon eſprit reſta égaré juſqu'à ſa mort, et l'on fut obligé de l'enfermer dans une maiſon de ſûreté. Ses parens étaient riches, et ſa folie, d'une na-

ture aſſez paiſible pour permettre que de temps à autre on lui fit faire des excurſions à la campagne, pour ſa ſanté : on le menait quelquefois pour deux ou trois jours de ſuite, ſur les bords pittoreſque de l'Hudſon. Delà il écrivait des lettres à ſes amis, dans ſes moments lucides ; mais jamais on ne pouvait le laiſſer ſeul trois heures de ſuite, ſans craindre de le voir retomber dans un accès de démence, ou dans un état de proſtration ſtupide. Voici deux morceaux écrits durant ces intervalles,[1] l'un eſt la deſcription des diſpoſitions où il faut être, pour jouir du loiſir de la campagne, l'autre la deſcription d'un cheval échappé, que l'on finit par reprendre.

" Nobody has any buſineſs to ex-
" pect ſatisfaction in a pure country

[1] Réunis, avec beaucoup d'autres dans : *Records of Pennſylvania ; Philadelphia*, 1802, et réimprimés dans un des journaux de cette ville, en 1840.

" life for two months, unleſs they
" have a decided genius for *leiſure*.
" If a man expects to live in a
" country, of courſe he muſt have
" ſomething to do, and do it all the
" while. But to gather up yourſelf,
" and ſit down in a plain country
" houſe, without bears and lions
" about it, without anything to do,
" but to reſt; with no marvels or
" phenomena, but only the good,
" real, common country;—if you
" mean to be happy in this, I repeat
" you ſhould have the element of
" *leiſure* very full and powerful
" within you. You cannot be happy
" if you are in a hurry. You muſt
" not be in a hurry to get up or ſit
" down; you muſt not be in a hurry
" to get up in the morning, or to
" retire at night; you muſt regard
" it quite the ſame whether you
" look at a tree ten minutes or thirty;
" if you walk out, never muſt you

" look at your watch; go till your
" return; if you ſit down upon a
" breezy fence or wall, it ſhould be
" a matter of indifference to you,
" whether it be four o'clock, or five,
" or ſix. There can be no greater
" impertinence than to ſay, 'It is
" time to go!' There is no ſuch
" thing as time, to a man in a ſum-
" mer vacation.

* * * * *

" Yet amid the tranquil, dream-
" ing, gazing life, one cannot al-
" ways be quite as ſerene as one
" would. For example, this morn-
" ing, while the dew was yet on the
" graſs, word came in that *Charley*
" *had got away*. Now Charley is
" the moſt important member of the
" family, and as ſhrewd a horſe as
" ever need be. Lately he had found
" out the difference between being
" harneſſed by a boy and a man.
" Accordingly, on ſeveral occaſions,

" as ſoon as the halter dropped from
" his head, and before the bridle
" could take its place, he proceeded
" to back boldly out of the ſtable,
" in ſpite of the ſtout boy pulling
" with all his might at his mane
" and ears. This particular morn-
" ing we were to put a paſſenger
" friend on board the cars at 8.10;
" it was now 7.30. Out popped
" Charley from his ſtall like a cork
" from a bottle, and lo! ſome fifty
" acres there were in which to ex-
" erciſe his legs and ours, to ſay no-
" thing of temper and ingenuity.
" Firſt, the lady, with a meaſure of
" oats, attempted to do the thing,
" by bribing him genteelly. Not
" he! he had no objection to the
" oats, none to the hand, until it
" came near his head, then off he
" ſprang. After one or two trials,
" we dropped the oats, and went at
" it in good earneſt—called all the

" boys, headed him off this way, ran
" him out of the growing oats,
" drove him into the upper lot, and
" out of it again. We got him into
" a corner with great pains, and he
" got himſelf out of it without the
" leaſt trouble. He would daſh
" through a line of ſix or eight
" whooping boys, with as little re-
" ſiſtance as if they had been as
" many moſquitoes! down he ran
" to the lower ſide of the lot, and
" down we all walked after him.
" Up he ran to the upper end of
" the lot, and up we all walked after
" him—too tired to run. Oh! it
" was glorious fun! the ſun was hot.
" The cars were coming, and we
" had two miles to ride to the de-
" pôt! He did enjoy it, and we did
" not. We reſorted to expedients
" —opened wide the great gate of
" the barn-yard, and eſſayed to drive
" him in, and we did it too, almoſt;

" for he ran cloſe to it,—and juſt
" ſailed paſt, with a laugh as plain
" on his face as ever horſe had!
" man is vaſtly ſuperior to a horſe
" in many reſpects. But running
" on a hot ſummer day, in a twenty-
" acre lot, is not one of them! We
" got him by the brook, and while
" he drank, oh, how leiſurely! we
" ſtarted up and ſucceeded in juſt
" miſſing our grab at his mane.
" Now comes another ſplendid run.
" His head was up, his eyes flaſhing,
" his tail ſtreamed out like a banner,
" and glancing his head this way
" and that, right and left, he allowed
" us to come on to the bruſh corner,
" from whence, in a few moments,
" he allowed us to emerge and come
" afoot after him, down to the barn
" again. But luck will not hold for
" ever, even with horſes. He daſhed
" down a lane, and we had him.
" But as ſoon as he ſaw the gate

" cloſed, and perceived the ſtate of
" the caſe, how charmingly he be-
" haved! allowed us to come up
" and bridle him without a move-
" ment of reſiſtance, and affirmed
" by his whole conduct, that it was
" the mereſt ſport in the world, all
" this ſeeming diſobedience; and to
" him I have no doubt it was!"

On fait obſerver, dans l'ouvrage dont nous extrayons ces deux morceaux, que ce qui ajoute encore à l'étrangeté du cas de Milman, c'eſt qu'avant ſa folie, il ne montra jamais la moindre diſpoſition pour tout ce qui tient à l'imagination; ſon aptitude naturelle le portait vers les ſciences poſitives et abſtraites. Mais, dès que les opérations de ſes facultés intelligentes ſont arrêtées dans leur marche régulière, ſes idées prennent une teinte de plaiſanterie et de ſatire.

Si, dans ce qui précède, nous avons ſouvent eu l'occaſion de nous étonner

de l'intelligence qui ſe rencontre dans les compoſitions des fous, il eſt peut-être plus étonnant encore de voir les folies qui ſont ſorties du cerveau d'écrivains intelligens et ſenſés. Elles ſont parfois pouſſées ſi loin, qu'on ne peut ſ'empêcher d'y trouver la confirmation de l'idée du Dr. Gregory, déjà citée au commencement de cet eſſai: "*Nulla datur* "*linea accurata inter ſanam mentem* "*et veſaniam.*"

Nous terminerons cette ſection par deux exemples des plus remarquables. M^r *G. Desjardins*, publia à Paris, en 1834, ſous le titre de *Première Babylone*, la première partie d'un vaſte drame, *Sémiramis la Grande*, d'une originalité, pour ne rien dire de plus, tout-à-fait hors ligne.

Voulant, dit-il, dans ſon introduction, intitulée: *Porte Cyclopéenne*, peindre, dans un large tableau, ſon pays de face et les autres pays de

trois quarts ou de profil, il ébaucha une immenſe compoſition trilogique, *La Révolution*, *Napoléon*, et *le Monde de l'avenir*. " Projetant," ajoute-t-il, " une longue parabole ou courbe " unitaire ſur ces trois grandes têtes " de la Gloire Françaiſe,[1] il veut les " lier entr'elles d'un nœud indiſſo- " luble, et donner à ſon ſiècle un " évangile des peuples libres!"

Il ſuppoſe alors qu'il trouve un rouleau de papyrus Egyptien de 4,000 ans de date, écrit en hiéroglyphes qu'il déchiffre ainſi:—

Sémiramis Triſmegiſte (trois fois grande), *Journée de Dieu, en cinq coupes d'amertume.*

Ces cinq actes ou cinq coupes d'amertume ſont intitulés: *Le Deuil*, *La Complicité*, *La Réſurrection*, *Le Combat*, *Le Prêtre et la Mort*. Outre la bizarrerie extraordinaire des vers

[1] Le Monde de l'avenir qui eſt une tête de la gloire Françaiſe! *Stupete gentes!*

et des idées, une des curioſités de ce drame, qui ſe compoſe de plus de 500 pages grand en 8°, eſt que pluſieurs paſſages ſont imprimés en caractères Hebreux, Perſans, Arabes, Chaldéen, &c. &c.

Il ſ'ouvre par une deſcription allégorique de ce qui l'auteur appelle *Les années climatériques du genre humain.* Le ſtyle plein de grands mots pompeux, récouvre des idées généralement très incohérentes, mais qui prouve une ſingulière facilité dans la facture du vers.

Dans la ſcène intitulé : *Retentiſſement des oracles,* Ophis, Prince des Rois, écrit ces vers, avec la pointe d'une glaive, ſur le trône d'Aſshur :

Aſshur-le-tombé, tombe, et tombe foudroyé !

Puis tout ſe retirent, et *Aſshur-le-tombé* reſté ſeul, et frappé par la lecture de ce vers, commence ainſi un long monologue :—

D'où part le trait brûlant dans mon âme envoyé,
L'éclair qui ſe plongeant dans mes deſtins moins ſombres,
Pour les montrer ſanglants, en diſſipent les ombres ?
Quoi donc ? de l'action le cours impérieux
Paſſe-t-il en effet dans la ſphère des Dieux,
Que l'orgueil indompté de mon mâle génie
Se débat ſous le poids d'une force infinie ?

* * * * * *

Dans la ſcène : *Le retentiſſement des chûtes de Babel ;* Sémiramis la Grande, étant venue ſ'aſſeoir *ſur l'un de ſes trônes*, devant la cité des morts, *pluſieurs nations paſſent au fond des portiques et dialoguent entr'elles*, dit l'auteur, *puis ſ'éloignent ſucceſſivement, et ſe voilent la tête en ſigne de douleur.*

A cauſe de ſa longueur, nous regrettons de ne pouvoir inſérer ici, comme exemple de galimatias, l'introduction en proſe, par laquelle l'auteur commence la *quatrième coupe d'amertume*. Dans la cinquième coupe,

dont une partie eſt en proſe et en récit, des voix innombrables et caverneuſes (textuel) ſortent des profondeurs de la terre, et le Prince des prophètes, *Jugement-de-Dieu*, leur dit :—

Levez vous ! ſecouez d'une aile immenſe et lente
De trois mille ans de nuit la pouſſière éloquente !

et ces formidables amas de générations s'écrient toutes enſemble, du fond de ſes ſépulcres :—

Par rang horizontaux, vois, nous nous levons tous ! . . .

" Alors les rois, princes et chefs
" innombrables de peuples (textuel)
" de commencer pêle-mêle, une ſorte
" de ronde ou de chaîne immenſe,
" appuyée par derrière des trépigne-
" ments et acclamations des peuples."
" Dans ſes rangs ſe trouvent mêlées
" et entrainées, et bêtes et brutes con-
" temporaines des vieux acteurs de

" cette ſcène apocalyptique; toute
" création, toute multiplication des
" êtres produits, reptiles, oiſeaux,
" bêtes à quatre pieds, de toute chair,
" foiſonnant et ſe mouvant; les grands
" lions dans les rangs des giganteſ-
" ques guerriers; les dromadaires,
" les autruches, les girafes, les boas,
" élevant leurs longs cols, ou avan-
" cant en ſpirales, au milieu des
" races d'homme voyageuſes; les
" hauts éléphants, les coloſſales maſ-
" todontes leurs aînés, dreſſant le
" monſtreux ſerpent de leur trompe,
" au deſſus des têtes et des cornes
" des vieilles races princières, royales
" et antédéluviennes. Et au deſſus
" d'eux tous, la cigogne, l'ibis, les
" grands vautours déploient leur vol;
" tous roulent enſemble les flots
" épais de leur ronde, tous éclairés,
" dans le voyage de leur chaîne
" tournoyante, des rayons de la face
" rouge et enflammée de Dieu; et
" grommelant, rugiſſant et hurlant

" ces paroles, chacun dans ſa langue,
" en tournoyant :"—

L'aſſemblée myſtérieuſe.

Figurons et l'orage et l'effrayant tonnerre
Qui gronde autour du Mont qui corrompit la terre !
Durant la longue horreur d'un jour de châtiment,
Imitons les rigueurs du *dernier Jugement.*

* * * * * *

La ſcène ſuivante, intitulée : *Le bain de ſang*, eſt tout auſſi extraordinaire, mais nous en avons aſſez dit pour que le lecteur puiſſe juger de l'œuvre, et nous avons hâte d'arriver à l'examen d'un livre dépaſſant de beaucoup le précédent en extravagance.

C'eſt un poème de 724 pages, en 8° (1858), compoſé par Mr *Paulin Gagne*, avocat et auteur d'autres compoſitions poëtique.[1]

[1] Telles que *Le Suicide*, *La Monopanglatte, ou langue univerſelle*, *Le Délire*, *L'Océan des Cataſtrophes.*

L'Unitéide, ou *la Femme-Meſſie*, eſt ainſi que le dit l'auteur, un poème univerſel en douze chants, et en ſoixante actes, dont l'action ſe paſſe en l'an de grâce 2000 de l'Ere Chrétienne, et dont chaque chant forme un tout complet.

On y rencontre la plus bizarre agglomération de noms fantaſtiques et de vers ſaugrenus, que puiſſe inventer le cerveau humain.

La table des matières mériterait de trouver place dans un recueil de facéties.

Dans le drame on voit parler et agir tour-à-tour l'Ane-Archide,

Fille du deſpotiſme et de la Liberté.

Demounas, le précurſeur de l'Antichriſt, la *Panarchie*, la *Dive Inſania*, le *Bœuf Apis*, *l'Archimonde* et ſon illuſtre épouſe *La Preſſe*, la *Pataticulture*, et vingt autres perſonnages, tous plus extraordinaires les

uns que les autres. Mais ces noms bizarres ne ſont rien en comparaiſon de la bizarrerie des vers et des idées, qu'il ſerait difficile de faire comprendra, à qui n'a pas le livre ſous les yeux. Eſſayons d'en donner une idée.

Tournant en anagramme les noms des réformateurs ſocialiſtes modernes, l'auteur les met en préſence de *l'Ane-Archide* qui leur dit :—

Parlez donc ;
Sans dormir, ſi je puis, j'écouterai vos rêves.
Parlez Pierre Xourel, Nodourp, Urdel-Nillor,
Louis Cnalb, George Nas, Narrédiſnoc ſans or,
Tebac, Ogu ſans peur, et vous tous grands apôtres
Qui prétendez marcher ſur la tête des autres.

Alors le poète expoſe, par leur bouche, les divers ſyſtèmes de ces Meſſieurs, (tels qu'il les comprend, bien entendu), dans une ſérie de vers incroyables.

Le premier chant ſe termine par l'entrée de *la Femme-Meſſie* à Paris.

Le ſecond chant nous préſente une partie des mêmes perſonnages, augmentés des ambaſſadeurs du Soleil et de la Lune, des habitans des aſtres, de l'*Aurithéocratie*, de la *Ratiothéie*, &c. &c. Ici l'extravagance de la miſe en ſcène dépaſſe encore ce qui précède. La Comète *Trouble-tout* a une diſcuſſion avec la *Ratiothéie*. L'auteur en l'introduiſant, à ſoin de décrire ſon coſtume : " Elle eſt cou-
" verte d'une immenſe Tullilluſi-
" onine (?) qui jette des éclairs,
" coiffée d'une chevelure de ſerpents
" rouges, et pourvue d'une queue
" aux feux les plus ardents. Elle
" chante la chanſon ſuivante, appelée
" *le Galop de la Comète*, ſur l'air : *Les*
" *défenſeurs de la Religion :*"—

Peuples, je viens ſonner l'heure dernière
Sur les clochers de l'immenſe univers !
Déjà la Mort creuſant la vaſte bière,
Du grand convoi fait les apprêts divers ;
Peuples, tremblez, vous n'avez plus de tente,
Adreſſez vous le plus touchant adieu !

Peuples, tremblez devant ma queue ardente !
Peuples, roulez dans le chaos de feu !

On peut ſ'imaginer quelles luttes ſ'établiſſent entre les perſonnages, après un pareil début.

Au chant III, *La Socialiforce* tient un long diſcours à ſes partiſans, qu'elle termine ainſi :—

Je fonde pour toujours les âges d'or du ventre,
Dont la raiſon moderne élargit le doux centre ;
C'eſt le ventre qui fait les révolutions,
Et les créations et les deſtructions.
Des ventres vides ſont toute nuit de tonnerres ;
Des ventres bien garnis ſortent toutes lumières ;
Enfin les ventres creux ne valent jamais rien.
Donc je veux les remplir, pour qu'ils me chantent bien.
Nous allons, chers amis, ſans perdre une ſeconde,
Préparer des feſtins qu'admirera le monde.

Le chant V^me^, dont la ſcène ſe paſſe *partout on l'en voudra*, dit le texte, ſa compoſe d'idées ſi peu décentes qu'il ſerait difficile d'en citer des extraits.

L'acte 38me du chant VIIIme, ſe développe dans un vaſte champ de pommes de terre, et *la Pataticulture* ouvre la ſcène par un diſcours de 72 vers, d'autant plus ſinguliers que, comme nous le démontreront tout-à-l'heure, ils ſont écrits très ſérieuſement :—

Peuples et Rois, je ſuis *la Pataticulture*,
Fille de la nature et du ſiècle en friture ;
* * * * * *
J'ai toujours adoré ce fruit délicieux
Que, dit-on, pour extra, mangeaient jadis les Dieux.

La tirade ſe termine par ce vers :—

Dans le pomme de terre eſt le ſalut de tous !

On croirait qu'il eſt difficile d'aller plus loin dans le groteſque ; mais à l'acte ſuivant, dont la ſcène, dit le texte, *ſe paſſe partout*, *La Carotticulture* tient aux rois et aux peuples un diſcours qui l'emporte ſur le précédent. On y trouve la parodie de

la *Marſeillaiſe*, intitulée *la Carotte univerſelle*, commençant par :—

Allons, Enfans, de la Carotte
Le jour de gloire eſt arrivé.

Et la chœur chante :—

Aux armes, Carottiers, formez vos bataillons,
Marchons, que la Carotte inonde nos ſillons.

Probablement que le lecteur croîra que tout ceci n'eſt qu'une plaiſanterie; mais non ſeulement M^r. Gagne eſt très ſérieux, en expliquant ſon œuvre, mais il déclare en outre, dans ſa préface, que *le vaſte ſujet de ce poème humanitaire et Chrétien, doit former la poëtique univerſelle de l'humanité, et l'école de la vérité*, et il ſ'écrie, plein d'enthouſiaſme :—

Telle eſt, telle eſt la Sainte et nouvelle épopée
Que de mon pur amour l'âme a développée !

Enſuite M^me. *Eliſe Gagne*, ſa femme, ajoute un épilogue, où elle proclame qu'après les réformes indiquées dans le poème :—

L'abondance parvint à chaſſer la miſère,
Et le bonheur des cieux habita ſur la terre.

L'enſemble prouve, en un mot, que M^r. Gagne a employé toutes les reſſources de ſon intelligence pour écrire ce chef-d'œuvre, et ſi le lecteur eſt tenté de rire, c'eſt qu'il ne comprend pas l'extrême profondeur de la penſée qui enfanta ce poème.

N'eſt-ce pas bien le cas de dire, avec le ſieur de Longval—" Lorſque " ceſte Meduſe (la manie) ſ'eſt une " fois gliſſée dans le cerveau, elle " ſçait ſi bien offuſquer l'imagination, " pervertir les penſées, tranſporter " l'eſprit, et corrompre la raiſon, " que par ſon moyen les actions et les " paroles des hommes ſe tournent en " extravagances."

Troiſième Section.

Epigraphe.

" WHAT is ſaid, is not to be underſtood; but what is to be underſtood, is not ſaid."
PYTHAGORAS. *Exoteric Doctrine.*

" Ever, as before, does madneſs remain myſterious, terrific, altogether infernal boiling up of the nether chaotic deep, through this fair-painted viſion of creation (which ſwims thereon) which we name the real."—CARLYLE.

PHILOSOPHIE ET SCIENCE.

UN des caractères les plus proéminents de la folie, dans toutes ſes variétés, eſt la faibleſſe de la faculté logique. Toutes les branches de la philoſophie, ſ'occupant de principes abſtraits, on doit naturellement ſ'attendre à rencontrer cette faibleſſe beaucoup plus frappante, en ceux qui entreprennent, dans un état de dérangement mental, des ſpéculations d'une nature profonde. La philoſophie a ſouvent été le thême favori des lunatiques, mais jamais ils n'ont rien produit d'intelligible, ni de ſuivi, comme cela eſt arrivé parfois aux autres fous littéraires. On rencontre

pourtant quelques rares exceptions; ainſi le grand métaphyſicien allemand, Cant, perdit la raiſon, ſur la fin de ſes jours, et l'on a récemment découvert, en Allemagne, le manuſcrit d'un ouvrage qu'il compoſa durant cette période. Ce qu'il y a de plus ſubtil, de plus profond, de plus abſtrait, et tout-à-fait en dehors de l'obſervation, dans la penſée humaine, étant préciſement de l'eſſence de la métaphyſique et de la philoſophie, il eſt naturel que l'aberration mentale doit y trouver des ſujets favoris, lorſqu'elle attaque des eſprits d'un certain ordre, et d'une éducation ſoignée.

Ariſtote, dont les commentateurs ſont auſſi nombreux que les hirondelles au printemps, ne pouvait manquer d'être l'objet de quelques unes de ces déviations du ſens commun.

Dans un ouvrage intitulé: *De*

Philoſophiâ Ariſtotelis, publié à Piſe en 1496, l'auteur affirme intrépidement que jamais ce ſoi-diſant Ariſtote n'exiſtât, que ſon nom eſt un mythe. Cette ſingulière thèſe fut compoſé par un médecin du nom de *Gragani*, qui, à l'époque de la compoſition de ce livre, était enfermé dans un hoſpice de lunatiques à Piſe. C'était un homme riche et de noble naiſſance. Ses amis voyant que ſa monomanie d'écrire était ſon ſeul amuſement, et lui tenait l'eſprit en repos, conſentirent à publier ce livre bizarre, dont on dit qu'un exemplaire exiſte encore aujourd'hui dans la Bibliothèque du Vatican. C'eſt un petit en 8°, d'environ 200 pages, régulièrement diviſé en chapitres.

Le ſyſtème employé par Gragani conſiſte à montrer les contradictions innombrables des écrivains, relativement à la vie et au caractères d'Ariſtote.

L'un avance que le précepteur d'Alexandre était un ſoldat et non un philoſophe ; un autre, qu'Ariſtote était un eſclave, connu uniquement par la facilité avec laquelle il compoſait des jeux-d'eſprit en vers ; un troiſième, ſoutient qu'il prétendait, à la vérité, enſeigner une ſorte de philoſophie, mais qu'étant le fils d'une marchande de fruits, et d'une grande ignorance, il devint l'objet de la raillerie publique par ſes ridicules prétenſions de ſcience.

Ces aſſertions diverſes, quoiqu'entièrement ſans fondement, ſont réunies de telle façon, que le livre de notre maniaque n'eſt pas auſſi incohérent qu'on ſerait diſpoſer à la penſer. On croit que les citations qu'il fait, ſont tirées d'une ſatire compoſée à Rome vers la fin du treizième ſiècle, dont le manuſcrit eſt perdu, et où l'on tournait en ridicule les différentes diſputes des écoles philoſophiques.

L'attention des ſavants de l'Italie, fut ſingulièrement excitée, en 1529, par la publication à Florence d'un ouvrage ſur *l'anatomie du langage.* C'était l'œuvre d'un médecin, *Joſeph Bernardi,* compoſé pendant qu'il était enfermé dans une maiſon d'aliénés. Parmi pluſieurs autres opinions étranges et bizarres, il ſoutenait que toutes le race des ſinges jouiſſait de la faculté de la parole, mais était très jalouſe de garder le ſecret de ce don. Il deſſina ſur les murs de ſa chambre la conſtruction anatomique du goſier des ſinges, et chercha à démontrer que cette ſtructure prouvait clairement la faculté de la parole, et même du chant. Bernardi diſait que dans les premières éditions des voyages de Marco Paulo, il avait été bien établi que les ſinges pouvait chanter. Ce qui ajoute à la curioſité de tout ceci, c'eſt que le père Cremoni, Jéſuite, compoſa une

réfutation de ce traité, et ſoutint que, quoique l'œuvre de ſon adverſaire fut bien écrite, ſa thèſe était contraire au témoignage de l'Ecriture ſainte, et par conſéquent ne pouvait être vraie. Le lecteur jugera lequel était le plus fou des deux.

Bernardi ſurvécut dix ans à la publication de ſon curieux ouvrage, mais ne recouvra jamais pleinement la raiſon.[1]

En 1622, parut à Salamanca, ſous le titre de: *De Philoſophiâ*, un ouvrage écrit par *Miguel de Flores*, jadis profeſſeur à l'univerſité de cette ville, et qui était devenu fou à la ſuite d'un concuſſion du cerveau produite par une chûte de voiture. Son aliénation mentale dura pluſieurs années, mais comme il était d'un naturel fort doux, on le laiſſait en liberté, et ſa folie ne ſe faiſait remar-

1 "Thinges that be Olde and Newe," publiſhed by Eliſha King, Cornhill, 1639.

quer que par la manie qu'il avait d'écrire conſtamment, et de porter ſes manuſcrits avec lui dans les rues, arrêtant les paſſants, et leur liſant ſes élucubrations. Quatre ans environ avant ſa mort, ſes amis publièrent un de ſes traités. Il eſt remarquable en ce qu'il contient en germe le ſyſtème développé de nos jours ſous la dénomination de la *théorie des atomes*, par le père Boſcovitch, Docteur Prieſtley, et autres. De Flores repreſente la Déité comme occupant le centre de la création, et toutes les choſes créées comme des cercles concentriques, plus ou moins éloignés les uns des autres. Des gravures bizarres donnent l'idée de la théorie de l'auteur. On y voit la Divinité faiſant mouvoir toutes choſes, par l'action mécanique des bras et des jambes.

Robert Hall, né dans un village du comté de Leiceſter, dans le dernière

moitié du 18^me^ ſiècle, commença par apprendre l'alphabet ſur les pierres ſépulcrales du cimetière voiſin de ſa cabane, et dès l'âge de ſept ans fut livré à lui-même pour ſon éducation. Il étudia avec une telle ardeur qu'on raconte qu'un eccléſiaſtique ami de ſon père, lui fit prêcher, chez lui, devant un auditoire choiſi, un ſermon à l'âge de onze ans. Après une jeuneſſe extraordinaire par le développement de talents d'un ordre ſupérieur, il ſe conſacra à la prêtriſe.

Ses études profondes et aſſidues ainſi qu'une immenſe ambition, accompagnée d'idées ſuperſtitieuſes, pour ainſi dire innées, troublèrent bientôt l'équilibre de ſa raiſon. Néanmoins même dans cet état, il continuait à lire et à étudier 14 ou 15 heures par jour, prêchant, en outre, deux ou trois fois par ſemaine, des ſermons d'une magnifique éloquence, mais que malheureuſement il était

parfois obligé d'interrompre par un paroxiſme de folie. Il chercha un ſoulagement à des douleurs internes qui venaient fréquemment le torturer, dans l'uſage de l'opium. Il commença par cinquante gouttes par nuit, augmenta ſucceſſivement cette doſe juſqu'à mille gouttes, et finit, quelque temps avant ſa mort, par prendre cinq cents vingt cinq grains, quantité égale à 3000 gouttes, ou quatre onces.

A la ſuite d'un accès de folie qui le ſaiſit au milieu d'un ſermon, on l'enferma, durant ſept ſemaines, dans un hoſpice d'aliénés.

Il recouvra en partie la raiſon, mais jamais elle ne reprit ſon ſiège d'une manière permanente, quoiqu'il remplis ſes fonctions de miniſtre reformé juſqu'à ſa mort, arrivée en 1831.

Ses ſermons, plein d'enthouſiaſme, laiſſèrent ſouvent percer l'état de ſon eſprit, et ſous ce rapport il mérite une place dans notre galerie.

Nous avons déjà parlé, au commencement de notre notice ſur Bluet d'Arbères, d'un autre original de ce ſiècle, *Thomas Wirgman*, qui diſſipa une grande fortune laborieuſement acquiſe, à faire imprimer ſes livres d'une façon extravagante. Nous n'avions alors ſous les yeux aucun de ſes ouvrages, qui ſe trouvent difficilement. Le haſard nous en ayant fait rencontrer un des plus originaux : *La Grammaire des cinq ſens*, nous ajouterons quelques détails ſur ce livre, qui, dit l'auteur, lorſqu'il ſera univerſellement adopté, ramenera la paix et l'harmonie ſur la terre, et remplacera le crime par la vertue. " When " this is adopted, virtue will ſuper- " ſede crime, and eſtabliſh peace and " harmony on earth."

Cette grammaire des cinq ſens eſt, d'après l'idée de l'auteur, un cours de métaphyſique à l'uſage des enfans. Les explications ont lieu à l'aide de

dixneuf diagrammes coloriés, et ſont baſées ſur trois idées principales, *le temps*, *l'eſpace* et *l'éternité*, conſtituant ce qu'il appelle *The Science of Mind.*

Il a formé une carte de cette ſcience, qui offre vingt éléments ou principes, et il eſt tellement perſuadé que tout eſt dit maintenant ſur ce ſujet, qu'il ſe réſume lui-même par ces mots :—

" The twenty elements which con-
" ſtitute the human mind are not
" only diſcovered, but ſo completely
" claſſified as to defy poſterity either
" to add one more element or take
" one away—or even to alter the
" arrangement ſo ſcientifically diſ-
" played in the *Britiſh Euclid*" (autre livre du même auteur). " The work
" is done for ever; like the Pytha-
" gorean table which was made 600
" years before the birth of Chriſt,
" and not only ſtood the teſt of ages
" to the preſent period, but actually

" defies ſucceeding generations to the " end of Time, either to add or de- " tract from its perfection."

Le malheureux Wirgman, dans pluſieurs endroits de ſes livres, ſe plaint qu'on ne voulut jamais l'écouter, et qu'il demanda en vain d'être nommé profeſſeur de philoſophie dans une univerſité ou collège, quoiqu'il ait conſacré près d'un demi ſiècle à la propagation de ſes idées; mais ſon courage reſiſta à ces épreuves, et à la fin d'une requête au conſeil de l'univerſité de Londres, en 1837, il déclare que: " *While life remains I will* " *not ceaſe to communicate this Bleſſing* " *on the riſing world.*"

Quelle pitié qu'une telle énergie n'ait pas pu reſter dans la droite voie, comme dit le Dante.

La même ténacité dans l'idée ſe trouve également chez *William Martin.* Les œuvres qu'il publia durant près d'un quart de ſiècle, et

ſon excentricité habituelle, ſuffiſent pour lui donner une place ici. Remarquons auſſi qu'il était frère de ce Martin qui incendia la cathédrale d'York.

Il ſ'adonna aux études philoſophiques, et finit par ſe convaincre qu'il était prédeſtiné à renverſer la philoſophie Newtonienne. Son premier ouvrage eſt intitulé : *A New Syſtem of Natural Philoſophy on the principle of Perpetual Motion*, Newcaſtle, Preſton, 1821. Sur le titre il ſe déſigne comme : *philoſophe de la nature*.

Dans la préface, il nous apprend qu'au mois d'Août, 1805, il commença à étudier le mouvement perpetuel, et qu'au mois de Décembre, 1806, après trente ſix manières différentes d'opérer, il fut parfaitement convaincu de l'impoſſibilité d'atteindre ſon but à l'aide de machines, et qu'il renonça a cette idée comme tout-à-fait impra-

ticable. "Mais le ſoir même," ajoute-t-il, "du jour où je formai cette "concluſion, j'eus un ſonge des plus "étranges, terrible et effrayant, pour "une part, et très agréable pour "l'autre. Je m'éveillai parfaitement "convaincu que j'étais l'homme que "la Majeſté divine avait choiſi pour "découvrir la grande cauſe ſecon-"daire de toutes choſes, et le véri-"table mouvement perpetuel."

Comme on peut bien le ſuppoſer, ces ſortes d'élucubrations de Martin furent rudement traitées par la critique, mais il n'était pas homme à ſe décourager, et il publia: *William Martin's Challenge to all the World, as a Philoſopher and Critic*. Newcaſtle, 1829.

Cet ouvrage renfermait, entr'autres traités: *The Flight through the Univerſe into Boundleſs Space, or the Philoſopher's Travels of his Mind*; ainſi que: *A Critique on all falſe men who*

pretend to be Critics, and not being men of wiſdom or genius.

Dans l'introduction il ſouhaite longue vie et proſperité au Roi, et au Vice-Roi d'Irlande. Tous deux ſavent bien, dit-il, que William Martin a complètement effacé Newton, Bacon, Boyle, et Lord Bolingbroke :—

Well they know that W^m. Martin has outſtript
Newton, Bacon, Boyle and Lord Bolingbroke.

Les années n'apportèrent aucune amélioration dans l'état ſanitaire de l'eſprit de William Martin, car, en 1839, il publia chez Pattiſon and Roſs, à Newcaſtle-on-Tyne : *The Expoſure of Dr. Nichol, the Impoſtor and Mock Aſtronomer from Glaſgow College, and of thoſe who are ſhowing their ignorance concerning the New Syſtem of National Education.*

" Je ſupplie la jeune Reine," dit-il, dans ſa préface, " ainſi que le gou-

" vernement Britannique, de mettre " fin à l'abominable ſyſtème qui ſe " pratique, ſous les regards de Dieu et " des hommes. Un ſot peut ſe lever " et produire un vain bruit, mais du " bruit ne forme pas un argument, " et quiconque d'entre les ſerviteurs " du diable ſ'oppoſe au ſyſtème de " Martin, qu'ils ſe lévent l'un après " l'autre, et qu'ils donnent une bonne " raiſon de leur oppoſition."

La même année il publia également un ouvrage de théologie, intitulé : *A Stumbling-block to the Unitarians, proving Three in One in everything.*

Il y démontrait que tous les objets de la nature phyſique, ſe diviſaient en trois parties, dont l'air était l'unité.

On a encore, du même auteur : *A Poetical Chronological Account of the World from the Creation, until the Birth of our Bleſſed Lord, &c. By William Martin, Natural Philoſopher and Poet.*

Il ſe donne la qualité de poète dans cette œuvre, parcequ'elle eſt compoſée de quatrains, de la force de celui-ci, qui eſt le premier :—

The creation of the world and
Likewiſe Adam and Eve, we know,
Made by the great God, from
Whom all bleſſings flow

Quatrième Section.

Epigraphe.

" . . . . In pectus cæcos abſorbuit ignes,
Ignes qui nec aquâ perimi potuêre, nec imbre,
Diminui, neque graminibus, magiciſque ſuſurris."

" . . . . Their wretched brain gave way,
And they became a wreck, at random driven,
Without one glimpſe of reaſon or of heaven."

MOORE.

POLITIQUE.

LA ſcience politique doit néceſſairement entrainer à de profondes études, et exige un conſtant et vigoureux uſage des plus hautes facultés du raiſonnement. Dans la pratique, elle excite, paſſionne et aveugle ſouvent les âmes ardentes, quoiqu'à la ſurface règne l'apparence du calme et de la froideur. C'eſt même cette apparence néceſſaire qui double l'énergie de la conviction.

Et lorſque l'eſprit politique deſcend juſqu'à l'eſprit de parti, ou que l'intérêt perſonnel et l'ambition ont une libre carrière, un champ riche et fécond ſ'offre aux penſées déſor-

données. Il ſerait facile d'énumérer ici les théories les plus extravagantes, mais nous nous contenterons de citer quelques auteurs des plus remarquables ſous ce rapport.

Démons, conſeiller au Préſidial d'Amiens, compoſa des ouvrages dont les titres ſeuls annoncent qu'il avait donné congé à ſa raiſon. On ne connait rien de ſa vie, mais il figure dans la *Biographie univerſelle* de Didot, comme un des écrivains les plus bizarres du 16me ſiècle, et y eſt rangé dans la claſſe des fous qui ont compoſé des livres. Nodier en a parlé dans ſes *Mélanges tirés d'une petite Bibliothèque*,[1] et Charles Brunet le cite dans ſon *Manuel du libraire*. Les deux ouvrages, dont nous donnons les titres en entier, témoigne que le texte n'eſt d'un bout à l'autre qu'un amphigouri inextricable. "La

[1] Pp. 243 à 248.

" démonſtration de la quatrième " partie de rien, et quelque choſe et " tout ; et la quinteſſence tirée du " quart de rien, et de ſes dépen- " dances, contenant les preceptes de " la ſaincte magie et dévote invoca- " tion de *Démons*, pour trouver l'ori- " gine des maux de la France, et les " remèdes d'iceux," 1594, petit en 8°, de 78 pages et un errata.

Leber, dans ſon catalogue, où il cite ce livre, penſe qu'il n'eſt pas abſolument impoſſible de dire, d'après le préambule, ce que l'auteur entendait par le *quart de rien*.

" On ſe rappelle," ajoute-t-il, " le " poème de Paſſerat ſur le mot *Nihil*, " *rien*. Ce jeu de mots fut ſuivi de " quelques autres ſemblables, notam- " ment de deux petits poèmes inti- " tulés, l'un : *Quelque choſe*, l'autre : " *Tout*. Or le quart de *rien* eſt un " quatrième poème dont le ſujet eſt " *Dieu*, qui renchérit, qui domine ſur

" *tout.* Voila le mot de l'énigme:
" non de l'ouvrage, auquel je ne
" comprends rien, mais d'un titre
" d'une demi page, dont j'ai compris
" deux mots."

Voici le titre du ſecond ouvrage de Démons. On n'en connait qu'un ſeul exemplaire: " La Sexteſſence
" diallactique et potentielle tirée par
" une nouvelle façon d'alambiquer,
" ſuivant les préceptes de la ſaincte
" magie et invocation de *Démons*,
" conſeiller au Préſidial d'Amiens;
" tant pour guarir l'hémorragie
" playes, tumeurs et ulcères véné-
" riennes de la France, que pour
" changer et convertir les choſes
" eſtimées nuiſibles et abominables,
" en bonnes et utiles," Paris, 1595, en 8°. L'auteur dit: " Qu'il a
" réſolu de faire marcher en public
" l'eſclairciſſement des ténèbres de ſa
" craintive obſcurité, en la quinteſ-
" ſence qu'il avait tiré du quart de

" rien, ... et de donner l'explica-
" tion des énigmes de ſon invention,
" touchant l'origine et le remède
" des maux de la France." Malheureuſement cette explication n'a point été expliquée.

C'eſt probablement le nom de l'auteur qui aura égaré le bibliographe qui, par une mépriſe ſingulière, dit Leber, prit le Conſeiller pour un ſuppôt de l'enfer, et ſon livre pour un *grimoire cabaliſtique*.

Dans le catalogue déjà cité de Leber, N° 4148, on fait obſerver que peu de livres peuvent être comparés, quant à l'abſurdité à la *Quinteſſence* ou à la *Sexteſſence*, excepté peut-être l'ouvrage dont le titre ſuit : " Lettre myſ-
" tique, reſponce, réplique, Mars
" joue ſon rolle en la première ; en
" la ſeconde la bande et le chœur de
" l'Eſtat ; la troiſième figure l'amour
" de Polyphème Galathée et des
" ſept paſteurs—Cabale myſtérielle

" révélée par ſonge, envoyée à Jean " Boucher;"[1] 1603, deux parties en un volume en 8°.

" Je n'oſerais décider," ajoute-t-il, " ſi *la lettre myſtique* eſt au deſſus ou " au deſſous du *Quart de rien.*"

L'auteur eſt anonyme, mais mérite inconteſtablement une mention ici.

Nous citerons encore, pour mémoire ſeulement, l'auteur anonyme des *Codicilles de Louis XIII*, parceque le Marquis du Roure le qualifie de lunatique inſenſé, dans ſon *Analecta-biblion*, tome 2^me^, page 213, où il parle de cet ouvrage de 1643.

François Davenne, diſciple de Simon Morin, fut de beaucoup plus extravagant que *Démons*.

" Ce rêveur fanatique dont la " raiſon était égarée," dit Charles

[1] C'était un des plus fougueux apôtres de la Ligue. Comme il était alors en fuite, cette lettre lui fut ſans doute adreſſée par raillerie. Voir le *Bulletin du Bibliophile*, année 1849, p. 187.

Brunet, dans ſon *Manuel*, " publia " tant en vers qu'en proſe, à Paris " de 1649 à 1651, les bizarres pro- " ductions de ſon cerveau malade." Ces pièces ſont décrites, au nombre de 23, dans la *Bibliographie inſtructive* de De Bure, d'après Châtre de Cangé, mais il y en avait deux de plus dans le recueil formé par Mr. De Maccarthy. Ces écrits ont preſque tous pour but de revendiquer la royauté qu'il prétend que Dieu lui avait attribué. Il veut prouver que le monde finira en 1645; et dans ſon *Harmonie de l'amour*, il cherche à démontrer, par des exemples empruntés à l'Ecriture ſainte, que Louis XIV n'a pu être le fils de Louis XIII.

Son opuſcule *De l'harmonie de l'amour et de la juſtice*, où cette idée eſt ſoutenue, ſe termine par dix ſonnets et autres pièces qu'il ſerait difficile de qualifier de poéſie.

" Daveſne ou Davenne naquit à

" Fleurance, petite ville du bas Ar-
" magnac ; on ne ſait préciſement, ni
" la date de ſa naiſſance ni celle de ſa
" mort," dit C. Moreau, dans ſa *Bibliographie des Mazarinades*, qui donne plus de renſeignements littéraires que toutes les autres biographies. Ses extravagances le firent enfermer pluſieurs fois. Perſuadé qu'il devait ſupplanter Louis XIV, et monter ſur le trône, il propoſe deux moyens de *ſa ſouveraine puiſſance et autorité royale :*
" Appelez le Cardinal," dit-il, " la
" régente, le duc d'Orléans, les
" Princes, Beaufort, le coadjuteur, et
" ceux qu'on eſtime les plus ſaints
" dans le monde ; faites allumer une
" fournaiſe ; qu'on nous y jette de-
" dans, et celui qui ſortira ſans léſion
" de la flamme, comme un phœnix
" renouvellé, que celui là ſoit eſtimé
" le protégé de Dieu, et qu'il ſoit
" ordonné prince des peuples."

Mais craignant que cette épreuve

ne ſoit acceptée, il en propoſe une autre : " Que le Parlement me juge " à mort, pour avoir oſé dire la vé- " rité aux princes. Qu'on m'éxé- " cute, et ſi Dieu ne me garantit de " leurs mains d'une manière ſurna- " turelle, je veux que ma mémoire " ſoit éteinte. Si Dieu ne me pré- " ſerve de la main des bourreaux, " rien ne leur ſera fait; mais ſi le " bras ſurnaturel m'arrache de leurs " griffes, qu'ils ſoient ſacrifiés à ma " place."

Voici une de ſes penſées, dans ſon meilleur ſtyle, tirée de ſon *Factum de la ſapience eternelle :* " Je t'immole " mon âme ſur l'échafaud de mes " idées, de la main de mes déſirs, " par le glaive de ma réſignation."

Tout les pamphlets de Davenne ſont extrêmement rares; il n'en exiſte peut-être pas une collection complète, dit C. Moreau, dans ſa *Bibliographie.*

Louis XIV ſemblait jouer de

malheur, car un autre fou, *le Chevalier Caiſſant*[1] ſe prétendait frère de ce monarque.[2] Nous avons de cet auteur deux opuſcules en 8° ſans lieu ni date, qu'il nous a été impoſſible de nous procurer et dont voici les titres, d'après Ch. Brunet :—

" A la tête de ce merveilleux ou-
" vrage, l'honneur m'engage de ſou-
" haiter l'accompliſſement de l'heu-
" reuſe année à mon frère ſa Majeſté,
" et à la Reine également, et à toute
" l'auguſte famille pareillement.
" Ainſi ſoit-il :—

[1] *Hiſtoire du grand et véritable Chevalier Caiſſant;* Verſailles, 1714, en 12°, par Joſeph Bonnet, juriſconſulte d'Aix en Provence. Barbier, *Dictionnaire des Anonymes*, qui cite *Achard*, tranſcrit la note ſur *Caiſſant* que donne cet auteur et que nous allons citer. Voir auſſi le *Manuel du Libraire* de Brunet, tom. 1^er^, page 521.

[2] Et non de Louis XV comme l'indique le Catalogue de la Vallière, t. 2. p. 567, dit Barbier. Cette erreur n'a pas été rectifiée dans le *Manuel.*

" Au Roi dont j'eſpère qu'il ſou-
" tiendra mes titres, mes prérogatives,
" et qualités de *Caiſſant*, dont ſa
" ſainteté et ſa Majeſté ont honoré
" avec un zèle et félicité, le Roi de
" Miſſiſſippi, Cardinal-Laïque et
" Pape-Laïque, cordon bleu, Géné-
" raliſſime des mers orientales et oc-
" cidentales, qui me procurent mil-
" lions et milliards immenſes."

Achard[1] nous apprend dans une note de ſa biographie de Joſeph Bonnet, que Caiſſant eut le talent par ſes facéties et ſa crédulité de faire rire et d'amuſer les autres, en menant une vie commode et agréable.

Après avoir amuſé longtemps les habitants de Bignolles, il vint à Paris, et trouva moyen de ſ'inſinuer auprès du Cardinal de Fleury. Il ſe diſait auſſi Cardinal, et le croyait, ou ſemblait du moins le croire. Caiſſant

[1] *Dictionnaire des Hommes Illuſtres de la Provence*, Marſeille, 1736, en 4°.

prouva que ſa folie, ſous le rapport du bien-être matériel, valait bien l'eſprit des autres.

La ſuite de l'hiſtoire de Caiſſant, qui cite Brunet, n'offre rien de piquant ni d'agréable, dit Barbier, et il y a toute apparence qu'elle vient d'une autre main que la première partie. Il n'en eſt point parlé dans le *Dictionnaire des Hommes Illuſtres de la Provence.* Cette ſuite eſt preſqu'entièrement compoſée de longues hiſtoires épiſodiques, abſolument étrangères au héros principal, ſelon Barbier. Cette monomanie d'être frère d'un roi de France, c'eſt renouvellé de nos jours, dans la perſonne de *d'Aché* ou *Dachet*, que les biographies ont oublié, quoiqu'il ſoit l'auteur de ſix ou ſept volumes fort rares.

Quérard, dans ſes *Supercheries littéraires*, tome 3, a réparé cet oubli, et nous apprend des faits qui nous

obligent à faire entrer ce Namurois dans notre galerie.

Né en 1748, Dachet reçût ſon éducation au collège des Jéſuites, et en 1768 accomplit ſes vœux monaſtiques à l'abbaye de Floreffes.

Ce fut alors que ſa folie parait avoir commencé. Il nous a raconté lui-même ſa vie, quoique d'une manière très peu intelligible, et ſon mariage avec *ſa nièce*, fille de Louis XVI; car notre homme ne prétendait à rien moins qu'à être le Duc de Bourgogne, fils aîné du Dauphin, père de Louis XVI, par conſéquent le véritable ſucceſſeur de Louis XV, et *frère aîné* de Louis XVI, qu'il regardait comme un uſurpateur.

En 1809 il ſ'occupait à Voroux-Goreux près de Liège, à imprimer lui-même ſes *Mémoires* qui ſont dédiés *Aux Indiens*, et intitulés: *Tableau hiſtorique des malheurs de la Subſtitution*, cinq volumes en 8°.

L'hiſtoire de ce livre étant très curieuſe, nous la donnerons ici, d'après le catalogue d'Alphonſe Polain, Liège, 1842, en 8°, pages 14-16, qu'a ſuivit Quérard.

Comme en 1810 le pays de Liège faiſait partie de l'empire Français, et qu'on y jouiſſait par conſéquent de toute la liberté de la preſſe qu'avait bien voulu nous laiſſer l'Empereur, on prouva au ſieur d'Aché qu'en vertu d'un décret de Novembre 1810, il n'avait pas le droit d'imprimer des abſurdités, même pour lui ſeul, et ſans avoir deſſein de les vendre. On ſaiſit ſa preſſe, les quatre cents exemplaires de ſon livre, et l'on expédia le tout vers Liège, ſous l'eſcorte d'un gendarme.

Lorſqu'on demanda au frère aîné du malheureux Louis XVI de faire connaître les motifs qui l'avaient engagé à imprimer ces ſix gros volumes en 8°, dont un exemplaire avait été

envoyé au conſeiller d'Etat, *Réal*, à Paris, un autre à Mr. De Pommereul, directeur de la librairie, et le troiſième reſervé au Préfet, d'Aché répondit qui ſes motifs étaient: " Le " déſir et le beſoin d'imprimer pour " ſa propre utilité, afin de démontrer " qu'il avait droit au ſacrement du " baptême, et que l'abbaye de Floreffes " l'ayant tenu en priſon pendant dix " huit cent quatre-vingt-quatre jours " et demi, il a cru pouvoir revendi- " quer, à la charge de ladite abbaye " une ſomme de cent quatre-vingt " huit mille, quatre cent cinquante " florins, argent du pays, à raiſon de " cent florins par jour d'empriſonne- " ment."

Le Synode de Liège avait déclaré, quelque temps auparavant, que d'Aché était *un fou parfaitement caractériſé*. Le ſynode ne ſ'était pas trop haſardé dans ſon aſſertion; mais on n'était pas d'une croyance auſſi

facile à Paris. On ſ'obſtinait preſque à voir dans l'ancien moine défroqué un conſpirateur habile, un ennemi acharné de la dynaſtie régnante. Mr. Réal ordonna de ſurveiller attentivement cet effronté viſionnaire.

Quant aux 400 exemplaires de l'ouvrage, *Les malheurs de la Subſtitution*, ils furent pilonnés le 17 et 18 Février, 1812. Les exemplaires envoyés par l'auteur, plus deux autres qu'on lui laiſſa, échappèrent ſeuls à cet immenſe déſaſtre. Aux yeux du bibliomane, le livre de d'Aché a donc aujourdhui un fort grand mérite, celui de la rareté; il n'a guère que celui-là.

A la reſtauration on retrouve d'Aché à Paris, publiant une brochure, mentionnée par *le Journal de la Librairie* de Mr. Beuchot; *Réclamation de Louis-Joſeph-Xavier* (D. D'Aché) *contre la ſpoliation de ſes biens*, 1817, en 8°, de 58 pages.

Cet opuſcule n'eſt pas moins rare, dit Quérard, que le *Tableau hiſtorique*.

Mr. Alphonſe Polain croit que notre auteur eſt mort à Charenton.

Peut-être eſt-il encore plus difficile de trouver les trois *Epitres* qu'*Uſamer* publia à Nivelles (Belgique) et dédia *à ſes contemporains*. Ce pſeudonyme cache le nom d'un certain *Herpain*, de Genappe, qui, vers 1848, ayant eu le cerveau dérangé par les idées de progrès ſocial, à l'ordre du jour alors, chercha à faire accepter, afin d'être plus univerſellement compris, une langue de ſa façon, qu'il appelle *Langage Phyſiologique*. Il développa ſon ſyſtème dans une brochure en 18°, format carré, dont il envoya un exemplaire à toutes les aſſemblées légiſlatives de l'Europe. Celui qu'il deſtinait au Parlement Anglais, porte pour ſuſcription : *Aux Légiſlateurs de la Grande Nation Anglaiſe, par leur ſerviteur Herpain, auteur*.

Dans une note, à la fin de l'invocation, il prévient le lecteur qu'on a dû ſe ſervir de quelques chiffres, au lieu de lettres, les caractères nouveaux n'étant pas confectionés. Uſamer a ſoin de donner la traduction de ſon galimatias, et l'on peut juger par deux lignes ſuivantes que la précaution n'eſt pas inutile :—

INVOCATION.

Stat5nq ſacto oprolit2al ni, ni foa2al ovo otano. Tunk tev oret2inpod eteſas et etes, &c. &c.

TRADUCTION.

" Auſſitôt que votre préſence ma-
" jeſtueuſe eut éclairé le néant, le
" néant fut fait le milieu de l'exiſt-
" ence. Alors vous voulutes règner
" favorablement ſur des eſſences, et
" des principes d'êtres furent produits
" par votre généreuſe fécondité, &c.
" &c."

Nous ne croyons pouvoir mieux terminer cette eſquiſſe que par les paroles de François de Clarier, ſieur de Longval, dans ſon *Hôpital des fols incurables :*[1] " Qui ne voit combien " eſt grande la folie qui règne parmy " les hommes, puiſque les plus ſça- " vans d'entr'eux, qui devroient par " conſéquent eſtre plus ſages que tous " les autres, diſent quelquefois des " choſes que les moins ſenſéz n'oſer- " vient mettre en avant ?

" Pline n'eſt-il pas plaiſant, de " dire que le poète Philetas eſtoit ſi " maigre et ſi greſle de corps, qu'il " luy fallait mettre un contrepoids " de plomb à ſes pieds, pour em- " peſcher que le vent ne l'emportaſt ?

[1] L'HOSPITAL DES FOLS INCURABLES, *on ſont déduites de poinct en poinct toutes les folies et les maladies d'eſprit, tant des hommes que des femmes ; tiré de l'Italien de Thomas Gazoni, et mis en noſtre langue par François de Clarier, ſieur de Longval, profeſſeur ez mathématiques et docteur en médecine*, 1 vol. en 8°, 1620.

" Ne nous en baille-t-il pas bien à
" garder quand il dit que ſur le lac
" appelé *Tarquinien*, il y eut jadis
" deux foreſts qui flotoient par deſſus
" l'eau, ores en figure triangulaire,
" tantoſt en rond, et maintenant en
" quarré. La folie de Cœlius n'eſt pas
" moindre quand il nous conte qu'un
" certain monſtre marin, homme par
" devant et cheval par derrière,
" mourut et reſſuſcita par diverſes
" fois. Elian n'eſt guère plus ſage
" d'eſcrire que Ptolomée Philadelphe
" ent un cerf ſi bien inſtruict, qu'il
" entendoit clairement ſon maiſtre,
" quand il luy parloit grec. Les ex-
" emples ſont ſans nombre, mais tant
" ſ'en faut qu'un eſprit ſi groſſier que
" le mien puiſſe raconter toutes les
" folies que les écrivains, meſme les
" doctes, ont mis en avant, qu'au con-
" traire je tiens qu'entreprendre un ſi
" long ouvrage ſeroit de meſme que
" vouloir délaſſer Atlas, et le deſ-

" charger de ſon fardeau ; il me ſuffit
" de dire, que le ſage peut ſ'eſcrier à
" bon droict : *J'ay veu tout ce qui ſe*
" *faict ſous le ſoleil, qui n'eſt qu'affliction*
" *d'eſprit et que vanité !* et : *Stultorum*
" *numerus eſt infinitus.*"

AUTEURS À CONSULTER.

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20°. Dictionnaire des Hommes Illuſtres de la Provence, par Achard, en 4°.

21°. Barbier, Dictionnaire des Anonymes.

22°. Manuel du Bibliographe Normand, par E. Frère.

23°. Biographie Ardennaiſe, Paris, 1830, 2 vol. en 8°.[1]

[1] N'ayant pu nous procurer ces deux derniers ouvrages, nous devons nous contenter de ſignaler, pour mémoire, dans le premier, Guillaume Dubois, et Olivier Ferrand, qui pourraient figurer en notre Galerie; et dans le ſecond, Monfrabeuf de Thenorgues, qui publia pluſieurs ouvrages bizarres, de 1783 à 1788. Il prenait le titre ſingulier de *Repréſentant du Roi des Juifs*.

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